

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## Three Feathers.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.



NCE, and once only, Wenna broke down. She had gone out into the night all by herself, with some vague notion that the cold, dank sea-air—sweet with the scent of the roses in the cottage-gardens—would be gratefully cool as it came around her face. The day had been stormy, and the sea was high—she could hear the waves dashing in on the rocks at the mouth of the

harbour—but the heavens were clear, and over the dark earth the great vault of stars throbbed and burned in silence. She was alone, for Mr. Roscorla had not returned from London, and Mabyn had not

noticed her slipping out. And here, in the cool, sweet darkness, the waves seemed to call on her with a low and melancholy voice. A great longing and trouble came somehow into her heart, and drove her to wander onwards as if she should find rest in the mere loneliness of the night, until at length there was nothing around her but the dark land, and the sea, and the white stars.

She could not tell what wild and sad feeling this was that had taken possession of her; but she knew that she had suddenly fallen away from the calm content of the wife that was to be—with all the pleasant sensation of gratitude towards him who had honoured her, and the no less pleasant consciousness that her importance in the world, and her power of helping the people around her, were indefinitely increased. She had become again the plain Jim Crow of former days, longing to be able to do some indefinitely noble and unselfish thing—ready, indeed, to lay her life down so that she might earn some measure of kindly regard by the sacrifice. And once more she reflected that she had no great influence in the world, that she was of no account to anybody, that she was plain, and small, and insignificant; and the great desire in her heart of being of distinct and beautiful service to the many people whom she loved seemed to break itself against these narrow bars, until the cry of the sea around her was a cry of pain, and the stars looked coldly down on her, and even God himself seemed far away and indifferent.

"If I could only tell some one—if I could only tell some one!" she was saying to herself wildly, as she walked rapidly onwards, not seeing very well where she was going, for her eyes were full of tears. "But if I tell Mabyne she will say that I fear this marriage, and go straight to Mr. Roscorla; and if I tell my mother she will think me ungrateful to him, and to every one around me. And how can I explain to them what I cannot explain to myself? And if I cannot explain it to myself, is it not mere folly to yield to such a feeling?"

The question was easily asked, and easily answered; and with much show of bravery she proceeded to ask herself other questions, less easily answered. She began to reproach herself with ingratitude, with vanity, with a thousand errors and evil qualities; she would teach herself humility; she would endeavour to be contented and satisfied in the position in which she found herself; she would reflect on the thousands of miserable people who had real reason to complain, and yet bore their sufferings with fortitude; and she would now—straightway and at once—return to her own room, get out the first letter Mr. Roscorla had written her, and convince herself once more that she ought to be happy.

The climax was a strange one. She had been persuading herself that there was no real cause for this sudden fit of doubt and wretchedness. She had been anticipating her sister's probable explanation, and dismissing it. And yet, as she turned and walked back along the narrow path leading down to the bridge, she comforted herself with the notion that Mr. Roscorla's letter would reassure her and banish these imaginary sorrows.

She had frequently read over that letter, and she knew that its ingenious and lucid arguments were simply incontrovertible.

"Oh, Wenna!" Mabyn cried, "what has been troubling you? Do you know that your face is quite white? Have you been out all by yourself?"

Wenna, on getting home, had gone into the little snuggerly which was once a bar, and which was now George Rosewarne's smoking-room. Mabyn and her father had been playing chess—the board and pieces were still on the table. Wenna sate down, apparently a little tired.

"Yes, I have been out for a walk," she said.

"Wenna, tell me what is the matter with you!" the younger sister said, imperatively.

"There is nothing the matter. Well, I suppose you will tease me until I tell you something. I have had a fit of despondency, Mabyn, and that's all—despondency over nothing; and now I am quite cured, and do you think Jennifer could get me a cup of tea? Well, why do you stare? Is there anything wonderful in it? I suppose every girl must get frightened a little bit when she thinks of all that may happen to her—especially when she is alone—and of course it is very ungrateful of her to have any such doubts, though they mean nothing, and she ought to be ashamed——"

She stopped suddenly. To her dismay she found that she was admitting to Mabyn the very reasons which she expected to have to combat. She saw what she had done in the expression of Mabyn's face—in the proud, indignant mouth and the half-concealed anger of the eyes. The younger sister was silent for a minute; and then she said, passionately—

"If there's any one to be ashamed, it isn't you, Wenna. I know who it is. As for you, I don't know what has come over you of late—you are trying to be meeker and meeker, and more humble, and more grateful—and all for what? What have you to be grateful for? And you are losing all your fun and your good spirits; and you are getting to be just like the children in story-books that repeat texts and get gooder and gooder every day until they are only fit for Heaven, and I am sure I am always glad when the little beasts die. Oh, Wenna, I would rather see you do the wickedest thing in all the world if it would only bring you back to your old self!"

"Why, you foolish girl, I am my old self," the elder sister said, quietly taking off her bonnet and laying it on the table. "Is Jennifer up-stairs? Who is in the parlour?"

"Oh, your sweetheart is in the parlour," said Mabyn, with badly-concealed contempt. "He is just arrived from London. I suppose he is telling mother about his rheumatism."

"He hasn't got any rheumatism—any more than you have," Wenna said, with some asperity.

"Oh yes, he has," the younger sister said, inventing a diabolical story for the mere purpose of getting Wenna into a rage. She would

rather have her in a succession of tempers than the victim of this chastened meekness. "And gout too—I can see by the colour of his nails. Of course he hasn't told you, for you're such a simpleton, he takes advantage of you. And he is near-sighted, but he pretends he doesn't need spectacles. And I am told he has fearful debts hanging over his head in London, and that he only came here to hide; and if you marry him you'll see what will come to you."

Mabyn was not very successful in making her sister angry. Wenna only laughed in her gentle fashion, and put her light shawl beside her bonnet, and then went along the passage to the parlour in which Mr. Roscorla and her mother were talking.

The meeting of the lovers after their temporary separation was not an impassioned one. They shook hands; Wenna hoped he was not fatigued by the long journey; and then he resumed his task of describing to Mrs. Rosewarne the extraordinary appearance of Trelyon's sitting-room in Nolans's Hotel, after the young gentleman had filled it with birds and beasts. Presently, however, Wenna's mother made some pretence for getting out of the room; and Mr. Roscorla and his betrothed were left alone. He rarely got such an opportunity.

"Wenna, I have brought you the ring," said he; and with that he took a small case from his pocket, and opened it, and produced a very pretty gypsy ring studded with emeralds.

Now, on the journey down from London he had definitely resolved that he would put an end to that embarrassment or shamefacedness which had hitherto prevented his offering to kiss the girl whom he expected to marry. He was aware that there was something ridiculous in his not having done so. He reflected that scarcely any human being would believe that he could have been such a fool. And it occurred to him, in the train, that the occasion of his giving Wenna her engaged ring would be an excellent opportunity for breaking in upon this absurd delicacy.

He went across the room to her. She sat still, perhaps a little paler than usual. He took her hand, and put the ring on, and then——

Then it suddenly occurred to him that there was something devilish in the notion of his purchasing the right to kiss her by giving her a trinket. Not that any such scruple would otherwise have affected him; but he was nervously sensitive as to what she might think; and doubtless she was familiar with the story of Margarethe and Faust's casket of jewels. So he suddenly said, with an air of carelessness——

"Well, do you like it? You can't quite tell the colour of the stones by lamplight, you know."

Wenna was not thinking of the colour of the stones. Her hand trembled; her heart beat quickly; when she did manage to answer him, it was merely to say, in a confused fashion, that she thought the ring very beautiful indeed.

"You know," he said, with a laugh, "I don't think men like engaged rings quite as well as girls do. A girl generally seems to take such a fancy



for an engaged ring that she won't change it for any other. I hope that won't be in your case, Wenna; and, indeed, I wanted to talk to you about it."

He brought a chair close to her, and sate down by her, and took her hand. Now, ordinarily Wenna's small, white, plump hands were so warm that her sister used to say that they tingled to the very tips of her fingers with kindness, and were always wanting to give away something. The hand which Mr. Rosecorla held was as cold and as impassive as ice. He did not notice: he was engaged in preparing sentences.

"You know, Wenna," said he, "that I am not a rich man. When I might have taught myself to work I had just sufficient income to keep me idle; and now that this income is growing less, and when I have greater claims on it, I must try something. Well, my partners and myself have thought of a scheme which I think will turn out all right. They propose to wake up those estates in Jamaica, and see if they can't be made to produce something like what they used to produce. That wants money. They have it: I have not. It is true I have been offered the loan of a few thousand pounds; but even if I accept it—and I suppose I must—that would not put me on an equal footing with the other men who are going into the affair. This, however, I could do: I could go out there and do all in my power to look after their interests and my own—see, in fact, that the money was being properly expended before it was too late. Now, I might be there a very long time."

"Yes," said Wenna, in a low voice, and rather inappropriately.

"Now, don't let me alarm you; but do you think—do you not think, in view of what might be rather a long separation, that we ought to get married before I go?"

She suddenly and inadvertently withdrew her hand.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she said, in a low and frightened voice. "Oh, do not ask me to do that."

She was trembling more than ever. He could not understand.

"But don't make any mistake, Wenna," he said; "I did not propose you should go with me. That would be asking too much. I don't wish to take you to the West Indies; because I might be there only for a few months. All I wish is to have the bond that unites us already made fast before I go, merely as a comfortable thing to think of, don't you see?"

"Oh, it is too hasty—I am afraid—why should we be in such a hurry?" the girl said, still with her heart beating so that she could scarcely speak.

"No," he argued, "you must not make another mistake. Before this scheme can be matured, months must elapse. I may not have to go out before the beginning of next year. Now, surely other six months would make a sufficiently long engagement."

"Oh, but the pledge is so terrible," she said, and scarcely knowing what she said.

Mr. Rosecorla was at once astonished and vexed. That was certainly

not the mood in which a girl ought to look forward to her marriage. He could not understand this dread on her part. He began to ask himself whether she would like to enjoy the self-importance that her engagement had bestowed on her—the attentions he paid her, the assistance he gave her in her charitable labours, and the sort of sovereignty over a man which a girl enjoys during the betrothal period—for an indefinite time, or perhaps with the hope that the sudden destruction of all these things by marriage might never arrive at all. Then he began to get a little angry, and got up from the chair, and walked once or twice up and down the room.

"Well," said he, "I don't understand you, I confess. Except in this way, that our relations with each other have not been so openly affectionate as they might have been. That I admit. Perhaps it was my fault. I suppose, for example, you have been surprised that I never offered to kiss you?"

There was something almost of a threat in the last few words; and Wenna, with her cheeks suddenly burning red, anxiously hastened to say—

"Oh, not at all. It was my fault. I am sure if there was too great reserve it was my fault; but I do not think there has been. It is not that at all; but your wish seems so sudden, and so unnecessary."

"Don't you see," he said, interrupting her, "that if our relations at present are not sufficiently frank and confidential, nothing will mend that so easily as our marriage? And this that I ask of you ought to be as agreeable to you as to me—that is to say——"

He stopped, with a look of impatience on his face. There was some one coming along the passage. He knew who it was, too; for a young girl's voice was doing its best to imitate in a burlesque fashion a young man's voice, and Mr. Roscorla had already heard Harry Trelyon, as he rode or drove carelessly along, bawling to himself, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!" He knew that his old enemy Mabyn was at hand.

That very clever imitation of Harry Trelyon was all the warning that the young lady in question condescended to give of her approach. She opened the door without ceremony, marched into the middle of the room, and proudly placed a bird-cage on the table.

"There," said she "can either of you tell me what that bird is?"

"Of course I can," said Wenna, rising with a sensation of great relief.

"No you can't," her sister said dogmatically. "It is sent to you with Mr. Harry Trelyon's compliments; and it is something very wonderful indeed. What is it, ladies and gentlemen? Don't answer all at once!"

"Why, it is only——"

"A piping bullfinch—that's what it is," said Mabyn, triumphantly.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN UNEXPECTED CONVERT.

NEXT morning was Sunday morning ; and Wenna, having many things to think over by herself, started off alone to church, some little time before the others, and chose a circuitous route to the small building which stood on the high uplands over the sea. It was a beautiful morning, still and peaceful, with the warmth of the sunlight cooled by a refreshing western breeze ; and as she went along and up the valley, her heart gradually forgot its cares, for she was listening to the birds singing, and picking up an occasional wild-flower, or watching the slow white clouds cross the blue sky. And as she walked quietly along in this way, finding her life the sweeter for the sweet air and the abundant colour and brightness of all the things around her, it chanced that she saw Harry Trelyon coming across one of the meadows, evidently with the intention of bidding her good morning, and she thought she would stop and thank him for having sent her the bullfinch. This she did very prettily when he came up ; and he, with something of a blush on his handsome face, said—

“I thought you wouldn't be offended. One can use more freedom with you now that you are as good as married, you know.”

She quickly got away from that subject by asking him whether he was coming to church ; and to that question he replied by a rather scornful laugh, and by asking what the parsons would say if he took a gun into the family pew. In fact, he had brought out an air-cane to test its carrying powers ; and he now bore it over his shoulder.

“I think you might have left the gun at home on a Sunday morning,” Miss Wenna said, in rather a precise fashion. “And, do you know, Mr. Trelyon, I can't understand why you should speak in that way about clergymen, when you say yourself that you always avoid them, and don't know anything about them. It reminds me of a stable-boy we once had who used to amuse the other lads by being impertinent to every stranger who might pass, simply because the stranger was a stranger.”

This was a deadly thrust ; and the tall young gentleman flushed, and was obviously a trifle angry. Did she mean to convey that he had acquired his manners from stable-boys ?

“Parsons and churches are too good for the likes o' me,” he said, contemptuously. “Morning, Miss Rosewarne,” and with that he walked off.

But about three minutes thereafter, when she was peacefully continuing her way, he overtook her again, and said to her, in rather a shamed face fashion—

“I hope you don't think I meant to be rude to you, Miss Wenna. I'll go to church with you if you like. I've stuck my air-cane in a safe place.”

Wenna's face brightened.

“I shall be very glad,” she said, with a smile far more frank and

friendly than any she had ever yet bestowed on him. "And I am sure if you came often to hear Mr. Trewhella, or if you knew him, you would think differently about clergymen."

"Oh, well," Trelyon said, "he's a good sort of old chap, I think. I find no fault with him. But look at such a fellow as that Barnes—why, that fellow's son was with me at Rugby, and wasn't he a pretty chip of the old block—a mean, lying little beggar, who would do anything to get a half-crown out of you."

"Oh, were you at Rugby?" Wenna asked, innocently.

"I don't wonder at your asking," her companion said, with a grin. "You think it doesn't look as if I had ever been to any school? Oh yes, I was at Rugby; and my career there, if brief, was not inglorious. I think the records of all the eight Houses might be searched in vain to find such another ruffian as I was, or any one who managed to get into the same number of scrapes in the same time. The end was dramatic. They wouldn't let me go to a ball in the Town-hall. I had vowed I should be there; and I got out of the House at night, and went. And I hadn't been in the place ten minutes when I saw the very master who had refused me fix his glittering eye on me; so as I knew it was all over, I merely went up to him and asked to have the pleasure of being introduced to his daughter. I thought he'd have had a fit. But that little brute Barnes I was telling you about, he was our champion bun-eater. At that time, you know, they used to give you as many buns as ever you liked on Shrove-Tuesday; and the Houses used to eat against each other, and this fellow Barnes was our champion; and, oh Lord! the number he stowed away that morning. When we went to chapel afterwards, he was as green as a leek."

"But do you dislike clergymen because Master Barnes ate too many buns?" Wenna asked, with a gentle smile, which rather aggrieved her companion.

"Do you know," said he, "I think you are awfully hard on me. You are always trying to catch me up. Here am I walking to church with you, like an angel of submission, and all the thanks I get—why, there goes my mother!"

Just in front of them, and a short distance from the church, the road they were following joined the main highway leading up from Eglosilyan, and along the latter Mrs. Trelyon's brougham was driving past. That lady was very much astonished to find her son walking with Miss Wenna Rosewarne on a Sunday morning; and still more surprised when, after she was in church, she beheld Master Harry walk coolly in and march up to the family pew. Here, indeed, was a revolution. Which of all the people assembled—among whom were Miss Mabyn and her mother, and Mr. Roscorla—had ever seen the like of this before? And it was all the greater wonder that the young gentleman in the rough shooting-coat found two clergymen in the pew, and nevertheless entered it, and quietly accepted from one of them a couple of books.

Mrs. Trelyon's gentle and emotional heart warmed towards the girl who had done this thing.

That forenoon, just before luncheon, Mrs. Trelyon found her son in the library, and said to him, with an unusual kindness of manner—

"That was Miss Rosewarne, Harry, wasn't it, whom I saw this morning?"

"Yes," he said, sulkily. He half expected that one or other of his friends, the parsons, had been saying something about her to his mother.

"She is a very quiet, nice-looking girl; I am sure Mr. Roscorla has acted wisely, after all. And I have been thinking, Harry, that since she is a friend of yours, we might do something like what you proposed, only not in a way to make people talk."

"Oh," said he bluntly, "I have done it already. I have promised to lend Roscorla 5,000*l.* to help him to work his Jamaica estates. If you don't like to sanction the affair, I can get the money from the Jews. I have written to Colonel Ransome to tell him so."

"Now why should you treat me so, Harry?" his mother said, in an injured way.

"I took you at your word—that's all. I suppose now you are better disposed to the girl merely because she got me to go to church this morning. If there were more people like her about churches, in the pulpits and out of them, I'd go oftener."

"I was not quite sure who she was," Mrs. Trelyon said, with a feeble air of apology. "I like her appearance very much; and I wish she or anybody else would induce you to go to church. Well now, Harry, I will myself lend you the 5,000*l.* till you come of age. Surely that will be much better; and, if you like, I will make Miss Rosewarne's acquaintance. You might ask her to dinner the first time Mr. Roscorla is coming; and he could bring her."

Master Harry was at last pacified.

"Make it Thursday," said he, "and you must write to her. I will take down the letter and persuade her: but if she comes she shan't come under the wing of Mr. Roscorla, as if he were the means of introducing her. I shall go down for her with the brougham, and fetch her myself."

"But what will Mr. Roscorla say to that?" his mother asked, with a smile.

"Mr. Roscorla may say whatever he particularly pleases," responded Master Harry.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"SIE BAT SO SANFT, SO LIEBLICH."

"To dine at Trelyon Hall?" said George Rosewarne to his eldest daughter, when she in a manner asked his consent. "Why not? But you must get a new dress, lass; we can't have you go among grand folks as Jim Crow."

"But there is a story about the crow that went out with peacock's feathers," his daughter said to him. "And, besides, how could I get a new dress by Thursday?"

"How could you get a new dress by Thursday?" her father repeated mechanically, for he was watching one of his pet pigeons on the roof of the mill. "How can I tell you? Go and ask your mother. Don't bother me."

It is quite certain that Wenna would not have availed herself of this gracious permission, for her mother was not very well, and she did not wish to increase that tender anxiety which Mrs. Rosewarne already showed about her daughter's going among these strangers; but that this conversation had been overheard by Mabyn, and that young lady, as was her habit, plunged headlong into the matter.

"You can have the dress quite well, Wenna," she said, coming out to the door of the Inn, and calling on her mother to come too. "Now, look here, mother, I give you warning that I never, never, never will speak another word to Wenna if she doesn't take the silk that is lying by for me and have it made up directly: never a single word, if I live in Eglosilyan for a hundred and twenty-five years!"

"Mabyn, I don't want a new dress," Wenna expostulated. "I don't need one. Why should you rush at little things as if you were a squadron of cavalry?"

"I don't care whether you want it or whether you don't want it; but you've got to have it, hasn't she, mother? Or else, it's what I tell you: not a word—not a word if you were to go down before me on your bended knees." This was said with much dramatic effect.

"I think you had better let Mabyn have her own way, Wenna," the mother said, gently.

"I let her!" Wenna answered, pretending not to notice Mabyn's look of defiance and triumph. "She always has her own way; tomboys always have."

"Don't call names, Wenna," her sister said, severely; "especially as I have just given you a dress. You'll have to get Miss Keane down directly, or else I'll go and cut it myself, and then you'll have Harry Trelyon laughing at you, for he always laughs at people who don't know how to keep him in his proper place."

"Meaning yourself, Mabyn," the mother said; but Mabyn was not to be crushed by any sarcasm.

Certainly Harry Trelyon was in no laughing or spiteful mood when he drove down on that Thursday evening to take Wenna Rosewarne up to the Hall. He was as pleased and proud as he well could be, and when he went into the Inn he made no secret of his satisfaction and of his gratitude to her for having been good enough to accept his mother's invitation. Moreover, understanding that Mrs. Rosewarne was still rather ailing, he had brought down for her a brace of grouse from a hamper that had reached the Hall from Yorkshire that morning; and he was even friendly



and good-natured to Mabyn instead of being ceremoniously impertinent towards her.

"Don't you think, Mr. Trelyon," said Wenna, in a timid way, as she was getting into the brougham, "don't you think we should drive round for Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Mabyn, with promptitude. "He always prefers a walk before dinner—I know he does—he told me so. He must have started long ago. Don't you mind her, Mr. Trelyon."

Mr. Trelyon was grinning as he and Wenna drove away.

"She's a thorough good sort of girl, that sister of yours," he said; "but when she marries won't she lead her husband a pretty dance!"

"Oh, nothing of the sort, I can assure you," Wenna said, sharply. "She is as gentle as any one can well be. If she is impetuous, it is always in thinking of other people. There is nothing she wouldn't do to serve those whom she really cares for."

"Well," said he, with a laugh, "I never knew two girls stick up so for one another. Don't imagine I was such a fool as to say anything against her. But sisters ain't often like that. My cousin Jue has a sister at school, and when she's at home, the bullying that goes on is something awful; or rather its nagging and scratching, for girls never go in for a fair stand-up fight. And yet when you meet these two separately, you find each of them as good-natured and good-tempered as you could wish. But if there's anything said about you anywhere that isn't positive worship, why, Mabyn comes down on the people like a cart-load of bricks; and she can do it, mind you, when she likes."

It suddenly occurred to Mr. Trelyon that he had made a blunder; and whereas a more diplomatic young gentleman would have hastened away from the subject, hoping that she had not noticed it, he must needs hark back in a confused and embarrassed fashion.

"Of course," said he, with a laugh, "I didn't mean that anyone ever said anything really against you—that is impossible—that is quite impossible, and especially no one would say such a thing to me—at least they wouldn't say it twice, I can answer for that—you understand, I did not mean anything of that sort."

"Oh yes," Wenna said, quietly. "What a brilliant red those cam-pions seem to have at this time of the evening when the green around them gets dark."

"Mind," he said, after a word or two, "I mean to take you in to dinner. It is just possible my mother may ask Mr. Roscorla to take you in, as a compliment to him; but don't you go."

"I must do what I am told," Wenna answered, meekly.

"Oh no, you mustn't," he said. "That is merely a girl's notion of what is proper. You are a woman now; you can do what you like. Don't you know how your position is changed since you became engaged?"

"Yes, it is changed," she said, and then she added quickly, "Surely that must be a planet that one can see already."

"You can be much more independent in your actions now, and much more friendly with many people, don't you know?" said this young man, who did not see that he was treading on very delicate ground, and that of all things in the world that Wenna least liked to hear spoken of, her engagement to Mr. Roscorla was the chief.

Late that night, when Wenna returned from her first dinner-party at Trelyon Hall, she found her sister Mabyn waiting up for her, and, having properly scolded the young lady for so doing, she sat down and consented to give her an ample and minute description of all the strange things that had happened.

"Well, you must know," said she, folding her hands on her knees as she had been used to do in telling tales to Mabyn when they were children together: "you must know that when we drove up through the trees, the house seemed very big, and grey, and still, for it was getting dark, and there was no sound about the place. It was so ghost-like that it rather frightened me; but in the hall we passed the door of a large room, and there I got a glimpse of a very gay and brilliant place, and I heard some people talking. Mr. Trelyon was waiting for me when I came down again, and he took me into the drawing-room and introduced me to his mother, who was very kind to me, but did not seem inclined to speak much to any one. There was no other lady in the room—only those two clergymen who were in church last Sunday, and Mr. Trewhella, and Mr. Roscorla. I thought Mr. Roscorla was a little embarrassed when he came forward to shake hands with me—and that was natural, for all the people must have known—and he looked at my dress the moment I entered the room; and then, Mabyn, I did thank you in my heart for letting me have it; for I had forgotten that Mr. Roscorla would regard me as being on my trial, and I hope he was not ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you!" said Mabyn, with a sudden flush of anger. "Do you mean that *he* was on his trial?"

"Be quiet. Well, you must know, that Mr. Trelyon was in very high spirits, but I never saw him so good-natured, and he must needs take me in to dinner, and I sat on his right hand. Mrs. Trelyon told me it was only a quiet little family party; and I said I was very glad. Do you know, Mabyn, there is something about her that you can't help liking—I think it is her voice and her soft way of looking at you; but she is so very gentle and ordinarily so silent, that she makes you feel as if you were a very forward, and talkative, and rude person——"

"That is precisely what you are, Wenna," Mabyn observed, in her schoolgirl sarcasm.

"But Mr. Trelyon, he was talking to everybody at once—all round the table—I never saw him in such spirits; and most of all he was very kind to Mr. Trewhella, and I liked him for that. He told me he had asked Mr. Trewhella because I was coming; and one thing I noticed was, that he was always sending the butler to fill Mr. Trewhella's glass, or to offer him some different wine, whereas he let the other two clergymen

take their chance. Mr. Roseorla was at the other end of the table—he took in Mrs. Trelyon—I hope he was not vexed that I did not have a chance of speaking to him the whole evening; but how could I help it? He would not come near me in the drawing-room—perhaps that was proper, considering that we are engaged; only I hope he is not vexed.”

For once Miss Mabyn kept a hold over her tongue, and did not reveal the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind.

“Well, after dinner Mrs. Trelyon and I went back to the drawing-room; and it was very brilliant and beautiful; but oh! one felt so much alone in the big place that I was glad when she asked me if I would play something for her. It was something to think about; but I had no music, and I had to begin and recollect all sorts of pieces that I had almost forgotten. At first she was at the other end of the room, in a low easy-chair of rose-coloured silk, and she looked really very beautiful, and sad, and as if she were dreaming. But by and by she came over and sat by the piano; and it was as if you were playing to a ghost, that listened without speaking. I played one or two of the ‘Songs without Words’—those I could recollect easily—then Beethoven’s ‘Farewell;’ but while I was playing that, I happened to turn a little bit, and, do you know, she was crying in a quiet and silent way. Then she put her hand gently on my arm, and I stopped playing, but I did not turn towards her, for there was something so strange and sad in seeing her cry that I was nearly crying myself, and I did not know what was troubling her. Then, do you know, Mabyn, she rose and put her hand on my head, and said, ‘I hear you are a very good girl: I hope you will come and see me.’ Then I told her I was sorry that something I had played had troubled her; and as I saw she was still distressed, I was very glad when she asked me if I would put on a hood and a shawl and take a turn with her round some of the paths outside. It is such a beautiful night to-night, Mabyn; and up there, where you seemed to be just under the stars, the scents of the flowers were so sweet. Sometimes we walked under the trees, almost in darkness, and then we would come out on the clear space of the lawn, and find the skies overhead, and then we would go into the rose garden, and all the time she was no longer like a ghost, but talking to me as if she had known me a long time. And she is such a strange woman, Mabyn—she seems to live so much apart from other people, and to look at everything just as it affects herself. Fancy a harp, you know, never thinking of the music it was making; but looking all the time at the quivering of its own strings. I hope I did not offend her; for when she was saying some very friendly things about me—of course Mr. Trelyon had been telling her a heap of nonsense—about helping people and that, she seemed to think that the only person to be considered in such cases was yourself, and not those whom you might try to help. Well, when she was talking about the beautiful sensations of being benevolent—and how it softened your heart and refined your feelings to be charitable—I am afraid I said something I should not have said, for she immediately turned

and asked me what more I would have her do. Well, I thought to myself, if I have offended her, it's done and can't be helped; and so I plunged into the very thing I had been thinking of all the way in the brougham ——"

"The Sewing Club!" said Mabyn; for Wenna had already spoken of her dark and nefarious scheme to her sister.

"Yes; once I was in it, I told her of the whole affair; and what she could do if she liked. She was surprised, and I think a little afraid. 'I do not know the people,' she said, 'as you do. But I should be delighted to give you all the money you required, if you would undertake the rest.' 'Oh no, madam,' said I (afterwards she asked me not to call her so), 'that is impossible. I have many things to do at home, especially at present, for my mother is not well. What little time I can give to other people has many calls on it. And I could not do all this by myself.'"

"I should think not," said Mabyn, rising up in great indignation, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "Why, Wenna, they'd work your fingers to the bone, and never say thank you. You do far too much already—I say you do far too much already—and the idea that you should do that! You may say what you like about Mrs. Trelyon—she may be a very good lady, but I consider it nothing less than mean—I consider it disgraceful, mean, and abominably wicked, that she should ask you to do all this work and do nothing herself!"

"My dear child," said Wenna, "you are quite unjust. Mrs. Trelyon is neither mean nor wicked; but she was in ignorance, and she is timid, and unused to visiting poor people. When I showed her that no one in Eglosilyan could so effectively begin the Club as herself—and that the reckless giving of money that she seemed inclined to was the worst sort of kindness—and when I told her of all my plans of getting the materials wholesale, and making the husbands subscribe, and the women sew, and all that I have told to you, she took to the plan with an almost childish enthusiasm, and now it is quite settled, and the only danger is that she may destroy the purpose of it by being over-generous. Don't you see, Mabyn, it is her first effort in actual and practical benevolence—she seems hitherto only to have satisfied her sense of duty or pleased her feelings by giving cheques to public charities—and she is already only a little too eager and interested in it. She doesn't know what a slow and wearisome thing it is to give some little help to your neighbours discreetly."

"Oh, Wenna," her sister said, "what a manager you are! Sometimes I think you must be a thousand years of age; and other times you seem so silly about your own affairs that I can't understand you. Did Mr. Roscorla bring you home?"

"No, but he came in the brougham along with Mr. Trelyon. There was a great deal of joking about the conquest—so they said—I had made of Mrs. Trelyon; but you see how it all came about, Mabyn. She was so interested in this scheme——"

"Oh yes; I see how it all came about," said Maby, quite contentedly. "And now you are very tired, you poor little thing, and I shan't ask you any more about your dinner-party to-night. Here is your candle."

Wenna was just going into her own room, when her sister turned and said—

"Wenna?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you think that His Royal Highness Mr. Roscorla condescended to be pleased with your appearance, and your manners, and your dress?"

"Don't you ask impertinent questions," said Wenna, as she shut the door.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A LEAVE-TAKING OF LOVERS.

WENNA had indeed made a conquest of the pale and gentle lady up at the Hall which at another time might have been attended with important results to the people of Eglosilyan. But at this period of the year the Trelyons were in the habit of leaving Cornwall for a few months; Mrs. Trelyon generally going to some continental watering place, while her son proceeded to accept such invitations as he could get to shoot in the English counties. This autumn Harry Trelyon accompanied his mother as far as Etretat, where a number of her friends had made up a small party. From this point she wrote to Wenna, saying how sorry she was she could not personally help in founding that sewing club, but offering to send a handsome subscription. Wenna answered the letter in a dutiful spirit, but firmly declined the offer. Then nothing was heard of the Trelyons for a long time, except that now and again a hamper of game would make its appearance at Eglosilyan, addressed to Miss Wenna Rosewarne in a sprawling schoolboy's hand, which she easily recognised. Master Harry was certainly acting on his own theory, that now she was engaged he could give her presents, or otherwise be as familiar and friendly with her as he pleased.

It was a dull, slow, and dreary winter. Mr. Roscorla was deeply engaged with his Jamaica project, and was occasionally up in London for a fortnight at a time. He had got the money from young Trelyon, and soon hoped to set out—as he told Wenna—to make his fortune. She put no obstacle in his way, nor yet did she encourage him to go; it was for him to decide, and she would abide by his decision. For the rest, he never revived that request of his that they should be married before he went.

Eglosilyan in winter time is a very different place from the Eglosilyan of the happy summer months. The wild coast is sombre and gloomy. The uplands are windy, and bleak, and bare. There is no shining plain of blue lying around the land, but a dark and cheerless sea, that howls in

the night time as it beats on the mighty walls of black rock. It is rather a relief, indeed—to break the mournful silence of those projecting cliffs and untenanted bays—when the heavens are shaken with a storm, and when the gigantic waves wash in to the small harbour, so that the coasters seeking shelter there have to be scuttled and temporarily sank in order to save them. Then there are the fierce rains, to guard against which the seaward-looking houses have been faced with slate; and the gardens get dank and wet, and the ways are full of mire, and no one dare venture out on the slippery cliffs. It was a tedious and a cheerless winter.

Then Mrs. Rosewarne was more or less of an invalid the most of the time, and Wenna was much occupied by household cares. Occasionally, when her duties indoors and in the cottages of her humble friends had been got over, she would climb up the hill on the other side of the mill-stream to have a look around her. One seemed to breathe more freely up there among the rocks and furze than in small parlours or kitchens where children had to be laboriously taught. And yet the picture was not cheerful. A grey and leaden sea—a black line of cliffs standing sharp against it until lost in the mist of the south—the green slopes over the cliffs touched here and there with the brown of withered bracken—then down in the two valleys the leafless trees, and gardens, and cottages of Eglosilyan, the slates ordinarily shining wet with the rain. One day Wenna received a brief little letter from Mrs. Trelyon, who was at Mentone, and who said something of the balmy air, and the beautiful skies, and the blue water around her; and the girl, looking out on the hard and stern features of this sombre coast, wondered how such things could be.

Somehow there was so much ordinary and commonplace work to do that Wenna almost forgot that she was engaged; and Mr. Roscorla, continually occupied with his new project, seldom cared to remind her that they were on the footing of sweethearts. Their relations were of an eminently friendly character, but little more—in view of the forthcoming separation he scarcely thought it worth while to have them anything more. Sometimes he was inclined to apologise to her for the absence of sentiment and romanticism which marked their intimacy; but the more he saw of her the more he perceived that she did not care for that sort of thing, and was, indeed, about as anxious to avoid it as he was himself. She kept their engagement a secret. He once offered her his arm in going home from church; she made some excuse, and he did not repeat the offer. When he came in of an evening to have a chat with George Rosewarne they talked about the subjects of the day as they had been accustomed to do long before this engagement; and Wenna sat and sewed in silence, or withdrew to a side-table to make up her account-books. Very rarely indeed—thanks to Miss Mabyn, whose hostilities had never ceased—had he a chance of seeing his betrothed alone, and then, somehow, their conversation invariably took a practical turn. It was not a romantic courtship.



He considered her a very sensible girl. He was glad that his choice was approved by his reason. She was not beautiful; but she had qualities that would last—intelligence, sweetness, and a sufficient fund of gentle humour to keep a man in good spirits. She was not quite in his own sphere of life; but then, he argued with himself, a man ought always to marry a woman who is below him rather than above him—in social position, or in wealth, or in brain, or in all three—for then she is all the more likely to respect and obey him, and to be grateful to him. Now, if you do not happen to have won the deep and fervent love of a woman—a thing that seldom occurs—gratitude is a very good substitute. Mr. Roscorla was quite content.

"Wenna," said he, one day after they had got into the new year, and when one had begun to look forward to the first indications of spring in that southern county, "the whole affair is now afloat, and it is time I should be too—forgive the profound witticism. Everything has been done out there; we can do no more here; and my partners think I should sail about the fifteenth of next month."

Was he asking her permission, or expecting some utterance of regret that he looked at her so? She cast down her eyes, and said, rather timidly—

"I hope you will have a safe voyage—and be successful."

He was a little disappointed that she said nothing more; but he himself immediately proceeded to deal with the aspects of the case in a most businesslike manner.

"And then," said he, "I don't want to put you to the pain of taking a formal and solemn farewell as the ship sails. One always feels downhearted in watching a ship go away, even though there is no reason. I must go to London in any case for a few days before sailing, and so I thought that if you wouldn't mind coming as far as Launceston—with your mother or sister—you could drive back here without any bother."

"If you do not think it unkind," said Wenna, in a low voice, "I should prefer that. For I could not take mamma further than Launceston, I think."

"I shall never think anything you do unkind," said he. "I do not think you are capable of unkindness."

He wished at this moment to add something about her engaged ring, but could not quite muster up courage. He paused for a minute, and became embarrassed, and then told her what a first-class cabin to Jamaica would cost.

And at length the day came round. The weather had been bitterly cold and raw for the previous two or three weeks; though it was March the world seemed still frozen in the grasp of winter. Early on this bleak and grey forenoon Mr. Roscorla walked down to the inn, and found the waggonette at the door. His luggage had been sent on to Southampton some days before; he was ready to start at once.

Wenna was a little pale and nervous when she came out and got into

the waggonette; but she busied herself in wrapping abundant rugs and shawls round her mother, who protested against being buried alive.

"Good-bye," said her father, shaking hands with Mr. Roseorla carelessly, "I hope you'll have a fine passage. Wenna, don't forget to ask for those cartridge-cases as you drive back from the station."

But Miss Mabyn's method of bidding him farewell was far more singular. With an affectation of playfulness she offered him both her hands, and so, making quite sure that she had a grip on the left hand of that emerald ring that had afforded her much consolation, she said—

"Good-bye. I hope you will get safely out to Jamaica."

"And back again?" said he, with a laugh.

Mabyn said nothing, turned away, and pretended to be examining the outlines of the waggonette. Nor did she speak again to any one until the small party drove away; and then, when they had got over the bridge and along the valley, and up and over the hill, she suddenly ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried out—

"Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

"Mabyn," said her father, in a peevish ill-temper, as he stooped to pick up the broken pipe which she had caused him to let fall, "I wish you wouldn't be such a fool."

But Mabyn was not to be crushed. She said, "Poor Daddy, has it broken its pipe?" and then she walked off, with her head very erect, and a very happy light on her face, while she sang to herself, after the manner of an acquaintance of hers, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!"

There was less cheerfulness in that waggonette that was making its way across the bleak uplands—a black speck in the grey and wintry landscape. Wenna was really sorry that this long voyage, and all its cares and anxieties, should lie before one who had been so kind to her; it made her miserable to think of his going away into strange lands all by himself, with little of the buoyancy, and restlessness, and ambition of youth to bear him up. As for him, he was chiefly occupied during this silent drive across to Launceston in nursing the fancy that he was going out to fight the world for her sake—as a younger man might have done—and that, if he returned successful, her gratitude would be added to the substantial results of his trip. It rather pleased him to imagine himself in this position. After all he was not so very elderly; and he was in very good preservation for his years. He was more than a match in physique, in hopefulness, and in a knowledge of the world that ought to stand him in good stead, for many a younger man who, with far less chances of success, was bent on making a fortune for the sake of some particular girl.

He was not displeased to see that she was sorry about his going away. She would soon get over that. He had no wish that she should continually mope in his absence; nor did he, indeed, believe that any sensible girl would do anything of the sort.

At the same time he had no fear whatever as to her remaining constant to him. A girl altogether out of the way of meeting marriageable young men would be under no temptation to let her fancies rove. Moreover, Wenna Rosewarne had something to gain, in social position, by her marriage with him, which she could not be so blind as to ignore; and had she not, too, the inducement of waiting to see whether he might not bring back a fortune to her? But the real cause of his trust in her was that experience of her uncompromising sincerity and keen sense of honour that he had acquired during a long and sufficiently intimate friendship. If the thought of her breaking her promise ever occurred to him it was not as a serious possibility, but as an idle fancy, to be idly dismissed.

"You are very silent," he said to her.

"I am sorry you are going away," she said, simply and honestly; and the admission pleased and flattered him.

"You don't give me courage," he said. "You ought to consider that I am going out into the world—even at my time of life—to get a lot of money and come back to make a grand lady of you."

"Oh!" said she in sudden alarm—for such a thought had never entered her head—"I hope you are not going away on my account. You know that I wish for nothing of that kind. I hope you did not consider me in resolving to go to Jamaica!"

"Well, of course, I considered you," said he, good-naturedly; "but don't alarm yourself; I should have gone if I had never seen you. But naturally I have an additional motive in going when I look at the future."

That was not a pleasant thought for Wenna Rosewarne. It was not likely to comfort her on stormy nights, when she might lie awake and think of a certain ship at sea. She had acquiesced in his going, as in one of those things which men do because they are men and seem bound to satisfy their ambition with results which women might consider unnecessary. But that she should have exercised any influence on his decision—that alarmed her with a new sense of responsibility, and she began to wish that he could suddenly drop this project, have the waggonette turned round, and drive back to the quiet content and small economies and peaceful work of Eglosilyan.

They arrived in good time at Launceston, and went for a stroll up to the magnificent old castle while luncheon was being got ready at the hotel. Wenna did not seem to regard that as a very enticing meal when they sat down to it. The talk was kept up chiefly by her mother and Mr. Roscorla, who spoke of life on shipboard, and the best means of killing the tedium of it. Mr. Roscorla said he would keep a journal all the time he was away, and send instalments from time to time to Wenna.

They walked from the hotel down to the station. Just outside the station they saw a landau, drawn by a pair of beautiful greys, which were being walked up and down.

"Surely those are Mrs. Trelyon's horses," Wenna said; and, as the

carriage, which was empty, came nearer, the coachman touched his hat. "Perhaps she is coming back to the Hall to-day."

The words were uttered carelessly, for she was thinking of other things. When they at last stood on the platform and Mr. Roscorla had chosen his seat, he could see that she was paler than ever. He spoke in a light and cheerful way, mostly to her mother, until the guard requested him to get into the carriage, and then he turned to the girl and took her hand.

"Good-bye, my dear Wenna," said he. "God bless you! I hope you will write to me often."

Then he kissed her cheek, shook hands with her again, and got into the carriage. She had not spoken a word. Her lips were trembling—she could not speak—and he saw it.

When the train went slowly out of the station, Wenna stood and looked after it with something of a mist before her eyes, until she could see nothing of the handkerchief that was being waved from one of the carriage windows. She stood quite still, until her mother put her hand on her shoulder, and then she turned and walked away with her. They had not gone three yards, when they were met by a tall young man who had come rushing down the hill and through the small station-house.

"By Jove!" said he, "I am just too late. How do you do, Mrs. Rosewarne? How are you, Wenna?"—and then he paused, and a great blush overspread his face—for the girl looked up at him and took his hand silently, and he could see there were tears in her eyes. It occurred to him that he had no business there—and yet he had come on an errand of kindness. So he said, with some little embarrassment, to Mrs. Rosewarne—

"I heard you were coming over to this train, and I was afraid you would find the drive back in the waggonette rather cold this evening. I have got our landau outside—closed, you know—and I thought you might let me drive you over."

Mrs. Rosewarne looked at her daughter. Wenna decided all such things, and the girl said to him, in a low voice—

"It is very kind of you."

"Then just give me a second, that I may tell your man," Trelyon said, and off he darted.

Was it his respect for Wenna's trouble, or had it been his knocking about among strangers for six months, that seemed to have given to the young man (at least in Mrs. Rosewarne's eyes) something of a more courteous and considerate manner? When the three of them were being rapidly whirled along the Launceston highway in Mrs. Trelyon's carriage, Harry Trelyon was evidently bent on diverting Wenna's thoughts from her present cares; and he told stories, and asked questions, and related his recent adventures in such a fashion that the girl's face gradually lightened, and she grew interested and pleased. She, too, thought he was much improved—how she could not exactly tell.

"Come," said he, at last, "you must not be very lownhearted about a mere holiday trip. You will soon get letters, you know, telling you all about the strange places abroad; and then, before you know where you are, you'll have to drive over to the station, as you did to-day, to meet Mr. Roscorla coming back."

"It may be a very long time indeed," Wenna said; "and if he should come to any harm I shall know that I was the cause of it; for if it had not been for me, I don't believe he would have gone."

"Oh, that's all gammon!—begging your pardon," said Master Harry, coolly. "Roscorla got a chance of making some money, and he took it, as any other man would. You had no more to do with it than I had—indeed, I had something to do with it—but that's a secret. No; don't you make any mistake about that. And he'll be precious well off when he's out there, and seeing everything going smoothly, especially when he gets a letter from you, with a Cornish primrose or violet in it. And you'll get that soon now," he added, quickly seeing that Wenna blushed somewhat, "for I fancy there's a sort of smell in the air this afternoon that means spring-time. I think the wind has been getting round to the west all day; before night you will find a difference in the air, I can tell you."

"I think it has become very fresh and mild already," Wenna said, judging by an occasional breath of wind that came in at the top of the windows.

"Do you think you could bear the landau open?" said he, eagerly.

When they stopped to try—when they opened the windows—the predictions of the weather prophet had already been fulfilled, and a strange, genial mildness and freshness pervaded the air. They were now near Eglosilyan, on the brow of a hill, and away below them they could see the sea lying dull and grey under the cloudy sky. But while they waited for the coachman to uncover the landau, a soft and yellow light began to show itself far out in the west, a break appeared in the clouds, and a vast comb of gold shot shining down on the plain of water beneath. The western skies were opening up; and what with this new and beautiful light, and what with the sweet air that awoke a thousand pleasant and pathetic memories, it seemed to Wenna Rosewarne that the tender spring-time was at length at hand, with all its wonder of yellow crocuses and pale snowdrops, and the first faint shimmerings of green on the hedges and woods. Her eyes filled with tears—she knew not why. Surely she was not old enough to know anything of the sadness that comes to some when the heavens are cleared, and a new life stirs in the trees, and the world awakes to the fairness of the spring. She was only eighteen; she had a lover; and she was as certain of his faithfulness as of her own.

In bidding them good-bye at the door of the inn, Mr. Trelyon told them that he meant to remain in Eglosilyan for some months to come.

## The Wartons.

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THE brothers Joseph and Thomas Warton were conspicuous figures among the men of letters who flourished under that most unliterary of monarchs, King George III. The elder was the Master of Winchester and Prebend of St. Paul's; the younger, who was also a clergyman, occupied the post held earlier in the century by his father, of Professor of Poetry. He was, moreover, Camden Professor of History, and succeeded Whitehead as Laureate. Both the brothers were Oxford men, and Thomas, who never married, resided at the University more than forty-seven years; both were small poets, Thomas being by far the better singer of the twain, both were poetical critics, both were men of high culture, but neither of them, it may be said, has left an ineffaceable mark in literature. The work they did is for the most part done well, but none of it supremely well, and the popularity they enjoyed among their contemporaries passed away with their lives. It is curious to note how little of biographical interest has come down to us about the Wartons. Their memoirs were written by learned but dull men, who did not know that the object of a biographer ought to be to produce a vivid and genuine representation of his hero; and thus, instead of giving us a finished portrait of the brothers, we find it scarcely possible to catch the outline of their features.

The Rev. John Wooll undertook, six years after Joseph Warton's death, to write the biography of his late friend and master, and to publish a selection from his works. Accordingly in 1806 appeared, after the fashion of those days, a bulky quarto volume, printed in admirable type, and with wide margins. To it we owe a few facts for which we are bound to be thankful, and at the same time it may be acknowledged that the writer's views of a biographer's duties are carried out in the most exemplary manner. "To descend," he says, "to the minutiae of daily habits is surely beneath the province of biography," and he intimates at the same time that all letters of a domestic character are suppressed, and that the reader will be disappointed "should he expect a detail of those peculiarities and trifling incidents which are by some indiscriminately termed strokes of character." Wooll observes, and no doubt justly, that a good deal of injury may be inflicted on a man by his biographer; but he does not see that it is possible to deal gently and wisely with a person's weaknesses and foibles, and at the same time to produce a characteristic portrait.

Biographers have sinned frequently, no doubt, in trenching on sacred ground, but that is no reason why the memoir-writer should confine himself to the statement of a few barren facts. To know where a man lived, what



offices he filled, what books he wrote, who and how often he married, is not to know the man. Yet this is the principal information, useful no doubt in its way, supplied by the Rev. John Wooll. What of it is needful for us to state may be put into a few paragraphs.

Joseph, who came into the world six years before Thomas, and died ten years after him, was born in 1722, and educated at Winchester and at Oriel College, Oxford, where his skill as a postaster appears to have been first exhibited. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained, and three years afterwards was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Wynslade, when he married the lady to whom he had been for some time attached. The Duke expected a service in return for the favour he had conferred, and one which any clergyman worthy of the name would have declined with scorn. "In the year 1751," writes the biographer,

Warton was called from the indulgence of connubial happiness and the luxury of literary retirement to attend his patron to the south of France, for which invitation the Duke had two motives: the society of a man of learning and taste, and the accommodation of a Protestant clergyman, who immediately on the death of his Duchess, then in a confirmed dropsy, could marry him to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known and distinguished by the name of Polly Peachum.

Wooll allows that the circumstances attendant on this expedition were "not the most eligible in a professional view," but praises Warton, notwithstanding, for his laudable wish to improve his income. The connection appears to have terminated abruptly, since, before reaching Italy, Warton left the Duke and his mistress and returned to England. Warton now produced his edition of *Virgil*, gaining thereby a considerable reputation for scholarship. In this edition he published Pitt's translation of the *Æneid* and attempted himself a translation of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* which proved that, though an elegant scholar, he was not a poet. Pitt's chief fault as a translator, says Mr. Connington, who of all modern critics was the best qualified to judge, "is a general mediocrity of expression. Warton was heavier and more prosaic than Pitt, without being much less conventional. His ear was worse, his command of poetical language more restricted. Yet he sighs in his dedication over the necessity of using coarse and common words in his translation of the *Georgics*, viz., *plough and sow, wheat, dung, ashes, horse, and cows, &c.*, words which he fears will unconquerably disgust many a delicate reader. When Virgil rises Warton does not rise with him; his version of the '*Pollio*' and of the '*Praises of Italy*' may be read without kindling any spark of enthusiasm."

He also wrote several papers for the *Adventurer*, a popular periodical, some of them containing, in the judgment of his biographer, inimitable criticisms on Shakspeare. Of these essays the best are devoted to critical topics; but it was asserted at the time, and not without justice, that Warton exhibited his learning too freely in a periodical designed for general reading. In some of the papers there is an attempt at humour, which in these days would be considered heavy. *Characters at Bath*

and *Letters of Six Characters* for instance, were no doubt regarded by the writer as lively, or even witty, but we suspect that they will strike the modern reader as dull and laboured pieces.

Thanks, perhaps, to his *Virgil*, Warton was elected second master of Winchester School, and while in this position produced the first volume of his ponderous *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, a quarter of a century passing before the publication of the second. Warton was a sound critic, with a just appreciation of some of the more subtle charms of poetry; but his method of criticism, like the method followed by his brother, is pedantic and obsolete.

Nothing but curiosity or a peculiar interest in the subject could induce anyone now-a-days to wade through the two volumes which contain his *Essay on Pope*. It forms an exhibition of the author's learning, a rather wearisome exhibition it must be owned; but it is only just to Warton to observe that Thomas Campbell thought otherwise, and pronounced the essay entertaining. Dr. Johnson also said, and said truly, that "he must be much acquainted with literary history, both of remote and late times, who does not find in this essay many things which he did not know before." It may be well, moreover, to remember that much which seems to us familiar and obvious in Warton's criticisms might not have been so evident when it was written.

The following passage, for instance, would very likely have struck Warton's first readers as original and suggestive; to readers in our day it will sound utterly trite, and yet not more trite than some passages on the same subject written more than seven years later by Macaulay\* :—

Correctness is a vague term, frequently used without meaning and precision. It is perpetually the nauseous cant of the French critics, and of their advocates and pupils, that the English writers are generally incorrect. If correctness implies an absence of petty faults, this perhaps may be granted. If it means that because their tragedians have avoided the irregularities of Shakespeare, and have observed a juster economy in their fables, therefore the *Athalie* for instance, is preferable to *Lear*, the notion is groundless and absurd. Though the *Henriade* should be allowed to be free from any very gross absurdities, yet who will dare to rank it with the *Paradise Lost*?

In some respects both the Wartons broke up ground which has been since so well cultivated that we are apt to forget how much we owe to them. The very growth the two brothers endeavoured to stimulate has been injurious to their fame, and their criticism fails to impress us, not because it is intrinsically worthless but because we have outlived it. While

\* We refer to the celebrated essayist's review of Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, in which correctness in poetry is discussed at considerable length. It is probable that Macaulay's remarks were suggested, though perhaps unconsciously, by the observations of Warton. We have space only for one brief quotation :—"What is meant by correctness in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth and in the principles of human nature, their correctness is only another name for excellence. If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name for dulness and absurdity."

doing justice to the critical school of poets, and giving due praise to the splendid satire and exquisite fancy of Pope, they asserted that the highest art of the poet could only be expressed by communion and sympathy with nature, and thus they may be regarded as pioneers in the great poetical revolution which gave a new character to our literature at the beginning of the century.

After spending eleven years at Winchester College as assistant master, Joseph Warton, on the resignation of Dr. Burton, was appointed head master, and held that position with singular honour for twenty-seven years. In the height of his prosperity his wife, "whom he still adored with unabated love," died, and left him "the wretched widowed parent of six children." This was in the month of October, 1772. In the following year the wretched parent found it necessary "to soothe his anguish by the admission of new comforts, and to curb the violence of unavailing and destructive regret," which means in plain English that fourteen months after the death of his first wife he resolved to marry a second.

The "Literary Club," of which Dr. Johnson was so proud, numbered Dr. Warton among its members, but his residence at Winchester made him no doubt an infrequent guest. His name, by the way, is rarely mentioned in Boswell's biography, and never, we believe, in connection with the club. Wooll, it is needless to observe, has little to say on the subject, for he evidently regarded it as trifling with the dignity of biography to describe the daily actions or associations of his hero. He does, however, condescend to tell us that Warton spent his Christmas vacation every year in London, tempted by the pleasures of London society and "the rich allurements of the Literary Club. An ardour for military knowledge was a prominent feature in the family character, and it was no uncommon circumstance to see Dr. Warton at breakfast in the St. James's Coffee-house surrounded by officers of the Guards, who listened with the utmost attention and pleasure to his remarks." From the biographer also we learn—and one ought to feel obliged to him for admitting such insignificant particulars—that Warton was a lover of children and a great admirer of beauty. Mr. Wooll writes that he has often seen "the young, the handsome, and the gay deserted by the belles to attract the notice of Dr. W.; whilst he was on his part thoroughly accessible, and imparted his lively sallies and instructive conversation with the most gallant and appropriate pleasantry." A few additional facts may also be gathered from the memoir. The biographer, for instance, is good enough to inform us that Warton lost a son in 1786; that four years later he lost his brother, to whom he was warmly attached; that it was not until the evening of life he obtained church preferment; that in the summer of 1793 he resigned his post at Winchester; that four years later he produced his edition of Pope in nine volumes; that "he entered on an edition of Dryden," and "was proceeding in his classical and interesting pursuit," when he died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The edition of Pope, which ought perhaps to have been Warton's most significant achievement, may be well nigh regarded as an

utter failure. What is good in it is simply a republication of what was in the Essay; his fresh matter is for the most part irrelevant and commonplace.

Unfortunately, too, for his reputation the late Master of Winchester, and Prebend of Winchester and St. Paul's, thought fit to reprint a disgusting chapter of Scriblerus, omitted in all good editions of Pope, which he considered "full of the most exquisite original humour;" and a piece equally offensive, entitled the *Double Mistress*, which is also praised by him for its "inimitable humour." This was a sin against decency, and, considering Warton's age and position, it is difficult to excuse him. Even his biographer does not attempt to do so. Neither Warton's conduct in early life nor in old age appears to have been marked by lofty principle. He was an amiable, kind-hearted man, willing to live on the best terms with his associates, but he had not the religious earnestness, the self-abnegation, the entire devotion to his work, evident in some clergymen. By him probably the church was viewed as a profession rather than a calling, while his chief interest was in literature. It is clear that he liked good cheer and lively company, and spent his days in an easy, comfortable sort of way, without allowing his complacency to be disturbed by theological difficulties. When an old man we are told that "his parsonage, his farm, his garden, were cultivated and adorned with the eagerness and taste of undiminished youth," and that his lively sallies of playful wit, his rich store of literary anecdote, and the polished and habitual ease with which he imperceptibly entered into the various ideas and pursuits of men in different situations and endowed with educations totally opposite, rendered him an acquaintance both profitable and amusing; whilst his unaffected piety and unbounded charity stamped him a pastor adored by his parishioners." This sounds a little like the conventional style of panegyric permitted to biographers; and without any lack of charity we may venture to say that if Dr. Joseph Warton was "adored" by his parishioners, the feeling was called forth by his liberality rather than by his virtues as a pastor. The letters of a man will sometimes supply an index to his character. Warton's are few in number, and, for the most part, without colour. In one of them he writes of spending two evenings with Fielding and his sister, and of being "inexpressibly diverted;" in another, for the insertion of which the writer makes a kind of apology, we read of the loss of a "dear little charming girl" in consequence of inoculation; in a third, of a visit to Mason the poet, "the most easy, best-natured, agreeable man I ever met with," and to Matlock Bath, "of all earthly places the most exquisite and romantic." In another letter he relates that he dined with Dr. Johnson, who seemed cold and indifferent; and of Goldsmith he expresses an unfavourable and, as we must believe, an unkindly opinion. "Of all solemn coxcombs, Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible, but affects to use Johnson's hard words in conversation." A letter from Brighton, written about a century ago, also contains one or two noteworthy passages.

After stating that he never misses bathing in any weather, and that he has dined with *the* physician of the town, he adds: "We have, amidst other strange characters, a *bathing divine*, perpetually clad in silks and satins, and solely employed in playing cards with the purring dowagers and superannuated old maids." To this slight sketch of Joseph Warton's career it may be added, since it speaks well for the esteem in which he was held, that some of the most notable men of the age were among his friends or correspondents—Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Sir W. Blackstone, and Bishop Lowth, for example. The esteem, moreover, in which he was held, both as a scholar and a critic, was so great that we are not surprised to find Cowper writing to S. Rose: "If you should happen to fall into company with Dr. Warton again, you will not, I daresay, forget to make him my respectful compliments, and to assure him that I felt not a little flattered by the favourable mention he was pleased to make of me and of my labours. The poet who pleases a man like him has nothing left to wish for."

We have said that Dr. Warton was himself a poetaster as well as a critic of poetry, and his biographer ventures to assert that one of the striking beauties of his verse is originality. He could scarcely have made a greater blunder. Whatever excellence may be found in Joseph Warton's poetry is essentially imitative. He writes because others have written, not because he is constrained to write. His versification is skilful, and respectability—an odious word when applied to poetry—is its most prominent feature. It is hard to find fault considering the style of verse acceptable in that age; but it is more difficult to praise, and when Wooll points out, as he does occasionally, some passage deserving of special approbation, he exhibits his utter incompetence as a critic of poetry. When, for example, the poet (save the mark!), in a fit of melancholy, proposes to go "to charnels and the house of woe,"

Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,  
Where to avoid cold wintry showers  
The naked beggar shivering lies,

the editor observes in a note that the line we have marked by italics "is not only an original but wonderfully poetical idea." Like his brother, Joseph Warton gathers much of his imagery from Milton, and there are marks, too, in his poetry that Thomson was appreciated. Indeed, readers unfamiliar with those masters might be inclined sometimes to call their imitator a very pretty poet, and so he would be if his choicest passages were not stolen, or, to speak of them less offensively, echoes of familiar song. Read, for instance, the "Ode to Fancy," one of his best pieces, and you will find that the poem constantly recalls the imagery and versification of Milton. The piece, indeed, is vastly unlike, and it need scarcely be said immensely inferior to the "L'Allegro" or "Il Penseroso"; at the same time lines occur again and again which suggest, if they do not actually copy, the lines of Milton. Not always, however,

and we readily admit Warton's originality when he imagines himself ; stealing a kiss from his Laura—

While her ruby lips dispense  
Luscious nectar's quintessence !

Yet he instantly falls again into the copyist, and adds his hope that Fancy may aid him,

When young-eyed Spring profusely throws  
From her green lap the pink and rose,  
When the soft turtle of the dale  
To summer tells her tender tale.

Tawdry ornament and conventional phraseology mark many of his pieces ; his lines abound in compound words and in the vicious diction so common at that period of our poetical history, when poets were afraid of treating plain subjects in plain language. At the same time it is evident that Joseph Warton strove in his measure (and his brother made a like effort more successfully) to leave the school of Pope for that of nature. The effort, however, was too much for so weak a poet, and he only partially succeeded. There is not a poem written by the elder Warton that has or deserves to have a place in our Anthologies.

The poetry of Thomas Warton is better known, and has been reprinted in two or three modern editions ; but his chief reputation, like his brother's, is due to his learning and taste as a poetical commentator. The account of his singularly uneventful life is as meagre as that given of his brother. He was born at Basingstoke in 1728, and is said to have exhibited very early an extraordinary love of study. His education was conducted by his father till he went up to Oxford, where, in his sixteenth year, he was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College. Soon afterwards he was elected a Scholar. His thoughts and aspirations were not confined to college learning. While still a youth in his teens he published a poem called the *Pleasures of Melancholy*, and two years later, the *Triumph of Isis*. Mason, the friend of Gray, had written an elegy, called *Isis*, in which he lamented the degenerate state of Oxford ; and young Warton, eager to defend his *alma mater*, produced his *Triumph* in reply—a highly creditable production considering the writer's age—which secured him at the time considerable applause. Several more poems followed which attracted some attention, while the publication of his *Observations on the Faery Queene*, in 1753, called forth the generous praise of Dr. Johnson. "You have shown," he wrote, "to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which these authors had read."\*

\* *Apropos* of Warton and the "Faery Queene," there is a story told by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson* of a dispute about Spenser's great poem, between Thomas Warton and Huggins, the translator of Ariosto, in which the latter exclaimed, "I will militate no longer against his *nescience*." "Huggins," so writes Boswell, "was master of the subject, but wanted expression ; Mr. Warton's knowledge of it was then imperfect, but his manner lively and elegant. Johnson said, 'It appears to me



The plan chosen by Thomas Warton has been frequently adopted since his day, and was again employed by him in his edition of Milton's early poems. We are not sure that it may not produce, in some cases, a false estimate of a poet. It is comparatively easy to multiply parallel passages and to show how far a great writer has gleaned or appears to have gleaned from his predecessors; but such labour is seldom satisfactory, since it seems to detract from his originality, while it exhibits the acuteness and comprehensive knowledge of the commentator. We should be slow to accuse any illustrious poet of plagiarism. If he borrow thoughts, he knows how to ennoble them, and the rough ore, as it passes through his hands, is changed into a piece of exquisite workmanship. In the *Life of Johnson* several letters will be found addressed by him to the Wartons. For both of them he appears to have entertained a sincere affection. Johnson, however, sneered at Thomas Warton's poetry, and Warton had no great opinion of Johnson's taste or scholarship. Thus an estrangement was produced between them which Johnson, it is said, lamented with tears in his eyes. At one time the intimacy was considerable, and Thomas Warton gives a pleasant account of a visit to Oxford made by Johnson the first time after quitting the University. Often they took long walks together into the country, returning to supper. "On one occasion," Thomas Warton writes, "as we returned to Oxford in the evening, I out-walked Johnson, and he cried '*Sufflamina!*' a Latin word, which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, *Put on your drag chain.*" The most interesting letters written by Johnson to the Wartons relate to the poet Collins—"poor dear Collins," he calls him, for he was then in a pitiable state of mental dejection. Collins won the love of the brothers and of the great critic who afterwards attempted to write his life, but none of them understood his rare genius as a lyrical poet. "As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved," wrote his biographer, "so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure." It would seem, too, that Gray, notwithstanding his fine taste, did not appreciate Collins, for he classed Collins and Warton together as writers of Odes, and said, "It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. They both deserve to last some years, but will not."

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that Huggins has ball without powder, and Warton powder without ball." The Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., Historiographer of the Royal Historical Society, in his *Annotations on the Common-place Book of James Boswell*, recently published, transcribes a corresponding passage from the Journal, in complete ignorance of the remarks contained in the *Life*, and apparently unaware that such a man as Thomas Warton ever existed, for he spells the name Wharton—which it is just possible may have been an act of carelessness on Boswell's part—and is then good enough to inform us, in a note, that Thomas, Marquess of Wharton, a vigorous supporter of William of Orange, and familiarly known as Tom Wharton, composed the celebrated "*Lillibullero*," held high offices of state under Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1713!—an amusing complication of blunders which would not be forgiven in a sixth-form boy!

Gibbon called Oxford the headquarters of "port and prejudice," and Thomas Warton, who made it his home, imbibed, it is to be feared, a considerable quantity of both. Free thought disturbed him, and the lax opinions uttered by Milton on ecclesiastical questions ruffled the serene calm of his orthodoxy. Possibly the extreme temperance of the Puritan poet was equally hateful to him. A poet who needed neither wine nor ale to stimulate his inspiration was scarcely after Warton's heart. There is indeed no proof that he ever drank to excess, but he was a lover of conviviality, and there are intimations which show pretty clearly that his habits were to say the least rather loose and undignified. He was a modest man, or, as a friend once described him, "the most under-bearing man existing," and was averse to the society of strangers, "particularly those of a literary turn." It is stated also that he was fond of drinking his ale and smoking his pipe with persons of mean rank and education. And here it may not be amiss to mention another curious trait in his character. George Selwyn, as Rogers tells us, never missed "being in at a death at Tyburn," so delighted was he in seeing executions. Thomas Warton had the same taste, and it is said that at a time when he did not wish to be discovered he went to an execution disguised as a carter. He was also fond of military spectacles, and, in common with his brother, enjoyed the society of soldiers.

Warton held the Poetry Professorship for the usual term of ten years, and is said to have delivered lectures remarkable for eloquence of diction and justness of observation. Later on in life he was elected Camden Professor of History, but, after giving an inaugural address, appears to have thought he had sufficiently fulfilled the duties of the office. The truth seems to be that Warton, although capable of working hard at times, liked to work in his own way. He had long fits of comparative idleness, and, like Coleridge, his promises far exceeded his performance. Lord Eldon, remembering him as a college lecturer, exclaimed: "Poor Tom Warton! at the beginning of every term he used to send to his pupils to know if they would wish to attend lectures." He projected a translation of *Apollonius Rhodius*, a volume of criticism on Spenser's minor poems, and other books of comment or translation. Such projects, if fulfilled, would probably have had little interest for the modern reader; but every one must lament that Warton's great work, the only work of his which still retains a place in literature, the *History of English Poetry*, was never brought to a conclusion.

Pope and Gray, it will be remembered, thought of writing such a history, and both these poets made plans of the projected work. There is a friendly letter from Gray on the subject in which he relates his scheme and puts it at Warton's disposal. The method suggested, which was based on that of Pope, is to range the poets under different schools; but Warton found this plan impracticable, and elected to pursue his work chronologically. The student of poetry will find in it much to interest him and much also to cause disappointment. Southey praises the *His-*

tory highly, but not perhaps extravagantly, when he writes: "Two works which appeared in the interval between Churchill and Cowper promoted beyond any others this growth of a better taste than had prevailed for the hundred years preceding. These were Warton's *History of English Poetry* and Percy's *Reliques*, the publication of which must form an epoch in the continuation of that history." On the other hand, the book is marked by no artistic quality. It is full of errors; the narrative, in the judgment of one of Warton's editors, is eminently slipshod; materials are to be found in abundance, but there is no arrangement, no proportion; and the author, notwithstanding great labour and extensive research, has therefore produced a work which we read with willingness and pleasure.

The reader who takes up the latest and most elaborate edition of Warton's *History*, namely, that produced by Mr. Hazlitt, will be amused or irritated to observe how often the text is contradicted by the notes *variorum*. Warton opens his first volume with a dissertation "On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe;" and before commencing it the reader will learn from Mr. Wright that Warton's theories are "founded on a confusion of ideas as well as on the absence of a large knowledge of the subject." Ritson, whose abstinence from animal food cannot be said to have improved his temper, attacked Warton at all times with his accustomed sharpness and irascibility, and commences his comments on the essay by contradicting Warton's first sentence. Another critic, less likely to be influenced by prejudice, observes that the whole of the dissertation is extremely illogical and unsatisfactory, that the author's leading position respecting the influence of Arabic literature in Europe is unsound, and that most of the proofs which he alleges are matters which require proving themselves. All this may be perused before the reader has finished a single page of the text; and indeed he may be inclined to ask whether, supposing these judgments be correct, it is worth his while to read the essay at all. Let him take courage. In spite of errors, some of which may be imputed to the state of learning in Warton's day, and some to his consummate laziness—for it will be found that he often failed even to verify his quotations—the remarks on Romantic Fiction contain a good deal of information that is interesting and suggestive. Higher praise, perhaps, may be given to the third essay, "On the Introduction of Learning into England," which abounds in instructive statements. If many of them are familiar to the well-educated reader, he will remember that they were not generally familiar to Warton's contemporaries; and this remark should be borne in mind throughout the perusal of the *History*. Unfortunately, it is but the fragment of what might have been a really great work, and the portion of it that might be expected to have proved most interesting never saw the light. In one respect, as Mr. Stopford Brooke has pointed out, the book expressed a feeling which was unknown to the school of Pope. With that school the present was so powerful that it filled all the view. "Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry*

was but the beginning of that vivid delight in what our forefathers did, to which Chatterton afterwards gave a fresher life, and which runs through all the minor poets of the time."

The wearisome and by no means wholly satisfactory labour bestowed by Thomas Warton on Spenser and Milton has been expended on his own poems by Bishop Mant. In his edition of the poetical works almost every couplet is annotated; and so copious are the notes and illustrations that very frequently thirty or forty lines of closely-printed letter-press follow three or four lines of text. Such ponderous toil is thrown away upon a small poet like Warton. Who cares to know whether or not some poetical fancy expressed by him has been previously expressed by an earlier and greater writer? A poet like Milton, if he use the thoughts of other men, transforms them and ennobles them, so that they become as it were a part of himself. Warton's verses recall in every page passages from the Greek and Roman classics, and from our own poets; but Warton is an imitator, and cannot make them his own by the transmuting power of genius. His taste is, for the most part, correct, his feeling sincere, his knowledge extensive, his skill in the manipulation of verses considerable. Add to these merits a genuine love of natural objects, which is all the more worthy of note since the poets of highest repute in his day rarely looked out of doors, and we have given Warton all the praise to which he is entitled as a poet.

His descriptive passages—witness the "Lines written in Whichwood Forest," and the "Ode on the Approach of Summer"—are good, and would deserve higher praise were it not that they resemble so closely the early poems of Milton. When he attempts a subject demanding pathos or passion he does not rise above the mediocrity of the versemaker—witness his ode entitled the "Suicide," which, however, we are bound to say has received the highest praise from his biographer. In this piece, which Dr. Mant calls the most popular of Warton's poems (alas! for popularity, we wonder how many of our readers have ever heard of it), we are told that an appeal is made to the heart as well as to the fancy, and that "the most striking poetical imagery is not only clothed with the most expressive diction, but heightened by the tenderest sentiments." After a careful and repeated perusal of the poem we confess that the "striking poetical imagery" does not strike us, and that the "expressive diction" appears to us laboured and conventional. One of the best specimens of Warton's work as a lyric poet is an ode called the "Grave of King Arthur." It is written in the octo-syllabic metre which Scott made so famous thirty years later, and there are passages in the poem which may even remind us of the "Ariosto of the North." Take, for instance, the following lines. Henry II. on his road through Wales to suppress a rebellion in Ireland is entertained with the songs of the Welsh bards.

Illumining the vaulted roof  
 A thousand torches flamed aloof;  
 From massy cups, with golden gleam  
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream;

To grace the gorgeous festival  
 Along the lofty windowed hall  
 The storied tapestry was hung;  
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung  
 Of harps that with reflected light  
 From the proud gallery glittered bright;  
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,  
 From distant Mona, nurse of song,  
 From Teivi fringed with umbrage brown,  
 From Elvy's vale and Cader's crown,  
 From many a shaggy precipice  
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,  
 And many a sunless solitude  
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude;  
 To crown the banquet's solemn close  
 Themes of British glory chose.

Between the minds of Warton and Scott it may be possible to trace a likeness. In one department, says his biographer, Warton is not only unequalled, but original and unprecedented—namely, “in applying to modern poetry the embellishment of Gothic manners and Gothic art; the tournaments, and festivals, the poetry, music, painting, and architecture of elder days.” In this respect, therefore, he to some extent anticipated Scott; but Scott took possession of a region of which Warton knew comparatively little, and upon which, indeed, he did scarcely more than set his foot.

It is not much praise to say of Thomas Warton that in his Laureate odes he succeeded better than many of his predecessors, or than his immediate successor, than Tate or Cibber, than Whitehead or Pye; but it is a dreary task to read them, and it is amusing to contrast his earnest asseverations that the flattery of kings is distasteful to him with the glowing panegyrics which he heaps upon his “sacred sovereign” George III. Nothing could well be more false than the following lines, since this highly respectable monarch, as all the world knows, cared as little for the arts, and did as little to promote them, as William III. :—

’Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,  
 And teach the royal bounty how to flow.  
 His tutelary sceptre’s sway  
 The vindicated arts obey,  
 And hail their patron king.

With equal absurdity he declares, as if with a noble love of independence, that he spurns Dryden’s “panegyric strings,” and then adds, that if Dryden had lived in his day—that is to say, under the blessed sway of George III.—flattery would have been impossible :—

The tuneful Dryden had not flattered here;  
 His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere.

This, however, was the style of the day; and of Warton it may be said that, in his capacity of Laureate, he did tolerably what nobody could do well. When Warton died, Lady Hesketh wished to get the Laureateship

for Cowper, but the Olney poet declined the offer. "Heaven guard my brains," he wrote, "from the wreath you mention, whatever wreath beside may hereafter adorn them. It would be a leaden extinguisher clapped on all the fire of my genius, and I should never more produce a line worth reading." Cowper's words, true enough in his day, and especially true as coming from a man of his sensitive disposition, will not apply now. Thomas Warton is considered by Hallam a very competent judge of Latin poetry. His Latin poems are written with elegance, and the like praise may be fairly given to his English poems; but elegance is the result of culture and scholarship rather than of genius. During the time that Warton was winning reputation as a man of letters and as a poet, there lived a peasant in Scotland, unknown or uncared for apparently by the Oxford Professor, who gave higher proofs of poetical genius in a single song than Warton in all the verse he ever produced. The fruit of high culture may be found in the poetry of Thomas Warton; the fruit, how far more delightful and refreshing we need not say, of genuine poetical inspiration is given to us in the poetry of Burns.

The Sonnet was not in favour among the poetical critics of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson was incapable of seeing any beauty in the noble sonnets of Milton; George Steevens, who took high rank in the last century among the commentators of Shakspeare, declared that nobody would ever read Shakspeare's sonnets unless forced to do so by Act of Parliament. Bishop Mant was the contemporary of Johnson and Steevens, and it is not therefore surprising that he should show a like contempt for this species of poetry, which, he observes, is foreign to the genius of the English language. Of Warton's sonnets, he remarks that they are as good as sonnets generally are, by which he implies of course that they are not good for much. The truth is, however, that if Warton's memory as a poet be preserved at all, it will be due to two or three of the sonnets his biographer and critic despises. One of them, written on a blank leaf of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, has been termed by Charles Lamb of first-rate excellence, and of others Coleridge has spoken in warm commendation.

Warton lived at Oxford the idle-busy life of a literary *dilettante*, and the chief variations from the smooth tenor of his University career appear to have been little country excursions and visits to his brother at Winchester. To judge from the following anecdote he was ever a boy at heart, and had none of the "buckram" which he detected and disliked so much in the poet Mason:—

"During his residence at Winchester he was fond of associating with his brother's scholars; indeed, he entered so heartily into their sports and employments as to have been occasionally involved in rather ludicrous incidents. Being engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and alarmed by the sudden approach of Dr. Warton, he has been known to conceal himself in some dark corner, and has been drawn out of his



hiding-place to the no small astonishment and amusement of the Doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He would assist the boys in making their exercises, generally contriving to accommodate his composition to the capacity of him whom he was assisting. 'How many faults?' was a question the answer to which regulated him; and a boy was perhaps as likely to be flogged for the verses of Mr. Warton as for his own." Then we are told that on one occasion Dr. Warton, suspecting his brother's hand in some exercise, asked him if he did not consider it worth half-a-crown. Thomas Warton assented. "'Well, then, you shall give the boy one.' Our author accordingly paid the half-crown for his own verses, and the Doctor enjoyed the joke." There is little more to be said about Thomas Warton, except to add the very pleasing fact, recorded by an acquaintance of more than forty years, that he had never, during the whole of that time, seen him out of humour; that he spent a great part of his income in charitable acts; that he loved children, and was humane to the brute creation; and that his conduct was uniformly marked by gentleness and humility. He grew fat as he advanced in years, thanks, perhaps, to his beloved Oxford ale, and Johnson declared that his manner of speaking resembled the gobble of a turkey-cock; but Johnson, be it remembered, said very ill-natured things sometimes, even of his friends, and it is possible this was said when his friendship for Warton had reached the freezing point. In the University, notwithstanding the want of some qualities which belong, or are supposed to belong, to the character of an Oxford Professor, he appears to have gained the esteem of his colleagues; and when he died, in 1790, his funeral was attended, not only by the members of his own college, but by the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and Proctors at their own particular request.

The learned brothers, as we have intimated before, cannot be properly estimated without a knowledge of the literary atmosphere that surrounded them. There can be no doubt they helped forward the work so nobly accomplished by the great poets who flourished at the beginning of this century. Joseph Warton, while doing justice to the brilliant genius of Pope, proved clearly, what no critic in our time would dream of questioning, that Pope's place is not in the front rank of our poets. Thomas Warton, by his comments on Spenser and Milton, did his uttermost to lead back the eighteenth-century reader to those great masters of poetry, and, by the publication of his *History*, showed the student how much there is worthy of patient study to be found in early English literature. These were no light labours, and were of inestimable service at a time when, with one or two illustrious exceptions, our poets or versemen were content to utter jingling platitudes in carefully measured lines.

J. D.

## Fudal China.

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THAT China is stereotyped, is what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call a "stock phrase;" and, as our laureate has embalmed it in his melodious verse, we fear the stock phrase itself is securely stereotyped in English literature. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," does not indeed assert any incomparable superiority for our western conditions of life, when we happen to be familiar with the Chinese cycle of plain prose, a definite period of just half a century plus ten years. The poet, however, could not be expected to know that the dwellers in far Cathay were civilised enough to employ an astronomical cycle of sixty years as an ordinary method of dating their letters and documents. No doubt he meant to laud the constant progress of our western world, spinning along grooves of change with an ever-widening purpose, by contrasting with it the proverbial stagnation of a phlegmatic race, which, if it moves at all, moves in a narrow circle, aptly typified by their own heavy buffaloes slowly trampling round their sugar-mills in their old hoof-marks. But is it the fact that the inventive capacity of the Chinese is so dull, and its admiration of the past so profound, that for three or four thousand years they have done nothing but hash up the broken fragments of primeval ideas, and reproduce the forms of their earliest national life? This much of justification we must allow for the stereotyped notion that the rate of progress in China has not been so rapid as in Europe, and that its development has been more continuous, never breaking away so completely from the old, nor entering upon such entire novelty of conditions as we are familiar with in European history. The Europe of Agamemnon, the Europe of Augustus, and the Europe of Bismarck present to our view such immense differences, both of superficial aspect and deep down in the roots of national and individual life, that it is difficult to realise that three such distinct eras are actually merely different stages of development of the same common humanity. To us the times of the Tudors appear distant antiquity; the dark ages are the chaotic birth-era of our modern nationalities. As for all anterior history, it hardly seems to belong to the same race. We cannot say the same of China. There no glacial period established a marked break between any two portions of its history. China has known her cataclysms, but none of them separates between her past and her present as the irruption of the barbarians into the Roman Empire separates modern Europe from the age of the Antonines. The same barbaric hordes which ravaged the fields of Gaul and thundered at the gates of Rome, almost at the same time over-

whelmed the Chinese Empire, and founded a new dynasty in its capital. But the force of the waves of barbaric invasion which rolled over China once and again was never powerful enough to uproot the foundations of the national life; and when the floods subsided, the people continued to build on the old lines.

In comparing the rate of progress in Europe and China, we have to take into account another important distinction. Our development is the result of the interfusion of diverse types of civilisation. We inherit the intellectual wealth, the accumulated experience, of Judæa, Greece, and Rome, besides those of the more remote civilisations of Western Asia and Egypt. China has been comparatively a stranger to the intermixture of nations and of races. Her development is almost entirely of home growth; and, therefore, no wonder if the rate of progress has not been so rapid, nor its fruits so rich, as those that we have gathered from a hundred shores. Yet for all that we make such apologies for China, we are not about to plead guilty on her behalf to the charge of being stereotyped. The real ground of that charge is not her stagnation, but our ignorance. A notion has got abroad that in the far East, as it was in the beginning so it is now; that the China of Mr. Wade is almost identical with the China of Marco Polo, and that the China of Marco Polo was equally similar to that of Confucius. Such a notion implies not only ignorance but want of reflection; for, before investigation, it is quite incredible that a great nation should exist for three milleniums learning nothing, altering nothing, losing nothing. But in truth if that venerable Chinese sage could now revisit the glimpses of the moon, and wander among the scenes of his former life, he would probably feel himself as utterly bewildered by the new aspect of affairs as would Peter the Great among ourselves. We have mentally assumed that the Chinese men always wore pig-tails, that their women always squeezed up their pretty feet, and then been astonished at the amazing persistency of fashion in China, being ignorant that both these queer customs are of a date which is modern compared with the length of Chinese history. We admire or ridicule the system of making Government appointments the rewards of successful competition in literary examinations, under the impression that it has been an established practice from time immemorial, although the ancient sages and rulers of China never conceived the notion of such a proceeding, the scheme having been first introduced under the T'ang dynasty during the later half of Chinese history. We should not accuse the Chinese of stagnation in religious thought if we were aware that within historical times new religions have sprung up at home and been introduced from abroad, and that they passed through centuries of bitter controversy and fierce persecution before their jealous rivalry calmed down to the recent latitudinarian mutual tolerance. In philosophy it is easy to imagine that they have made no advances while the great name of Choo He has hardly been heard of in the West. In poetry Li t'ac peh and So tung peh are as far removed from the *Classic of Ancient Poetry* as Horace and Anacreon from Ennius and Homer. We

cannot assert that there is nothing new in literary criticism, when a distinguished scholar of the Han Lin College, in a work only published a few years back, is found disputing the ancient and almost sacred tradition that Confucius composed the Ch'un Ts'ew. As for political revolutions, wars, invasions, rebellions, changes of dynasties, the history of China teems with them; and the people themselves, so far from being aware of their stereotyped condition, are at the present time living in continual expectation of another turn of the political kaleidoscope. China will remain stereotyped to our popular imagination only so long as we preserve our profound ignorance of the vast amount of internal activity which has been at work within her borders for ages.

A concise but graphic history of China is a desideratum. The obstacle in the way is the immense amount of material extant in a language peculiarly difficult of acquisition, and out of the ordinary route of orientalist. Some thousands of volumes must be explored, sifted, and arranged before any one could make a decent pretence at composing a general history of the Chinese empire. Sinologues are paving the way for the great undertaking; and recently a splendid contribution to the work has been made by a translation into English of the most important and interesting, historically considered, of the classical, quasi-sacred, books of ancient China. This book\* gives us the text and translation of the Ch'un Ts'ew, popularly attributed to Confucius, and of the Tso Chuen, or notes and supplements, from the hand of one of his followers. In this compilation we possess the beginning of contemporary history in China, extending from B.C. 721 to 468; and we have adopted a suggestion of the learned translator by calling the period to which it relates the feudal age of China. One must not press the phrase too hard, as we have no distinct account of the tenure on which the great nobles held their domains; but the resemblance between the condition of China at that time, parcelled out into ten or a dozen large principalities, and an unascertained number of smaller baronies, and the political state of feudal Europe in the middle ages, is quite sufficient to justify our distinguishing it as feudal China. It brings prominently forward the fact that China was not then the political unity and absolute monarchy which it afterwards became, and continued, though not without interruptions, from that day to this. Of this period of China's history the Ch'un Ts'ew covers two centuries and a half, anterior to the Peloponnesian war, and the conquest of Veii by the Romans; and of this far-away age we read here accounts so abundant, so minute, so vivid in incident and rich in colouring, that one might almost imagine special correspondents were abroad in those days, and that our historian had compressed his narrative out of snippings from the newspapers. One may safely say, with these records before him, that we have materials in hand for a history of China, probably more complete and reliable than can be constructed out of existing memorials of any other nation in the world during

\* *The Chinese Classics*, vol. v., by James Legge, D.D., LL.D. Trübner & Co.

the same period. We do not owe this boon to Confucius. His portion, if indeed it was in any sense his, consists merely of a bare transcript of, or excerpts from, the public archives of his native state, Loo, and is no better than the naked skeleton of history. Each of the feudal states maintained its official historiographer, whose duty it was to chronicle the great events of each month of the year. A line or a line and a half sufficed, noting down the date of a coronation, a marriage, a treaty, or a battle. It was the commentator Tso who took these dry bones and clothed them with the flesh and blood of humour, thought, and action, and decked them out, like another Froissart, in all the elaborate attire and ceremonial of the time, until they pass in a life-like drama before our eyes. His chronicles, too, are perfectly trustworthy. Mistakes there may be, and, for aught we know, here and there are occasional misrepresentations; but no one can peruse the whole work without feeling satisfied of its substantial accuracy and fidelity.

Under penalty of being accused of harping too long on one string, we must just recur to our opening remarks by noticing the striking dissimilarity between the China of the Ch'un Ts'ew and the China known to us through British merchants and diplomatists. For one thing, no one could turn over these pages without being inclined to exclaim, "What a fighting set those ancient Chinese were!" We have been used to regard the Chinese, only with more reason, with Napoleon's contempt for a nation of shop-keepers. In addition to a keenness for gain and shrewdness at a bargain, which might teach something to the Jew and the Yankee, we give them credit for a pedantic scholarship and a fussy formal politeness, more troublesome than admirable. We are candid enough to admit they possess the virtues of domestic affection, sobriety, and plodding industry. But who would dream of encountering the heroic virtues of a military race among these bow-and-arrow warriors? Without staying now to discuss how far the popular impression of Chinese cowardice is true, and how much of it is to be attributed to their disparity of weapons and discipline in their encounters with our red-coats and blue-jackets, we may observe that the contempt we bestow upon their want of courage they themselves are inclined to bestow upon the military art and its professors. In modern China the military officer must yield the precedence to the civilian. Literature and philosophy confer a glory not to be acquired in the pursuit of arms.

In the Ch'un Ts'ew period all this is reversed. Captain Sword then held the first place, and Captain Pen had to wait a thousand years for the time when competitive examination should deliver the government of the empire into his hands. These feudal princes of Chow were almost always at war with one another, and sometimes, though more rarely, with their sovereign. Let us take at haphazard a year's record in the annals before us. It is the fifth year of Duke Hwan, B.C. 706:—"1. In the Duke's fifth year in spring, in the first month, Paou, Marquis of Ch'in, died. 2. In summer, the Marquis of Ts'e and the Earl of Ch'ing went to Ke. 3.

The King sent the son of Jing Shuh to Loo with friendly inquiries. 4. There was the burial of Duke Hwan of Ch'ing. 5. We walled Chuh-Kew. 6. In autumn, an army of Ts'ae, an army of Wei, and an army of Ch'in followed the King and invaded Ch'ing. 7. There was a grand sacrifice for rain. 8. There were locusts. 9. In winter, the Duke of Chow went to Ts'aou." We have happened upon a year rather below the average in military expeditions. True, there was more fighting than one would infer from the text, for our commentator Tso tells us that the third entry refers to an attempt which was made to surprise the city of Ke. This attempt alarmed Loo, we are told, and led to the fortification of the city recorded in the fifth entry. So that three records out of nine are warlike. But in many years every other line is a battle or a siege.

Tso gives an interesting description of the gallant struggle of the little earldom of Ch'ing against the royal forces and their allies. The earl drew up his men in squares, as our great duke did at Waterloo. Each square contained twenty-five chariots, each chariot supported by five files of five men each. The square therefore consisted of fourteen hundred and fifty men. The total of Ch'ing's army is not given, a piece of information generally omitted in these narratives. But the army was marshalled in the orthodox way, having a centre and right and left wings. The earl strictly charged his squares not to move until they saw his flag wave, and then to advance with drums beating and fall upon the foe. The moment came, and the Ch'ingites charged the king's allies, who could not stand the shock, but broke and fled. The three divisions then made a combined attack on the royal army, which received a great defeat; the king himself being wounded by an arrow in the shoulder. The earl was overawed by his own success, and stopped the pursuit, for reverence for the royal dignity was still strong enough to make him shrink from the reputation of having not only defeated, but captured or slain, his liege lord. This narrative is brief; but some of Tso's descriptions of battles cover two or three pages, and we find abundant indications that the states of the Chow dynasty were no novices in the art of war. Yet the primitive age of war in which the personal prowess of the individual warrior was almost as effective in deciding the battle as the skill of the general had not wholly gone by. We read again and again of the exploits of doughty chieftains who signalled their strength and valour in many a tough conflict. One incident is peculiarly interesting because the hero was no other than the father of the great sage Confucius. Shuh Leang Heih was one of a band which attempted to surprise a strongly fortified place, by the common expedient of getting the gate opened to admit a waggon-load of provisions. But, once in, the attacking party found themselves in a trap, for the townsmen were ready in force, and behind them the portcullis was being lowered. Heih, who was possessed of extraordinary strength, sprang back and held up the portcullis with both hands, keeping his post until the storming party was safe outside.

The war-chariots give quite an Homeric flavour to these battle-pieces.



Cavalry appear never to have been employed, but the chiefs led their hundreds or thousands of chariots, drawn by four horses abreast, to the field, each of which carried three men—the charioteer in the centre, a bowman on his left, and a spearman on his right. When two armies were encamped opposite to each other, hesitating to begin the decisive battle, sometimes a chariot went out to flout the enemy, and provoke him to the fray. On one occasion three gallant warriors drove up to the camp of Tsin; the archer shot an arrow into the camp, the spearman entered, slew his man, and cut off his ear as a trophy, carried another bodily away, while the charioteer coolly dusted his horses and arranged the harness. The soldiers of Tsin could not stand this insolence, and their chariots were quickly in pursuit in two divisions. Yoh Peh, the archer, kept them in check by shooting horses and drivers right and left, until he had but one arrow left. At that moment a stag bounded up from the forest, and crossed right before his chariot. Yoh Peh shot the animal with his last arrow, and the spearman, Sheh Shuh, descended from the chariot, took up the venison, and politely offered it to the foremost pursuer, with the remark, "It is out of season, but I venture to present this to feast your followers." Paou Kwei, of Tsin, was struck by the cool gallantry of the deed, and stopped the pursuit; so the chariot returned in safety. There was no lack of courage among these buff-coated warriors. Here is an account of a desperate fight between Tsin and Ts'e. The signal to advance was given by beating a drum in the commander-in-chief's chariot, which also bore his flag. Early in the fight the general of Tsin was wounded by an arrow, but he continued beating the drum till the blood ran down his shoes, when he began to waver. His charioteer said, "I have had one arrow through my hand, and another through my arm; but while one of us three is alive to hold the reins this chariot must go forward. The eyes and ears of the army are on our flag and drum." He then held the reins in his left hand and beat the drum with his right. The well-trained steeds rushed on, and that day the Tsinites gained a great victory.

There was a chivalry about these old soldiers, a boldness of speech and fidelity to their word, which contrast strongly with our idea of the modern Chinaman. The Marquis of Tsin was for long a refugee in Ts'oo, until at last there seemed an opening for his return. Tsin and Ts'oo were rivals contending for the supremacy which was dropping from the feeble hands of the royal house of Chow. Some advised the viscount of Ts'oo not to permit the marquis to return, lest it should be the worse for Ts'oo, when so able a man governed the rival state. The viscount invited the exiled marquis to a banquet, and in the course of conversation, asked, "Suppose you were seated on your ancestral throne, and war broke out between Tsin and Ts'oo, what would you do?" The other replied, "If our forces were face to face in hostile array, in remembrance of your kind hospitality, and permitting me to regain my rights, I would retire before you for three marches. If after that you persisted in your wish to manoeuvre with me, I would not refuse to submit to your commands." The plain English of

this polite phrase is, "If you want to fight, I'll be ready for you." Years after, when the quondam exile was a mighty prince, war arose between Tsin and Ts'oo. The marquis did not forget his promise. Thrice he retired before his enemy. Ts'oo pressed on, and then the marquis turned and inflicted on his old host a crushing defeat. This is but one among many instances of the display of a lofty nobility of spirit among the ancestors of the arrogant but pusillanimous Chinese whom we know.

In the Ch'un Ts'ew period fighting was the serious business of life for the noble and his retainers at least, but the wearer of the peaceful toga sometimes attained a worthier fame than any captain renowned in arms. The civil government was evidently regarded with great seriousness, even reverence, as a sacred office in which the welfare of the people ought to be the first object. Those dukes and earls were most of them licentious and cruel tyrants, and frequently they found prime ministers who played jackal to their masters' tiger. But it was not always so. Among the civil magistrates there were those who displayed a calm courage in rebuking or remonstrating with their despotic masters and a heroic readiness to die for their principles, which outvie the rude valour of the warrior tribe. We read in this book very little about the divine right of kings, though that was an article of their creed; but much about the divine duty of kings. Some of these councillors dared to tell their lords of their faults in plain speech. Others lay in wait for a suitable opportunity. Such an one was Gan-tsze of Ts'e. He was a trusty servant to the Duke of Ts'e, and one day the duke said to him, "Your house is too near the market. The noise and dust must annoy you. Besides, it is too small. I will build you a better one." Gan-tsze declined the offer on the plea that what was good enough for his father was good enough for him; "besides," said he, "it is so convenient to live near the market, I can always get what I want easily." The duke laughingly rejoined, "Of course you know the prices of things, then. Tell me what is cheap and what is dear." Gan-tsze replied, "Shoes for people whose toes have been cut off are dear, but other shoes are cheap." Cutting off the toes was one of the forms of punishment in Ts'e, and this duke was so severe in inflicting it that there were persons who sold shoes specially made for the toeless.

Gan-tsze's reply set the duke thinking, and from that time he diminished the severity of his judgments. Afterwards, however, he took advantage of Gan-tsze's absence on an embassy to erect a fine mansion for him, to make room for which he pulled down some houses of the common people, and of course without going through the formality of getting an Act of Parliament passed, and providing compensation for the evicted proprietors. Gan-tsze came back, and learnt what was done. He went to court, reported his mission, and returned thanks for the ducal favour in presenting him with so splendid an abode. He then went home, had the new house rased to the ground, rebuilt the dwellings which had stood on the site, and reinstalled their inhabitants. A fine character was Gan-tsze, and one feels inclined to shake hands with him

across the ages, and tell him how much we admire him. Tsze-chan, whom we mentioned in a former number as the butt of Leih-tsze's wit, was one of the noblest of these upright ministers ; but his story would take too long.

Many interesting particulars of old Chinese life may be gathered from these pages. Some features of society then were repulsively cruel. Punishments were barbarous. The practice of interring living persons with the dead at the funerals of great men was not unknown, though it seems not to have been common. We find no traces of idolatry, but a simple form of monotheism, combined with the worship of the spirits of nature and of deceased ancestors, prevailed. Details of their daily life are abundant. We learn that they were fond of music and of chess. There is quite a detailed account of the formation of a fire-brigade in one city—perhaps the earliest organised precaution against fire ever undertaken. And, strange to say, amid this medley of fighting lords and barons, an enthusiastic precursor of the Peace Society started an attempt to put down war, and effect universal peace, by the establishment of a congress and court of appeal for all the states ; and he met with much encouragement too in high quarters, and gained a great though short-lived fame. We promise any one who is daring enough to face the formidable-looking Chinese characters arrayed in solid columns in the text, and scattered up and down in the notes of Dr. Legge's translation, and patient enough to thread the story from page to page, that he will find an abundant reward in the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a new and most interesting chapter of the world's history.

F. S. T

Igathe Marron :  
The Story of a New Caledonian Deportée.

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I.

ON April 28, 1871, the Communal insurrection of Paris had been lasting one month and ten days; and on the night of that 28th a frightful artillery combat took place, which resulted in the defeat of the insurgents, and was the first signal of their final overthrow, which came to pass four weeks later. At seven o'clock in the evening the batteries established by the Versailles troops on the heights of Meudon, the Plateau of Chatillon, and the Moulin de Pierre opened a raking fire on Forts Issy and Vanves and the bastions at the city gates of Vanves and Vaugirard. It was like a deluge of flame and iron which fell on those doomed points. The resistance offered by a rabble soldiery, ill-officered, insubordinate, and mostly the worst for wine, was at first wild, and by-and-by slackened hopelessly, then ceased. At midnight Fort Vanves was reduced to silence; and Fort Issy, become a heap of ruins, was precipitately abandoned by its garrison, headed by the notorious Mégy. The rebel artillerymen, infantry, and the men employed as sappers to dig trenches, fled in disorder, leaving their guns, and throwing away rifles, shovels, pick-axes, and ammunition, to run the faster. Most of them bawled that they had been betrayed; and the valour of their commander, who was galloping away on a grey horse, unheeding his men, and concerned only about his own safety, was not calculated to dispel that notion. Mégy was a convict who had been sentenced to penal servitude for life, under the Empire, for having murdered a police detective, but had been released after the Revolution of September 4. He was as queer a character as any to be found in the herd of self-seeking mountebanks who were then flaunting the banner of social regeneration in Paris.

Meanwhile, the success of the Versailles artillery enabled Generals de Cissey and Faron to make a double attack at daybreak on the Farm of Bonnemy and the Park of Issy, which the dismantled forts had protected. Conducted with great spirit, the two attacks were victorious. At Bonnemy, the rebels, dislodged at the bayonet's point, lost 30 men and 2 officers killed and 75 made prisoners; at Issy an hour's fighting got the better of 2,000 Communalists, who lost 300 killed, 100 prisoners, 8 pieces of artillery, 4 wagon-loads of stores, and 8 horses. As usual, the survivors fled pell-mell, one company being mixed with another, and the officers making no attempt to rally their men or control them. In such plight, by squads of ten and twenty, exhausted, panic-stricken, and

mutinous, the defeated trudged homewards through the gates of Vanves and Vaugirard, where a great crowd of women, street-boys, and desultory sight-seers, alarmed by the night's cannonading, had collected to stare at them. It was not a martial sight, for the dusty and scarified vanquished looked far from heroic. But on crossing the gates, behind which they were for the present safe, the bombast inseparable from Parisian nature returned to most of them, and they began to brag aloud of having been pitted against overwhelming odds—of having inflicted enormous losses on the enemy, and of having been forced to retreat only through the incompetency of their chiefs. Some declined to admit that they were retreating, and crowed victory—all which drew cries of admiration and condolence from the women and *gamins* who had relatives engaged in the insurrection; and murmurs of sympathy from those who, without actually siding with the Commune, were yet growing to feel that involuntary interest which ends by moving all witnesses of a prolonged and seemingly brave struggle. Now, among the spectators who thus poured out charitable words from the superfluity of good, but foolish, hearts were one M. Marron and his daughter Agathe.

M. Marron was about sixty-two years old, and measured five feet two, not counting his hat, which was taller and had a broader brim than the shortness of his stature warranted. He was dressed in a brown coat, buttoned up to his chin, wore grey doeskin gloves mended at the fingertips, and carried a thick bamboo cane with an ebony knob, chipped by thirty years' use. Every now and then, whether it were hot or cold, M. Marron removed his hat to mop his forehead with a check handkerchief, and at such moments he revealed a head bald as an ostrich-egg, but decked at the base with a fringing of white hair which joined itself over his ears to a pair of bushy grey whiskers running all under his double chin. His upper lip was carefully shaved, his cheeks were pink and pudgy, his eyes prying but unintelligent, and he looked on the whole like an honest garrulous simpleton—one of those born *badauds* who must needs stop to see a dog run over, a drunkard picked up, or a placard pasted on a hoarding, and who will always fall into conversation with bystanders about the novel incident.

It was not to be wondered at, however, that common sights should excite great curiosity in M. Marron, for he had spent forty years of his life copying letters in a Government office, where sights of any sort are rare. From ten o'clock till four on three hundred days in every one of these forty years M. Marron had sat writing in a hand like copperplate that his Excellency Monsieur So-and-so (the name of the Excellency changed every six months in times of order, every six weeks in periods of Republicanism) declined to interfere in this or that matter. M. Marron had nothing to do with the letters in which his Excellency agreed to interfere. He belonged to the negative branch of his department; and, by dint of answering "No" indiscriminately to all sorts of reasonable and unreasonable applications, he had gradually acquired the notion that

Government was an institution which politely, but firmly, declined to do its duty under any circumstances whatever. This had in nowise diminished his respect for Government—rather the contrary; and his loyalty reached an acute pitch when, at the age of sixty, he was superannuated on a pension of 1,200 francs.

This pension had fallen to him shortly before the Franco-German War. M. Marron had then for some years past been a widower, and lived on a third floor in the ancient Rue de Fleurus, with his daughter Agathe and an old maid-of-all-work. He had economised on his salary as a clerk, and his savings, added to his pension and to a small income drawn from the dower of his wife, afforded him in all about 200*l.* a-year, and placed him on a snug footing among the brother clerks with whom he had been in the habit of playing dominoes regularly every night at the Café de Fleurus. If peace had continued, or if France had vanquished Germany, M. Marron would have settled down into the humdrum existence of the small French *rentier*, and would have been a happy man. In summer he would have taken his daughter to see the people play at bowls in the Luxembourg; in winter he would have gone with her the round of all the museums and gratis amusements. Politics, other than those derived from that most conservative organ, the *Constitutionnel*, would have remained to him a sealed book; and he would have set his one ambition on marrying his Agathe to some well-behaved young man who would have relieved him of half his 200*l.*, but have given him in return a dinner every Sunday.

Unfortunately the war broke out, and the stirring incidents that followed laid M. Marron under a strain of excitement greater than his homespun mind could bear. A revolution, the siege of Paris, the outcry of clubs, the ravings of newspapers, and that "great voice of the people" which was launching the accusation of treason against every man who held a prominent post—all these things unhinged the beliefs which had guided the even tenor of the clerk's ways. He ceased to feel reverentially towards the powers who had employed and pensioned him; he doubted whether his own merits had received justice at their hands; and by the time the Commune supervened the iron of perplexity had so entered his soul that it had become as a ploughed field, open to all the seeds of discontent and folly which ignorant or mischievous hands were scattering broadcast.

Yet M. Marron did not at first approve the Commune, and it was only by imperceptible degrees that he came to reflect how much less happy he had been in times past than he had all along thought. For a while he battled against the dawning conviction, for the Rue de Fleurus was not well swept under the Commune, and the continual tooting of insurgent bugles awoke him at nights, which was unsatisfactory. But when he was assured that the streets would be well swept again, if the Commune prevailed; and when some café enthusiasts dangled before him the prospect of a general righting of human grievances, M. Marron began to ponder that perhaps his pension might be doubled. Social regeneration usually



presents itself to individuals under some such form as this; and M. Marron was not the only man by many who fancied that two armies of 100,000 men were arrayed against each other that he might draw 2,400 francs a year instead of 1,200.

So on the morning of April 28, having quaked in his bed all night through the horrible din of artillery, M. Marron stood at the Vaugirard gate, mopping his brow with his check handkerchief, and uttering audible comments as the routed soldiery hurried by him. After his wont, he talkatively apostrophised the person nearest him—a vinous citizen, in a soiled *kepi* and uniform, who had evidently taken no part in the fighting, but was now leaning against a post, smoking a short pipe, and watching the runaway procession with a sneer.

"The cannonading this night was the fiercest I have heard," said M. Marron, affably, to this person. "I counted thirty-three discharges in one minute, and neither my daughter nor I nor our servant could obtain a wink of sleep, could we, Agathe?"

Mlle. Agathe made a little pout, because of the tobacco-smoke which the dusky citizen was blowing near her pretty face, and, without replying, she nestled close to her father.

"No, not a wink of sleep," continued M. Marron, restoring his check handkerchief to his tail-pocket. "At three o'clock this morning Aglae—that is, our servant—observed that there had been enough powder wasted to keep a hundred families comfortably for a year, and to bury a hundred others in a first-class style. That's what Aglae said."

"Yet it wasn't much of a fight," hiccupped the vinous citizen, sliding a mistrustful glance on M. Marron, because of the latter's gloves, and also because of the word "servant," which rang ill in Republican ears. "I don't know what may be the opinion of those who have servants," added he, with a shrug, "but the people, who are accustomed to do their work for themselves, and to do it well, will ask for an account of last night's treason, or else I'm mistaken."

"Last night's treason! You surprise me," exclaimed M. Marron, much interested. "Now, hearing all those discharges of artillery, I made up my mind those poor fellows were being led to certain glory; and I greatly pitied them, though they did rob me of my night's rest."

"Whenever the people are beaten, there is treason at the bottom of it," declaimed the tipsy citizen, sententiously. "There are men who have an interest in keeping the people from being victorious, and it always will be so, until true patriots elect proper chiefs; but"—he broke off, as if modesty prevented him from saying what were the kind of men who should lead true patriots—"but I know what I think, and that's enough."

M. Marron would have much liked to prolong a conversation so instructive, but Agathe, who was not prepossessed in the citizen's favour, tugged gently at her father's arm, and tried to draw him away. Perhaps M. Marron might have resisted the tug, but Agathe suddenly ejaculated,

"Oh, papa, do look at that poor young man ! What has he done ? They will be killing him !"

The poor young man in question was a Federal Colonel, who had just galloped through the gate on a white horse reeking with blood and foam. He wore a smart black and scarlet uniform, with gold epaulets and lace, a red silk sash, and varnished knee-boots, and the morning sun beating on all this finery made it glitter with theatrical effect. The young man, however, was wildly excited, and he truly seemed in danger of his life, for, in dashing over the moat bridge, he had shouted to the fugitives who were obstructing him, "Out of the way, pack of cowards ! You moved faster than that when the enemy were opposite you !"

"Cowards !" yelled a few insurgents, turning round as if whipped.

"Yes, cowards, poltrons ! hare-footed braggarts !" sang out the Colonel ; and as he imprudently repeated his insults as fast as they could rise to his tongue, and endeavoured to spur his horse through and over the mob, an uproar ensued. Women rushed up, brandishing their fists ; insurgent soldiers, delighted to show insubordination which could have no danger when they were several dozens to one, clubbed their rifles and gnashed oaths ; and the small boys, still more gratified to pelt a man with so much gold lace about him, caught up handfuls of mud and commenced throwing at random. Amidst all this M. Marron's late interlocutor might have been seen pocketing his pipe with alacrity and hastening to join the fray. "That's one of the traitors," he mumbled ; "one who eats the substance of the People ! Pull him off his horse !"

This feat was already being attempted. Several rough hands had been laid on the horse's bridle, and the animal was plunging. The Colonel kicked out to right and left of him, and, being unable to grapple his sword, plied his fist impartially on the nearest heads ; but a hard blow on the nostrils caused the horse to rear ; a dozen women and soldiers thereon clutched the Colonel by the legs, arms, and belt, dragging him from the saddle, and he fell heavily to the ground, amidst a hullabaloo of triumph.

At that moment he stood a good chance of being trampled to death, but luckily the maddened plunges of his horse saved him, by obliging his molesters to loosen their hold. In momentarily retreating they gave him time to spring to his legs and to draw his sword, which he whistled round his head, keeping the whole mob at bay. "Back, you vile herd ! One of you has stolen my watch !"

"It was one you had filched yourself," retorted a dozen voices with ready repartee ; and the rest of the mob, among whom the vinous citizen was loudest in his vociferations, continued to shout, "Traitor ! thief ! coward !" but without approaching within reach of the sword.

"Ah, it's I who am a coward, is it !" exclaimed the young Colonel, who seemed more than half-delirious ; "I—I, who would have led you to capture a battery, if you had not raced away like dogs the moment the enemy opened fire ; and they were not a third as numerous as we ! Ah !

"I'm a coward! Look at this!" and tearing open his tunic, he exposed a bleeding gash on his chest. "Look at that wound I received fighting for you! If there's one among you who can show anything like it, let him come forward, and he shall have my sword!"

The wound was a mere scratch, but the oratorical gesture with which the young man laid his hands on his bleeding flesh was fine. The mob's shouts subsided into half-abashed growls, and the impressiveness of the scene was heightened when the young man, who had been hurt by the fall from his horse, and was, besides, faint from loss of blood and excitement, clasped a hand to his forehead, staggered, and dropped swooning. The crowd quickly circled round him; some women knelt over his prostrate form, and it was soon seen that these good Samaritans were relieving him of his golden epaulets, his silk scarf and sword, and even of his varnished boots, under pretext that this would help to revive him. One of them then declared that the tunic should be removed too. Three or four others assisted her in the friendly job, and in less than a minute the Colonel had been stripped of everything but his shirt and his buckskin breeches. His succourers then vanished, taking away his spoils and his horse, and a score or so of bystanders were all that remained to gaze at him, and advise that water should be got to bathe his head—though no one volunteered to procure this restorative.

It was at this juncture that M. Marron and his daughter broke through the ring, and Agathe, pale and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, papa, he will die if he is left there! Could we not take him to his home?"

"There's nothing to show where he lives," replied an onlooker in deep disgust; "his breeches-pockets are empty."

Then M. Marron spoke, clearing his throat: "I will give forty sous to anyone who helps me to carry that young man to my residence in the Rue de Fleurus."

## II.

Three hours after this scene the Communist Colonel awoke in M. Marron's bedroom. It was a chamber furnished with faded yellow velvet of Utrecht, the chairs being stiff and straight, after the fashion of the Consulate and Empire. There was a great deal of brass binding about the bed and the chest of drawers, on which figured, as a centre-piece, a glass shade covering the bridal wreath which the late M<sup>me</sup>. Marron had worn more than a quarter of a century before. The bed and window curtains were of red chintz bordered with yellow hems; and both the windows overlooked what had been a stable-yard when the Rue de Fleurus housed richer folk than it does at present. Of late years the yard had been given over to a printing-shop, established in the old stables and coach-house; and it was filled all day by printer's devils, who came out there to wet their paper for printing, to dry ink-rollers, or to break up type. At the window farthest from the bed sat Agathe Marron silently working.

The wounded man, after noiselessly turning round, opened his eyes, and stared at her. She was then seventeen, and wore that air of virgin grace which is never found with such sweet perfection as in young French girls who have been brought up in entire ignorance of the world. Her eyes—large, hazel eyes—had a deep wondering expression, and fixed themselves on those who spoke to her with a quiet trustful gaze, unsuspecting of deceit. Her chestnut hair, to which no false locks were attached, was plainly combed down in bands, such as one sees in the prints of twenty years ago ; and she had on a black merino dress, with neat white collar and cuffs. While working she lifted her eyes now and then towards the bed, and in so doing, a few moments after the patient had begun to scrutinize her, perceived that he had become conscious. Then he had an opportunity of hearing her voice, which was soft and innocent as a child's.

"You are awake, sir?" said she, rising and approaching the bed.

"Yes, but where am I?" asked the Colonel, propping himself with astonishment on one elbow, without ceasing to stare at her.

"You are in the lodgings of Monsieur Marron," answered Agathe, reddening a little at the intentness of his gaze. "You were brought in wounded, but the doctor says you are not injured, and will be able to move to-morrow, if you lie quiet to-day."

"Ah, yes, I think I remember. There was a battle, was there not?" And the insurgent passed an apprehensive hand over his limbs. "I do not feel hurt—perhaps I could get up now?"

"Oh, sir, not to-day!" pleaded Agathe. "You spoke when you were brought here, but your mind was wandering; and the doctor assures us you must rest till to-morrow. I will call my father."

M. Marron, however, having heard voices, had bustled in from the next room, for he was on very tender-hooks to ascertain the name and quality of his guest. On his heels followed a tall, sour-visaged servant, the Aglae to whom M. Marron had alluded at the Vaugirard gate. She had ruled over the ex-clerk's household before Agathe was born, and was one of those valuable persons whose devotion is good to read of in books, but a trifle less pleasant in real life. It was she who first spoke by crying shrilly—

"There's no need to make any fuss, *man'selle*. The doctor said Monsieur's wound was nothing, but that he wanted quiet, and quiet he must have. Besides, he's unable to go home, for he has no coat or boots, and a man can't walk out without them, even in these times."

"What has become of my coat and boots?" asked the Colonel, sitting up and glancing about him with somewhat of anxiety. "I had a watch, too, and a pocketbook; and then there was my horse—has he been seen to?"

"The people at the Vaugirard gate took away all your things, sir," answered Agathe, with concern. "We have been hoping that they may have known your name, and that you may find everything when you go home."

The Colonel gave a true French shrug: "I think there is little danger of that, mademoiselle," rejoined he with a slightly bitter smile. "However, the loss is not great—there are more where those things came from."

"Be assured, sir, that my whole wardrobe is at your disposal," interposed M. Marron, obsequiously, and evidently impressed by the cool way in which his guest treated the purloining of his property. "If it be not indiscreet, might I inquire the name of the distinguished officer whom I have the honour to house?"

"My name is Victor de Fielot, Colonel of the 200th Legion, and I lodge at the Palace of the Legion of Honour," answered the patient, uttering his name and title not uncomplacently. "If you send to the palace, an orderly will come up and bring me another uniform and things."

"We'll send when you're fit to stir, not before," replied old Aglae, sharply. "We had enough waking last night, and are not going to have a lot of soldiers making free with our rooms this evening—that is," added she, half-relenting, "unless you've a wife or mother, who is likely to be anxious at not hearing from you?"

Was it the play of the sunlight through the window-blinds that made it seem as if Agathe Marron changed colour while she waited for the wounded man to answer Aglae's question? Her face was partly turned away from the bed, and her hands appeared to sort the reels in her workbox.

"I have no wife or mother," replied the insurgent, in a careless voice.

Again the sunlight seemed to come into play, and Agathe turned her face wholly away. At the same time the wounded man sank back on his pillow, while M. Marron installed himself at his bedside.

### III.

Victor de Fielot passed a quiet night under M. Marron's roof, and in the morning the doctor declared him able to move. But somehow the patient dissented from this opinion, and begged for another day and night's rest. He had spent the previous afternoon in conversation with M. Marron, and in frequent glances towards the window, where Agathe sat with her head placidly bent over work; and at dinner-time the table had been drawn near his bedside, so that—by his particular request—his host and Agathe might dine with him. Aglae suggested, with her customary tartness, that it was all this chatting that had retarded the patient's cure; but he protested, alleging that he felt almost well, only that he longed for a few more hours of the domestic peace from which he had been so many months severed.

M. Marron concurred in the prudence of his guest's resolve, and was proud of it, though the prolonged stay would oblige him to sleep a second night on a sofa-bed. But in succouring the Communist chief the ex-clerk had not obeyed the dictates solely of charity. He had rapidly reflected that if there ever was a chance of getting his pension increased it must surely be enhanced by securing the friendship of one of the Com-

munist leaders; and in addition to this he hoped he should be able to worm out of his guest what the prospects of the insurrection definitely were. The longer the Colonel remained with him the greater would be the latter's indebtedness, and the greater, too, in all probability, his tendency to be communicative.

So M. Marron sent out Aglae to purchase some dainties for breakfast; and when the doctor's visit was over the Colonel got up, wrapped himself in M. Marron's simili-cashmere dressing-gown, and came to sit in the drawing-room, which was furnished in blue Utrecht velvet, faded like that of the bedroom, and ornamented with an alabaster clock and chimney-vases filled with old paper roses. On the walls were two portraits in oil of M. Marron in his youth and of Mdme. Marron, with corkscrew ringlets. It was an honest sort of room in its cheap finery; and that old Aglae possessed great respect for it was shown by her never entering without dusting something—a rather superfluous precaution, for she bestowed an hour's uninterrupted labour on it every morning, till the mahogany backs of the chairs and the polished oak floor glistened like mirrors.

In this room, then, Victor de Fielot sat all day, except at repeat-time, watching Agathe work, and listening absently to the ceaseless babble that flowed from M. Marron. Throughout the morning and afternoon the rumble of artillery-carriages resounded in the street below, with tramping of infantry and peals of those eternal bugles, for troops were being massed at the Vaugirard gate, and there was talk of a general sortie. All this stimulated the talkative *verve* of M. Marron to the utmost; and then there was his neighbour the printer downstairs, who struck off two Communist newspapers, so that M. Marron obtained earlier copies than the rest of the world, and was enabled to supply his guest with the freshest news. He told him how the Commune had decreed the arrest of General Cluseret in connection with the affair of the 28th; and how, on the other hand, M. Rochefort's *Mot d'Ordre* was celebrating that affair as a brilliant victory. He read the decree dividing Paris into two military divisions, under the command of a pair of Poles, Dombrowski and Wroblenski; and the report of the sitting of the Commune, at which a member had moved the summary execution of all nuns, priests, and hostages. There was further a decree appointing "General" Endes Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and a paragraph relating how, a few hours after his nomination, that noble character had been picked up drunk in the Rue de Richelieu, with his two aides-de-camp.

M. Marron read the decree aloud, but he skipped the paragraph, being naturally sedulous to say nothing that might ruffle the susceptibilities of the insurgent officer. To this end he from first to last kept a careful guard over his tongue, approved by a simper but not by speech the criticisms—and very rough criticisms they were, only M. Marron apprehended their very roughness might be a trap—which the Colonel let fall, in alluding to some of the Communist celebrities; and he suffered severely in mind lest that cross-grained Aglae, who was by no means partial to social regenera-



tion, should speak out her thoughts with more truth than caution. It so chanced that Aglae did speak out her thoughts, and no later than during breakfast; for as the party were taking their seats at the table, which was decked with a show of pink radishes, pats of swimming butter, silvery sardines, and golden-crusts rolls, she remarked—

"Monsieur le Colonel will find the rolls new; and it's a mercy, for we've had to put off our breakfast-hour because of that Tomfool's edict about night-baking.\* If monsieur has any influence over our governors he will do well to tell them not to behave like children."

"The edict was an absurd one, but I have not influence enough over the Commune to prevent their doing absurdities," laughed the Colonel, good-naturedly.

"Perhaps, though, you've power enough to prevent them turning our churches into pig-styes," continued Aglae, with intrepidity. "If I were a colonel, with soldiers under me, I wouldn't stand such things. There's that Church of St. Eustache, which has become a club where a woman called Louise Michel preaches blasphemy and vice, so that I marvel she doesn't fear the fire of heaven will fall and burn her witch's tongue out!"

"Hush, Aglae; go and see to the steaks," stammered M. Marron, in great alarm. "Colonel, let me help you to some of this omelette; my daughter, Agathe, beat up the eggs for it herself."

"The steaks shan't prevent my saying what I think is right," grumbled Aglae, making a clatter with some plates as she moved towards the door, and disregarding the beseeching glances which Agathe was throwing at her. "Who'd ever have thought I should have lived to see poor priests hunted about like vermin, and Mademoiselle Agathe there kept from going to church, because a parcel of good-for-nothings don't believe in the God who made them?"

"I am very sorry that the churches have been interfered with," said the Colonel, gently, to M. Marron, when Aglae had disappeared; "but there are many other acts of the Commune which I disapprove, and I only hope things will come back to their old condition after the civil war."

It seemed a wonder that this insurgent should submit so peaceably to attacks on the cause for which he had been risking his life; but as the hours wore on he appeared to be as anxious to ingratiate himself with M. Marron as his host was to get into his own good books. The two passed the day in mutual attempts to dole out honey to each other. M. Marron soon noticed, however, that all allusions, even flattering, to the Commune were growing distasteful to his guest. The Colonel vouchsafed no explanation as to why he had joined the insurrection, nor what he had hoped of it, nor did he say what he had been before the war, nor who were his friends. Only once, when Agathe remarked innocently that she liked the sight of a regiment drawn up on parade, the insurgent's eyes kindled, and he

\* The Commune had prohibited night-baking, in the interest of the journeyman bakers, who had memorialised against "a practice prejudicial to health and domestic happiness." People who breakfasted early under the Commune ate stale bread.

offered to exhibit himself to her riding at the head of his legion in the courtyard of the Carrousel. But this flash of vanity had no sequel; and for the rest of the afternoon the Colonel conversed with Agathe about her own occupations, little joys, and small worries. It requires no ordinary power of homely fascination to make a well-bred young French girl discourse about herself; but presumably Victor de Fielot possessed this fascination, for Agathe gradually was led to prattle artlessly to him about her school-days, the death of her mother, her efforts to learn housekeeping, and the Sunday excursions on which she was accustomed to go with her father during summer-time in the environs of Paris. From this conversation, to which the Colonel listened with all his ears, M. Marron was not excluded, for, whatever were the topic, he found means of throwing on it a luminous observation; but by-and-by things took a turn which left him out, and the young people enjoyed each other's society by themselves. It came about by Victor asking Agathe whether she would sing him something. There was an old piano in the drawing-room; and after dinner, when the two men had smoked a cigarette near the open window, the curtains were drawn, the lamp was lighted, and Victor reminded Agathe that he had elicited from her that she could sing.

She had become pretty intimate with him by this time, and perceiving him to be so gentle and appreciative, was beginning, with the innate coquetry of her sex and nation, to assert her ascendancy over him.

"I know no battle-songs, Colonel," said she, archly.

"I do not want a battle-song," he replied, as a gloomy look flitted quickly over his face. The distant booming of cannon had been audible all day, and one could not hearken a moment without recollecting the sinister struggle that was raging outside. "Not a battle-song," he repeated almost plaintively; "sing me something about fresh fields, the chirping of birds, peasant villages, and—church bells."

"Church bells!" she echoed, bending a rather wistful look on him; but it was with a softened manner that she went to the piano and glided her fingers over the keys. Quietly and with religious feeling she preluded a pastoral by an imitation of those simple steeple chimes, which summon men to thank the Author of all good gifts, and to pray for grace to live in brotherhood with one another.

Now, music had the property of lulling M. Marron into a soothing sleep, so that when it became a question of piano he retired into a dark corner and spread a newspaper over his knees, making as though he was going to listen attentively all the evening. But at the first bar he closed his eyes, and at the second he nodded. Soon a boom of cannon louder than usual roused him with a start; but remembering that he flourished under a *régime* of social regeneration, he dozed off again beatifically, and a few seconds later was wrapped in the sleep of the just and unjust.

How long he slumbered is not certain, but when he awoke the room was hushed. The piano had long ceased playing, and Victor de Fielot and Agathe were seated at the table conversing almost in whispers and turn-

ing over the leaves of an album. They were nestled close together, and the shade of the lamp forming the light over them framed both their heads in an aureola of brightness. He was fair, she dark. His hair and slight moustache were of blonde colour, his eyes blue, and his pink complexion had lines of reckless daring strangely blended with the characteristics of a weak dreamy nature. She, in her innocent vivacity, had all the strength of sweet goodness, and, side by side, they undoubtedly made a comely picture.

The album which they were examining, with long pauses for talk between each page, was full of dried flowers which Agathe had collected while botanising in her summer excursions. She explained when and where she had culled each flower ; and when M. Marron awoke she was so much engrossed in a narrative about some forget-me-nots, that neither she nor Victor noticed M. Marron sit up and rub his eyes, yawning. "They are *vergiss-mein-nichts* I picked up in the park of St. Cloud before that cruel war," said Agathe, with a little sigh.

"And do you know what the emblem means ?" asked Victor, lowering his voice and essaying to take her hand. "Will you allow me to keep one in remembrance of you ?" added he ; and murmuring this, he with his spare hand unfastened one of the little flowers and carried it to his lips.

At this moment Agathe, glancing towards her father, perceived that he had been a somnolent witness of the scene. It was a very harmless scene, but it was also the first such in her life. She rose, blushing like a carnation, and faltered out, "Papa, Monsieur le Colonel would probably like some tea—I will see to it ;" and hereon fled from the room.

After this the Colonel had another good night's rest ; and there is no saying whether he might not have invited himself to remain a third day, as M. Marron's guest, had not circumstances occurred which made a further stay impossible. As soon as the Colonel was up on this second morning, M. Marron knocked at the door and bustled in, flourishing a newspaper. "There are inquiries about you here, Colonel—two inquiries—see." And he pointed first to the following paragraph :—

"The persons who rescued Colonel Victor de Fielot at the Vaugirard gate on the 29th are requested kindly to communicate the address where he was conveyed to the Citoyenne Léontine Fovard, Palace of the Legion of Honour, as the Colonel's friends are anxious about him. A reward will be given to anyone who shall bring news of the Colonel's whereabouts ; or, if the information be sent by letter, the writer need not pay the postage."

The other notice was from an official source :—

"The directors of any ambulance in which the Citizen de Fielot, Colonel of the 200th Legion, may have been conveyed are requested to make known at the War Office whether the said Citizen be alive or dead—this with a view that the 200th Legion may elect a successor, should he be deceased."

Victor de Fielot read the first paragraph with a frown and an impatient

shrug, but at the second he declared he must go, and asked whether a commissionnaire could be fetched, that he might send him to the Palace with a note. There were no commissionnaires under the Commune, but, like many other institutions that are supposed to vanish after revolutions, the thing remained though the title was extinct, and an independent citizen was found who for a consideration agreed to go to the Quay d'Orsay. He was brought up by Aglae, and the Colonel remitted him, not one note, but two, closing the door, however, so that he might give him instructions in private. This naturally aroused the curiosity of Aglae, who found it expedient to dust the lower panels of the door, laying her ear close to the keyhole, and so overheard the Communist officer say—

"You will give the first of these notes to my orderly, and tell him to drive up here at once in a cab, and *alone*, with my best uniform, sword, and boots. This second note you will give to the Citoyenne Fovard herself; and mind you impress upon her that she is not to come up here, for I am in a private house. Say I shall join her immediately on leaving this. My orderly will give you twenty francs. See that you execute this commission without blundering."

The independent citizen went, but when he was gone Victor de Fielot appeared to be fidgetty. His dreamy languor of the previous evening had given place to nervous energy, as if the fear of losing his post had whipped his blood. Wrapped once more in M. Marron's dressing-gown, he passed into the drawing-room, politely saluting Agathe, and paced about rather feverishly from the hearthrug to the window, whilst his host related to him the morning's news—the apprehension of Cluseret, the last sortie, with conflicting accounts as to its being a defeat and a victory—and a stormy sitting of the Commune, owing to an obscure member named Puget having offered his resignation, which his colleagues refused to accept, on the ground, as usual, that he must be a traitor. The Colonel listened with a show of interest, and did not try to change the subject, as he had done the day before; on the contrary, when M. Marron had gabbled out all he knew the Colonel much gratified him by inquiring whether a certain newspaper which he mentioned could be purchased in that quarter. Perhaps he foresaw that M. Marron would obligingly rush out to buy it himself, and that he should then be left for a little while alone with Agathe.

They were left alone, and for a minute or two an embarrassing silence prevailed. Agathe was not the same as she had been two days ago—it takes so little time to turn the current of a girl's life! She wore an air of happiness mingled with anxiety; her eyes were bright, but her features were a little pale, and her manners were reserved. She knew that the Colonel was going away, but she had not seen the paragraphs which summoned him, for Victor had pocketed the paper immediately after reading its contents, and M. Marron had instinctively refrained from alluding in her presence to the Citoyenne Fovard. Coughing to break the silence, Victor now repeated that he was going because he was

wanted in his regiment. He said nothing about other people wanting him ; and it must have been still fresh in Agathe's mind how he had declared two days before that he had no wife or mother. And yet, with that feminine slyness, the first display of which must always be noted as a significant symptom in young girls, Agathe remarked, "Your friends will be very glad to see you."

"I have no friends," answered the Colonel, mournfully.

"No friends?" echoed Agathe, with compassion, but also with a gleam in her eyes that belied the tone of her voice.

"No friends that I care for," replied the Communist, in a forlorn way ; "but, oh ! Mademoiselle Agathe, I have been so happy here these two days ! It was like a glimpse of my childhood, when I had a home and a mother, and never guessed I should be drawing the sword against my own countrymen. If I live will you allow me to call again at times, when there are no battles—when the war is over ?"

"My father will always be pleased to see you, I am sure," murmured Agathe ; and, with downcast eyes, she added, "But why talk of battles ? Must you always fight in them ?"

"Well, we are in the midst of a struggle which must end soon, one way or the other ; and those who are beaten will have to pay a heavy reckoning," answered the Communist, with sombre agitation. "But, mademoiselle, promise me this"—and he looked very beseechingly into her face as he held out a hand to her—"you may hear many things about me—do not believe them all. Remember that we often yield to temptations which would not have got the better of us could we have been stopped in time by a loving hand—a hand like yours."

There were tears in his eyes as he said this, and her own face was blanched of all its colour ; but she had no time to answer, for a cab trundled up to the entrance below and some steps were heard on the staircase. When the door opened M. Marron marched in, followed by a red-nosed Communist soldier, laden with a valise, a sword, and a pair of boots with gilt spurs.

"Here is the newspaper you wanted, Colonel, and here is your orderly," pompously shouted M. Marron. "The brave fellow rode up just as I arrived, and he seems to have been afraid you were dead."

The Colonel cast a quick startled glance over the shoulder of the brave fellow to see that there was nobody behind him, and, perceiving that he was alone, appeared relieved. But his satisfaction was shortlived, for almost immediately a bell tinkled ; and on Aglae going to answer the call, a handsome, over-dressed woman flustered by, entered the drawing-room without pausing, and flew straight to Victor, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him on both cheeks with extravagant demonstrations of joy.

There was no mistaking the social rank of this person. Frenchwomen can never dress wholly with bad taste ; but this one had a style of wearing her silken attire which proved her to be not yet inured to the use of

finery ; and her manners had that impulsive *abandon* of the woman who sees no sin in anything, and has no care to conceal her impressions, good or evil.

" Ah ! I've found you at last, my poor Victor," she exclaimed, kissing him again and again, and then placing her hands on his shoulders and pushing him back a little, the better to survey him. " Well, you can plume yourself on having thrown us all into a fine state. Some said you had been killed ; others that you had decamped, and sold yourself for twenty sous to the Versailles. And then there was that noodle whom you sent this morning, and who told me so mysteriously not to come here, that I instantly put on my bonnet and followed him—smelling a rat. I was saying to myself all the way that he must have been sent for to embalm you at least. But you don't seem happy to see me."

Victor in truth did not seem happy to see her : his face had changed to a leaden hue.

" You ought not to have come here," he said, in a voice trembling with confusion and anger, and thrusting her aside roughly.

" What ! I've no right to come to you when you're ill ? " she ejaculated, astonished. " Why, who is to nurse you, then ? " She turned round sharply, noticed Agathe, and stopped short, sweeping the young girl from head to foot with one of those lightning glances by which women scathe a suspected rival. " Ah, I see ! " she remarked, puckering up her lips. " I am much obliged to you, mademoiselle, for nursing my Victor ; but for the future, my darling," and she turned to Victor again, " you will have no other nurse but me. Now, come, and let me help you to put on your uniform. You must make yourself smart, for there is a spread this morning in old Protot's rooms at the Ministry of Justice, and I have promised you shall be there. It seems somebody has unearthed twelve dozens of champagne from Madame de Gallifet's house, and there'll be some Johannisberg from Thiers's cellars."

Victor hung his head, and cast an ashamed look towards Agathe, who stood as if petrified, the quivering of her lips alone betokening that there was life in her. She remained motionless till the door closed behind the couple, and till a peal of the bold woman's laughter resounded in the adjoining room. Then she stretched out her hands like one blinded and tottered to her own chamber with feeble steps. Her father stood by with mouth agape, feeling that something strange was happening, but not understanding what.

Half an hour afterwards, when the Communist Colonel emerged in his resplendent uniform, and with the Citoyenne Léontine Fovard on his arm, he slipped a few gold pieces into Aglae's palm, and shook hands with M. Marron, thanking him for his hospitality. But he did not ask to take leave of Agathe—and he did well, for the poor child on reaching her room had fainted on the floor.



## IV.

We have said that two days had sufficed to work a great change in Agathe Marron; they were also enough to transform Victor Fielot. He had entered the ex-clerk's house without having elaborated any definite plans as to the time when he should throw away his sword and make off with his money; he left it pining to be quit at once of the lurid atmosphere in which he lived, and to settle into peaceful domestic life. The truth is he was in love with Agathe Marron. Her innocence and beauty had charmed him. Since first seeing her he had reflected very yearningly how sweet his life might become with such a companion; and the tranquil existence which he had led for two days in her society had aroused all the better instincts of his nature, and thrilled those fibres which tie every man's inmost heart to thoughts of home.

Let it be here remarked that Victor Fielot was not innately bad—not cruel or vicious for the love of the thing. He was one of those men whom society should exterminate without quarter, for they are ten times more dangerous than ordinary malefactors; but once in possession of money, he might have been trusted to use it well, and to develop into an honest man in the current sense of that term. Furthermore, Fielot reconciled his ill-gotten gains very easily with his conscience. Like the majority of Frenchmen, he had no religious scruples; and being cognizant of so many men in high station who had made money by illicit means, and enjoyed universal consideration, he thought—and too shrewdly,—that all morality consists in not being found out. He even flattered himself that his money had been much more honestly amassed than that of many financiers and politicians who had grown rich by joint-stock swindles or by rigging the stock-market, and here, again, he was not wholly wrong. His 150,000 francs, as he argued, had belonged to somebody who was in all probability now dead, and his daily embezzlements of pay had been freely surrendered him for services rendered. If he could instal himself in some snug country-house in Switzerland or Belgium with Agathe, he would never more care to defraud a soul, and by the honest use he made of his fortune he would speedily atone, in his own eyes, for the irregular way in which he had acquired it. But first he must marry Agathe, and how could he do that after the scandal which Léontine Fovard's presence and behaviour must have caused?

This was the question he asked of himself, and he racked his head over it as he drove away from the Rue de Fleurus with his mistress, Léontine divining with all the jealous intuition of women what was passing in his mind. She, too, had not a few good qualities underlying her profligacy, for certain forms of vice which seem to obliterate every trace of self-respect in English women do not operate in the same way among the French. Léontine was very deeply attached to Victor Fielot, who was her only lover. She would have stooped to any species of crime for his sake, but she did not like crime; and she

cherished a secret hope—which was the dream and the anxiety of all her hours—that when the war was over they might both fly together, and that a marriage might consecrate their union. Therefore her discovery that Victor was in love with Agathe filled her with a sudden despair and a fury far greater than she dared outwardly reveal. She sat beside her companion, and watched his knitted brow, with a sinking at the heart that almost robbed her of strength; and when abruptly Victor turned round and upbraided her with passionate wrath for having soiled an honest house with her presence, she quailed. But she was not a woman to quail long, nor to let her chances of happiness be torn from her without making a desperate struggle to save them. Victor refused to go at once to the breakfast at the Ministry of Justice; he told the coachman to drive to the Quay d'Orsay, and when he had reached the Palace he mounted straight to his own room and locked himself in. Léontine, with fevered brow, repaired to another chamber that opened on the staircase, and whence she could follow all Victor's movements if he came out. There she watched.

She had not to watch long, for Victor had taken his resolution. He was no sooner alone than he sat down to write to Agathe one of those burning letters in which a lover who has sinned pours out his whole soul in protestations of tenderness and entreaties for forgiveness. He did not pause to read what he wrote. His pen flew straight over the paper; he filled sheet after sheet with assurances of the devotion he would bestow on Agathe if she would link her fate to his, and in so doing he sketched out a full plan for his escape from Paris. At the end of an hour he finished his letter; sealed it, then unlocked the door, and rang the bell for his servant.

Léontine saw this red-nosed man go in and come out, and when he was passing the door behind which she lurked she beckoned to him to come in. The red-nosed man had no particular reason to feel devoted to his mushroom Colonel. A piece of gold was more than enough to make him surrender the letter; only he asked for something else which he might carry to the Rue de Fleurus, in order to be able to give satisfactory replies if Fielot should question him as to who had received the missive. Léontine nodded, and appeared struck by an idea. A vindictive flash shot through her eyes, and she at once sat down, dashing off a note, which she enclosed in the envelope that Victor had used. Before sealing the letter, however, she felt in her purse for a bank-note and inserted it in the envelope. The man then walked off unconcernedly with his new parcel.

There was always wine in the cupboards of these Communist folk. So after throwing open the window, to see that the messenger was safe on his way down the street, Léontine took a bottle of champagne off a shelf, struck off the neck with a knife, and poured half the contents into a large tumbler. She drank the draught as if it had been so much water, and with her nerves so steadied crouched down rather than sat to read her Victor's love-letter. She thus crouched half an

hour, poring over the lines with eyeballs aglare and limbs shivering as in an ague. Twice she re-read the letter; then with cheeks flushed and eyes wild, but demeanour apparently calmed, she ascended to Victor's room and knocked. It was a noble room, which had formerly been the study of the Chancellor of the Legion of Honour—a place where many a Frenchman had come in Imperial days to beg for the magic red-ribbon. The Colonel was standing with his back to the mantelshelf and smoking. He had spent so much excitement in writing his vows and prayers to Agathe, that now a reaction had set in, and he was moody. The sight of Léontine, however, aroused his smouldering anger, and he said curtly, "I shall not go to that breakfast at Protot's—and to-night I shall change my lodging. I find arrears of work here, and a man cannot think or write with soldiers rioting in that courtyard." Saying which he waved his hand towards the window, whence one could descry a mob of shabby soldiers playing pitch and toss, and chaffing one another.

"Very well!" answered Léontine, calmly. "I will pack up our things and be ready."

"You need not give yourself the trouble—Jean will see to my traps, and there is no reason why you should move."

"You mean, then, that I am not to go with you?" she said, making an effort to contain herself.

"Yes, I do," he replied, impatiently. "After what occurred this morning the sooner we part the better."

Léontine rapidly advanced towards him and brought her face close to his. It was a handsome face, but its expression was so menacing that the cigar which was on its way to the Colonel's lips stopped short, and Fielot felt a sensation of passing cold in the limbs.

"Look here, Victor," muttered Léontine, dwelling on each of her words with trembling force; "you and I never part so long as we both are alive. Crime has united us. I have given up my life to you—I love you. Ask me to grovel in the mud that you may have a meal, or to fling myself on a bayonet that you may escape a scratch, and I will obey you. But I would sooner kill you with my own hands, aye, or have you killed by others, than see you the husband of another woman."

"Queer love!" said Victor, with a stinging laugh.

"It's love according to my own notions," she answered, with a reckless gesture. "I can't give you any other."

"You're intoxicated!" retorted Victor, brutally pushing her back as she tried to clutch at him, half for support, half in supplication.

"I'm more than that—I feel mad," sobbed she, seizing his arms, and this time with such strength that he could not cast her off. "Don't defy me, Victor; it would be the worse for both of us. You can only judge of the extent of the harm I should do you by the depth of my love and devotion if you let me remain with you as before. You will, won't you, Victor? You know how meek and good I have always been with you. You won't drive me away?"

She had sunk to her knees, and seeing her so wild and despairing, he thought it prudent to appease her, for he knew of what acts of vengeance women are capable if pushed to lengths. Accordingly, after a moment's inward combat, during which she twined herself round him as if she feared to be torn from him by bodily strength, he said, with a hollow laugh, "Why, all this is nonsense, Titine; who ever meant you to take my words so seriously? That little girl in the Rue de Fleurus had money, which I wanted to get from her, and I was angry with you for spoiling my game—that's all."

Base as he was, he loathed himself for this falsehood, which cast a slime of unworthy motives on his love for Agathe; but he would have loathed himself still more could he have guessed that his letter to Agathe was in Léontine's pocket, and that she knew his words were untruths, only intended to quiet her resentment until he could find an opportunity for deserting her.

#### V.

The letter which the Communist soldier took to the Rue de Fleurus in Colonel Fielot's name was addressed to Agathe herself, and ran in this wise:—

"Mademoiselle,—My husband finds himself a little unwell on reaching home, but he begs me to write and renew his thanks for the hospitality you so amiably afforded him during three days. As that hospitality probably put you to some expense, he directs me to enclose you a bank-note for a hundred francs.

"Receive the assurances of my personal gratitude and esteem.

"LÉONTINE FIELOT."

To say that this infamous letter crushed all that had remained of illusion in Agathe's heart after Victor's departure is to say too little. In one day the poor child, who had never endured or suspected evil at the hands of any living soul, was made to fathom the whole abyss of human baseness. She felt so stunned that she returned the bank-note in an envelope without a word of writing; and she refrained from telling her father that she had received the letter. This reticence she could not have explained if anyone had asked her the reason. But doubtless the cause could have been detected in one of those inexplicable weaknesses of love which makes it impossible for an innocent woman to despise wholly a man in whom she has reposed her trustful affection even for a day, and which makes it unspeakably bitter to her to see that man debased in other eyes. Agathe did not see or hear of Victor for four weeks; and during that time the clouds gathered thick and fast over the Insurgents of the Commune. There is no need to describe here the defeats and panics, the false alarms, the sanguinary predictions, the terror and general disorganisation of that final month of the rebellion; for all these things did not mix with the emotions of Agathe's life. She did not read the newspapers, and her father did not read them to her either, for he noticed—without being able entirely to

unravel the mystery—that from the day of Colonel de Fielot's departure she had begun to droop. There were blue rims round each of her eyes; her step had become slow, her voice plaintively soft, and she only spoke when addressed. The old servant, Aglae, more perspicuous than M. Marron, probably saw through the whole matter; but she kept her own counsel, which is the most charitable way of offering comfort in circumstances where no solace can avail. Thus Agathe was kept in ignorance that the Commune were being defeated. She heard the firing of cannon as usual, but she had become used to it; there had been so many months of cannonading, first by Germans, then by Frenchmen completing their country's ruin, that she had lapsed into a sort of belief that the war would last for ever.

One morning, however—one memorable morning—the report was spread that the Versailles troops had entered Paris during the night. It was on a Monday, and old Aglae brought the news when she returned from fetching the milk. "At last this ungodly Commune is defeated," grumbled she, with visible satisfaction; "and not too soon either."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed M. Marron, who was having his coat-collar brushed for him by Agathe. "You don't mean to say the Versailles are already masters of the city?" and he made a move towards the door as if he already wished to be in the street.

"Not masters yet, and there'll be a few days' barricading, I dare say; but these unshriven ragamuffins can't hold out long. Meanwhile the orders are to open all the shutters and close the windows, so don't go opening a window to put your head out—do you hear, Monsieur Marron?"

"I think I'll take a turn, though, to see the look of matters," said M. Marron, as if his feet itched to go gadding.

"Yes, take a turn and get some bullets put into your curious head," retorted Aglae, shrilly. "What you'll do is to stay at home till all this is over, for I'm not going to have you brought home on a stretcher to frighten mademoiselle out of her senses. If you try to stir out I'll call up the neighbours to tie you down in bed."

M. Marron was miserable at having to stay at home. He groaned peevishly, and for an hour he ran to and fro like a caged animal, flattening his nose against the window-panes and watching the people and stray soldiers who rushed hurriedly down the street like shadows.

As for Agathe she sank down into a chair speechless; but her temples throbbed violently, for suddenly a great alarm had fallen upon her. So long as the Commune had held Paris she had not paid much attention to the fighting, nor had she ever entered into the rights and wrongs of the struggle. But now the whole truth broke upon her with a flash. It was not an ordinary war in which Victor de Fielot was engaged. He was not a soldier in arms against a foreign enemy, but an insurgent who had rebelled against the Government of his country; and if he was caught what would they do with him? As this question loomed up before her, she trembled from head to foot. Do what

she would she could not feel indifferent to the Communist Colonel's fate. She had endeavoured to put away his image from her mind. Through sleepless nights and weary days she had told herself that he was not worthy to occupy her thoughts, but at the certainty that he was in danger all her interest in him revived, and she remembered only the man who had clasped her hand and looked on her with tearful eyes, begging her not to misjudge him, but to recollect what temptations he had suffered. When the recollection of these words came back to her they dispelled every vestige of her resentment. Abruptly she rose, fled to her room and put on her bonnet. Then she hastened out towards the door, but was stopped in the passage by Aglae.

"Aglae," said she, impetuously, "I *must* go out."

"Go out!" cried the servant, who was carrying a pile of plates in her arms. "Why, have you turned crazy too?"

"Please let me pass, or I shall be too late," faltered Agathe, in a wandering way. "I will try to be back soon, but I cannot stay here just now—I want to know something."

Aglae, in surprise, set down her plates and pushed the girl back, but with not unkind force, into her room. Then Agathe sat down on her bed and burst into tears.

"Cry, my pet, relieve your heart; it will do you good," said the old servant, with motherly solicitude. "I know what's grieving you, but you may set your mind at rest. Those men can always take care of themselves; and besides, you could be of no use to him amid all this trouble."

Agathe knew that she could be of no use, and it was a passing folly that had impelled her to go out. But she cried piteously, and by-and-by, with the tears running from her eyes, she went to look through the closed windows of the drawing-room with her father. The tidings of the besiegers' entry into Paris had by this time reached to all the quarters of the city, and the distant echoes of bugles and alarm-drums could be heard calling insurgent battalions to muster. Soon companies of troops filed down the streets in heavy marching order, their knapsacks on their backs, their tin water-bottles by their sides, but their tunics open at the throat for greater convenience in fighting. There were National Guards, in red and black; the Vengeurs de Flourens, in white caps and trowsers; the Turcos of the Commune, in costumes of light blue and scarlet; and all these men showed signs of fatigue, having either been up all night or awakened too early. They tramped over the paving-stones, they trudged, they passed onwards, urged by the shouts of their mounted commanders, and before long from the direction where they had vanished came reports of rifle-firing, first single shots, then continuous discharges, keeping up a deafening rattle. All the people in the houses were pasting slips of paper over their windows, to save the panes from breaking through the concussion; but the shivering of glass could be heard now and then for all that, and occasionally some stray bullet, whistling along a roof, would shred away half-a-dozen slates and bring



them down with a clatter into the street. After a while these bullets arrived more frequently and in volleyed numbers. It seemed as though the combatants were approaching, and as though shots were being fired through the windows of upper storeys. One could distinguish the different hissing noises made by the bullets of Chassepot, Remington, and percussion rifles—the first a short *wish-h*, the second more tremulous, the third a prolonged whistle, as of silk being torn. Towards mid-day the first shell from a battery established at Mont Parnasse flew over the streets with that peculiar screech like a hawk's. Others succeeded; reports came faster and faster, and suddenly an ill-spiced shell fell into the courtyard of one of the houses, exploding with a loud bang, and being followed by terrific riot of shrieks, broken glass, and falling stones. There was not a soul to be seen in the streets now. People had intrenched themselves in their lodgings, and scared faces peeped behind windows, exchanging by dumb finger-show questions with others over the way, and deriving little comfort from the conversation. From time to time a deserting rebel could be seen bounding through the street without arms or head-dress, having recoiled at the last moment from risking his life for the cause in which he had been enrolled, probably against his will. But the firing and carnage proceeded; and all this while the sun shone in all the glory of a warm May-day. The heavens were blue, the sun shot golden rays on to the white façades of the houses; and in the recesses of doorways large shadows appeared to offer cool peaceful shelters.

The fratricidal battle raged all day, and at nightfall gathered rather than diminished in intensity. By this time the sky was clouded by huge columns of smoke, and here and there long forked streaks of purple told of houses that were burning. The fight was drawing nearer, and it was evident that the Communists were losing ground. Whole companies of them, grimy with powder, footsore, and with many of the men limping, began to surge through the streets in routed disorder. But others hurried up from contrary directions, fierce, flushed, and heated with drink, so that there was no telling for certain with what hazards the warfare was being carried on. The combatants seemed to disappear into a yawning cavern of tumult and flame.

When night arrived, however, Agathe's anguish culminated in a revival of excitement, and she again talked deliriously about going out. As for M. Marron, he broiled with impatience to get news of some sort. Never since his boyhood had he passed twelve mortal hours without opening a newspaper; and thinking that Agathe's agitation was due to the same causes as his, he moaned sympathisingly with her, and exclaimed that it was a woful thing to be a whole day without knowing what was going on in one's own city. At nine o'clock the prospect of having to spend the night in utter ignorance of who were the winners crept like spasms over his mind, and proved too much for him. There was another *bourgeois* of his own inquisitive sort who lived opposite him, and M. Marron bethought him that

under cover of the dusk he could just run across the way and compare notes with this fellow-sufferer for a brief quarter of an hour. He did not impart his plan to Aglae, but rushed out without warning and bareheaded, for the servant had locked up his hat. Aglae, who heard his retreating feet scamper down the staircase, issued after him with a broom, but only caught sight of his coat-tails fluttering apart as he pelted away two steps at a time.

She turned back with a wrathful shrug, but immediately all her strength was in request to restrain Agathe, who, as soon as her father had departed, seemed to lose all control over her senses. Her face was haggard, her hands burned with fever, and she came to the door, entreating: "Aglae, I implore you to let me go out. It is dark now; nobody can see me."

"Do you think the bullets want eyes to fly through the night?" cried Aglae, with rough eloquence, as she barred the way. "Why, see too the house—it's all in a tremor from the noise, and shells may burst in the streets at any minute."

"I conjure you to let me go!" pleaded Agathe, making a feeble dart to pass by. "I shall die this night if you do not listen to me. My head is in a whirl with pain."

"You are beside yourself, that's it," cried the servant, forcibly shutting the door, and keeping Agathe back. "Go and lie down in your room, mademoiselle. How can you hope to find that man in the night? He must have left his house long ago, and be fighting now, or dead. Besides, if he were lying wounded in the street, and by running ten yards you could save him, I wouldn't let you. You've no mother now, and I've got to look after you."

But Agathe was not rebuffed. Women moved by the fire of love become heroines, and for the first time Agathe's gentle nature rose in rebellion; her eyes flashed, and her small hands were clenched. "I insist on going out—do you hear?" she broke out, with an hysterical sob, and advanced once more. But Aglae, without replying, caught her round the arms like a child, lifted her from the floor, and ran with her into the drawing-room, where she deposited her on a sofa. Scarcely had she crossed the threshold, however, than the bell on the landing of the flat was pulled, and as Agathe was struggling the servant quickly disengaged herself and ran to open the door, thinking it must be M. Marron who had rung, and that the presence of her father would make Agathe hear reason. So she turned the key in the lock, and a bearded man brushed hurriedly by her and passed into the drawing-room. But it was not M. Marron.

Agathe uttered a scream, for the man had pulled off his false beard and thrown himself in one rush at her feet. It was Victor Fielot, in civilian's dress. He was covered with dust, his face streamed with perspiration, and as he covered her trembling hands with kisses he stammered, "I could not come before. I have been watched for the past month—all my footsteps have been dogged by that woman. I warned you in my

letter what a harpy she was, but I added that I should come to you soon or late, whatever happened; and here I am."

"What letter?" faltered Agathe, who had no strength to withdraw her hands, nor indeed to do anything save ask this question.

"Why, did you not get my letter?" exclaimed Victor, starting. "I wrote on the very day I left here to tell you I loved you—to ask your forgiveness—to swear that as soon as I could desert that accursed cause I would come and pray your father to give me your hand, and that we might go away and live in some foreign land, forgetting all this. Say, Agathe, did you not receive that letter?"

"I received no letter," murmured Agathe; for, divining now that the other letter must have been sent her, unknown to Victor, by the woman who had signed herself Léontine, she was too generous to make allusion to it. An emotion full of joy, yet of lingering doubt, was running through her heart. Victor was opposite her, bending a yearning glance into her eyes, and her hands were still warm with his kisses. "No; I received no letter," she repeated faintly.

"Ah! that woman must have intercepted it," he cried, clasping his forehead, and muttering a curse. "But no matter, I am here, Agathe. I have two hundred and fifty thousand francs in bank-notes sewn about me. Hide me somewhere, in a cupboard, a cellar, anywhere, till the battle is over, and then I will leave Paris by St. Denis, where the Prussians are. I have a passport, and you can join me in England. But quick, my own child, for the Versaillais are already in this quarter, and before long they will be searching all the houses for refugees. They have done that in all the other quarters they have invaded."

Victor did not ask Agathe whether she accepted his love; he probably saw by her blushes and troubled glances that she did. Agathe rose when he had mentioned the instant imminence of danger, and made an appealing gesture to Aglae, who had been standing dumbstricken in the room since Victor's entry. Aglae was not evilly-disposed towards the Communist Colonel, for he had bestowed on her those gold pieces the last time he was there; and now his confession of having 10,000*l.* about him gave him an eminently respectable standing—outlaw though he was. "There is a deep cupboard in my room," said she, after a moment's puzzled scrutiny of the insurgent. "I can mask it with my bed, and nobody will suspect its existence; but it's not sure that anyone will search either."

"They will search," ejaculated Victor, passing a handkerchief over his reeking brow; "they are searching everywhere for arms and men in uniform. When they come don't mention that you've ever seen me."

"No danger," grumbled Aglae; "we don't want our throats cut for your sake. But what's that noise?"

The question was evoked by a sudden and loud altercation that was resounding on the staircase. M. Marron's tongue was protesting in terms of fright and indignation, and an angry woman was replying to him. Both Victor and Agathe recognised the tones of the woman's voice as Léontine

Fovard's; and before another half-minute had elapsed Léontine stood before them, glaring fury and jealous vengeance.

"Victor!" she cried, as Agathe clutched to her lover in terror. "Victor, you swear now before me, and in the presence of that woman, that you'll never more forsake me, or your minutes and hers are numbered. The Versailles are at the end of the street!"

She was standing in the doorway, in a black silk dress and a long cloak, and her hair, disordered by emotion or by her mad ramble through Paris, fell over her brow and shoulders, giving her the look of an escaped maniac. Victor, who had turned livid at the first sound of her voice, now drew a revolver from his pocket, and strode towards her with an exasperated gesture.

"See here, Léontine, I have firearms; and if it were not that by killing you I should render myself a murderer in the sight of this angel, to whose purity your presence is an insult, I should shoot you dead at her feet. And I *should* have shot you if I had been alone with you in the street—I should have shot you if I could have thought this morning that you would guess my intention of coming here. It must have been Jean who betrayed me—the double-dyed scoundrel! Now, consider that my affianced bride has saved your life, and begone."

"That is your last word?" gasped Léontine, and there was nothing earthy in the hoarse tone in which she put this question.

"It is my last word. Begone!" And as if he feared to trust himself with the revolver, Victor threw it away from him on the sofa.

"I will begone," said Léontine implacably, "but you have not seen the last of me;" exclaiming which she darted the glance of a wounded tigress on Agathe; and, wrapping her cloak quickly round her, turned and fled down the staircase.

"I am lost!" exclaimed Victor, after standing for an instant motionless. "Concealment is of no use, Agathe; let me fly, for if they found me here you and your father might suffer."

"Yes, for God's sake fly, and at once!" shouted M. Marron, who had been an awestricken witness of the foregoing scene, but now felt his knees shiver at the thought of being held responsible for harbouring an insurgent. His enthusiasm for the Commune had sensibly declined now that that institution was on its last legs. "Yes, for God's sake fly!" he repeated. "Agathe, are you mad? Let go monsieur's arm!"

But Agathe clung to Victor with the desperation of death. "There is a trapdoor leading to the roof!" she cried in broken accents. "He can escape through there, and go over the leads to some other house!"

"The trapdoor is locked, and I don't know where the ladder is!" shrieked M. Marron, with a kind of panic-stricken gulp.

"Besides, it's too late!" exclaimed Aglae, running towards the window, white as a sheet. "There's that woman shouting outside, and I hear soldiers." Then the Communist fell into a sudden calm. His lips ceased to quiver, but his face was like a statue's.

"Good-bye, darling," he said, clasping Agathe in his arms. "After all, I was not worthy to possess you. One kiss—it shall be my absolution; and by-and-by try to think forgivingly of me."

Stooping over her, he pressed a burning kiss on her lips; then with a force greater than her own freed himself from her embrace and ran out. Agathe raised a heart-rending cry and endeavoured to follow him, but her father and Aglae held her back by sheer force. There was a hideous struggle of a minute's duration, and then Agathe, baffled, and locked into the drawing-room, sprang from Aglae's arms like a young cat, flew to the window, wrenched it open, and looked into the street.

It was pitch-dark, for the gas-lamps had not been lit that night, but the rays of two lanterns held aloft by men with drawn swords threw a lurid gleam on some hundred bayonets. The pavement on both sides of the way appeared to be covered with soldiers, and in the middle of the road was a group from out of which rose clear into the night words which fell like flakes of searing fire on Agathe's ears. A woman's voice was crying, "That is the notorious Colonel Fielot—he has 250,000 francs about him, the fruits of plunder!"

"It's true!" answered Fielot's voice. "Let me stand against the wall, and make an end of me quickly. I have nothing to say."

There was an instant's deliberation, then the group opened; and shadows seemed to flutter on the wall. A clump of men stood out clear in the glow of the lanterns, and in the luminous circle formed some dozen barrels uprose. Then something wild and terrible was enacted; for, just before the report of the rifles rang in the night-air, a second shadow rushed forward and blended itself with the first. A struggle ensued, and one shadow seemed to repel the other, but suddenly both dropped to the earth together, the woman embracing the man, and raving: "Oh, Victor, forgive me! . . . ."

## VI.

There was, until lately, in New Caledonia a woman whose inscription on the register of the penal colony ran as follows: "No. 308,001: Agathe Marron. Sentenced to transportation for life for firing six barrels of a revolver at soldiers who had executed her paramour, Victor Fielot. This convict is an orphan. Her father, Adolphe Marron, and a servant named Aglae Dubois, who lived with them, were both shot under the impression that they were accomplices in the girl's act of vengeance. Agathe herself was not executed, owing to her extreme youth; hence her arrest. She has refused to answer any questions; but her behaviour has shown resignation."

One day Agathe Marron disappeared from the convict settlement; but whether she had escaped, or been drowned in the water between the Island of Pines and the Presqu'île Ducos has never been ascertained.

## A Visit to Münster.

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"To Münster in Westphalia?" said an acquaintance of ours to whom we mentioned our design of visiting that place as a sequel to an Easter tour in Holland; "what an odd place to go to! I can conceive of no motive sufficient to attract any one there—except, indeed, one, and that is the interest connected with the Princess Galitzin." "Our very reason," we replied. We had, in fact, a fancy for realising the haunts amid which a somewhat remarkable coterie of thoughtful and pious personages pursued the tenour of their lives about a hundred years ago, just at that period when the ideas of bettering society, and giving freer scope to reason, and promoting sound education, were kindling the souls of the best sovereigns, statesmen, and philosophers—of Frederick and Joseph II., of Turgot, of Peter Leopold, and the "Utopisti" of Italy; according to a curious fact not seldom traceable in human affairs, the conspicuous advance of improvement just before some revolutionary crisis which, whether for outweighing good or evil, precipitates the process from an unexpected quarter.

Among the beneficent rulers who thus, to a certain extent, anticipated the rough teachings of the French Revolution, none deserve remembrance better, for the good they aimed at or effected, than Franz Baron von Fürstenberg, the Prime Minister of Maximilian Friedrich, Prince Bishop of Cologne and Münster. It was on account of Fürstenberg's fame as an educational reformer, that the Princess Galitzin, the *spirituelle* wife of the Russian Ambassador at the Hague, took up her residence at the Westphalian capital in 1779, and became the centre of a social sphere which touched externally on many varieties of life, and even attracted the sympathetic interest of Göthe, a thinker as different as possible, in his general tendencies and creeds, from the mild mystics of Münster with whom he loved occasionally to associate.

In a former article (November, 1871) we enlarged on the Princess and her personal history, and took incidental notice of him whom she was wont to call "the great man," and for whom she professed almost unbounded reverence. We propose presently to say something more concerning Fürstenberg and his administration—an administration which would doubtless have ensured for itself a more notable place even than it has done in German history, had not the convulsions of Europe changed the conditions of national life so rapidly and completely before its legitimate results could be worked out.

But, coming to Münster with the memories of the Princess Galitzin



and Fürstenberg in our head, we were attracted to the contemplation of other episodes in the historic life of the quaint old city. We thought of the *Vehmgericht*, the mysterious tribunal of Lynch-law justice throughout "Münsterland" in the early Middle Ages—a subject too abstruse, however, for chance discussion—of the Anabaptists, of the Peace of Westphalia, of Bishop Galen, the Prince Bomba of the seventeenth century; and, as we mentally glanced at the various aspects of the past, we experienced a sort of pleasure in the reflection that the place had not been made too common a present touring-ground through the seductions of Murray and Bradshaw.

For, if we are not mistaken, few travellers of the ordinary class make Münster a part of their expeditionary programme. It does not lie in the highway to anything. You must break your railway journey in order to approach it either from Holland, or from Hanover, or from the Rhine. We made our way to it from Utrecht, changing carriages at Arnheim, and again at a place within the German border. There is no charm of beauty about the surrounding country that people should care to visit it for its own sake. The plains of Westphalia, amid which Münster is situated, are flat and monotonous. There is wood, there is pasture, there is arable land, there is a belt of mountains in the far distance, there are small river-courses, there are numerous windmills, there are Westphalian pigs; but, as your engine puffs and grinds along the continuous level from Holland, there is nothing externally to arrest the attention till you come within sight of the city itself.

And here, having in our ignorance expected nothing but dulness in the outward aspect of things, our expectations were most agreeably disappointed. Münster presents a very striking memorial of the Middle Age and Renaissance periods of German street-architecture, and has much of the picturesque effect attaching to Nuremberg. In the chief street, or *Principal Markt*, the white houses are built over arcades, and have curiously graduated and ornamented gables. Their dates, carved outside, bear interesting testimony to the vicissitudes through which the life of Münster has been carried on. Next to a house bearing the year 1612 on its frontage, stands another proclaiming 1650 as its period of erection. Between these two lies the whole interval of the Thirty Years' War, when many houses in Germany were thrown down, but few built up. At first sight their style of presentment seems much the same; but look nearer, and we see in the debased rococo of the later edifice an unworthy imitation of the more solid columns and graceful outlines which mark the earlier. Opposite to these dwellings stands the *Rath-haus*, with its very picturesque outside dating from the fourteenth century. One of its chambers, the *Frieden Saal*, takes its name from the Peace of Westphalia, which was there signed and sealed in 1648, and contains numerous portraits and other memorials connected with that event. Another chamber, the *Rath-haus Saal*, has been fashioned and decorated within recent times, and on its walls are painted the figures of various worthies conspicuous in the annals of Münster. There may be seen the minister Von Fürstenberg,

and his friend the more famous minister Von Stein, who resided at Münster as Provincial President when Westphalia first became Prussian; Overberg, the Inspector of Schools, and Clement Augustus von Droste-Vischering, Vicar-General, and afterwards Archbishop of Cologne, whose name was noted in Prussian church affairs some five-and-thirty years ago. Among the local glories of the Renaissance a place must be assigned to the *Stadtkeller*, where once the wine stores of the city were deposited, and which is now used for the collections of the Art Union. The *Stände-haus*, situated in the Cathedral close, has been richly remodelled in modern Gothic, before which process it had served as the residence of Fürstenberg, and other leading men of Münster.

In the eighteenth century a great passion for handsome town residences seems to have beset the minds of the Westphalian nobility. Our early Hanoverian style is imposingly represented in the red brick mansions, with stone facings and high-slated roofs, which are known as the *Merveldter Hof*, the *Erbdrosten Hof*, the *Beverförder Hof*, also in the bishop's residence in the *Dom Hof*.

But to most persons the ecclesiastical edifices will seem to constitute the chief glory of the ancient *Monasterium*. The double towered cathedral was originally built at the period of transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic style of architecture. It has two short pyramidal spires, double transepts, low side aisles, a wide, heavy nave with broad spanned arches; and a curious "Paradise," so called, at the southern porch, adorned with Byzantine pillars and sculptures. Next in interest to the cathedral are the *Liebfrauen* or *Uebervasser Kirche*, the *Ludgeri Kirche*, and the *Lamberti Kirche*. The latter occupies a fine position at the head of the *Principal Markt*, and is in the best Gothic style of the fourteenth century. Its tower, which bends visibly out of the perpendicular, is surmounted by a graceful spire. But as we gaze at it, we pause; what are those small objects, pendant from the spire like nests? We turn to our guide-book inventory, and we learn with something of a start and a shudder—for it brings the facts of a savage past time into weird juxtaposition with the calm investigations of the moment—that those are the identical iron baskets or cages in which, more than three centuries ago, were suspended the bodies of John of Leyden and his lieutenants Knipperdolling and Krechting, who for two years held Münster under Anabaptist rule against the beleaguering forces of the Bishop and the Empire.

For two years—from 1533 to 1535—this Münster, now the exercise ground of Prussian barrack officers and bureaucrats, claimed to be the Kingdom of Sion, the New Jerusalem; and Jan Bockelson, the fanatic tailor of Leyden, was its Monarch. It was a wild millenium that he presided over. All goods in common; polygamy in Mormonite excess; conflagration of all books of human learning; wholesale destruction of ecclesiastical images and ornaments; church pinnacles levelled to plant cannon, wherewith, and with well-constructed fortifications, a really efficient defence was in fact carried out. There were wild prophesyings

in the streets of Münster in those days: bacchanalian love-feasts, the "king" and his favourite wife, Divara, dispensing the bread and wine. Women flocked to the polygamous city; and nuns, throwing off their vows, were especially profligate and conspicuous. But at last there came scarcity. Friends from without—from Holland especially, where the Anabaptists were strong—tried to bring relief to the besieged; but Schomaker and his Frieslanders were met and crushed by an Imperial officer; thirty shiploads of sympathisers crossing the Zuyder Zee were overtaken and mostly drowned; an intended band of succour from Amsterdam was quelled by its fellow-citizens on the eve of its intended departure for the oppressed Zion. And so Münster grew more and more hungry. Useless crowds were dismissed from its gates; but John refused to hear of surrender, and cut off the head of one of his wives who ventured to counsel it—the sword is still preserved in the *Rath-haus* with which he committed the bloody deed. When treachery at last brought in the besieging forces, the reprisals were awful. John and his principal lieutenants were tortured with red-hot pincers, then executed; then hung up in those iron cages which we just now saw hanging from St. Lambert's spire. A strong military rule was introduced; two forts were built to hold rebellious spirits in check; an ecclesiastical reaction set in, and Münster, under its Prince Bishops, became one of the most rigidly Catholic cities in the Empire. But the energies of civic independence were not killed, and twenty years after the fall of the Anabaptists the inhabitants regained their old privileges and liberties from Bishop Franz von Waldeck, and gradually advanced in wealth and strength till the Thirty Years' War brought its desolations.

After the Thirty Years' War it was the special object of the petty princes of the Empire to stifle civic independence and to establish their local despotism *à la* Louis Quatorze—a task in which they were willingly seconded by the august potentate whom with one consent they made their model, and who was well aware that if his influence increased German nationality must decrease; and not only German nationality, but the personal authority of the German Emperor, his most formidable rival on the theatre of European politics. And so, from his ox-like dignity, Louis XIV. was well content to behold the imitation frogs on the other side of the river inflating themselves with French ideas and ambitions. The town councils and guilds of the Imperial cities meanwhile clung jealously to the privileges they claimed to inherit, till the forces of the time grew too strong for them. In the history of Bishop von Galen and his strife with Münster, we have these tendencies of the seventeenth century represented. Let us, while the spires and towers of the city cluster finely in yonder sunset glow, contemplate for a few minutes the stormy events of which it was then the scene.

Bernhard von Galen, treasurer of the Cathedral Chapter of Münster, was, on the death of Ferdinand of Bavaria (1650), appointed Prince Bishop of that city, separately from the Electorate of Cologne, which the late ruler had held with it. It was thought that the appointment of a

working member of the Chapter, and his appointment to the see of Münster alone, would benefit the city, inasmuch as its former bishops, holding other dignities and domains, had been absentees, and had been tempted to postpone the interests of Münster to Electoral and other claims. But it soon appeared that the Town Council of Münster and their new prelate had "views" reaching beyond the exigencies of the moment. Each side wished to establish its authority as against the other on the territory which the unsettled circumstances of the time had left debateable. Von Galen was a man of indomitable energy. He set to work at once to bring order into the state of local affairs, confused as it was by the long devastating war that had only just come to an end in the Peace Chamber of Münster. In pursuing this aim, he paid little heed to the constitutional rights of the burghers and civic officials; and the discontent he thereby aroused was assiduously fostered by Malingkrot, Dean of the Cathedral, and a disappointed candidate for the bishopric. Exasperated by the agitation, and aware of its principal agent, the Bishop resolved to arrest Malingkrot, and issued an "order" to the magistrates not to interfere with its execution. Now, constitutionally speaking, the word "order" was not one for the Bishop of Münster to use—he might only "entreat" the municipal functionaries of his capital; and so Bishop Galen was reminded, not a little to his anger. For the moment, however, he stifled his pride, and got the authorities to consent to a compromise, and to let his soldiers keep watch and ward over Malingkrot. But the factious dean gave his jailors the slip, and the townspeople became excited on his side; and finally the Bishop summoned the mayor and councillors to come to him at Coesfeld, twenty miles off, and give account of the uproar.

Manifestoes were now issued on both sides, and public attention, beyond the borders of Münsterland, began to be fixed on the affair. Meanwhile Von Galen set to work to organise a military force to serve him as *ultima ratio*. He did more, he concluded a so-called "alliance of the Rhine" with the Electors of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves, and the Duke Palatine of Neuburg, for common defence against "possible attacks from without, and disturbances within." The magistrates on their side opened negotiations with the Swedes and the Dutch Republic. The Bishop tried to get possession of the city by stratagem; but as yet neither party wished for an open rupture, and the "Treaty of Schönfließ" (Feb. 1655) arranged that there should be amnesty for the past and a renewal of amicable relations between the pastor and his flock; only there should be an armed garrison within the city to "keep the peace" for them or between them; and in this stipulation lay the kernel of bitter antagonism. To whom should the garrison hold primary allegiance? to the Bishop or to the Town Council? In technical language, to which of the rival authorities did the *jus presidii* appertain? The citizens thought to outwit the Bishop by sending off a deputation to the Emperor and getting his sanction for their claim before the other side could be heard; but Bernhard was not long behind with his case for a counter claim. The Imperial Court, whose policy was comprised

in the maxim *dividi et impera*, saw its advantage in keeping both sides in a state of uncertainty, and postponing as long as possible the *fiat*, the anticipation of which held Bishop and Town Council in a state of wholesome subservience to its superior authority. A commission appointed to inquire into the Münster business, after eight weeks' discussion, referred its report again to the Emperor. And in December, 1656, Ferdinand's answer was that the city was to show further cause and advance better proof of its rights, if such it possessed, within six months; the Schönfiet compact to be observed meanwhile. Thus all was thrown back *in statu quo*; no decision given, though each side interpreted the ambiguous reply in its own favour, and proceeded to issue orders in direct mutual opposition. The situation was a dead lock. Alliances were sought for. Münster desired incorporation in the Hanse Bund, and endeavoured earnestly to secure for herself the support of Holland. The astute statesmen of the Hague dallied both with citizens and Bishop. The provincial nobility of Westphalia tried to mediate. But things had now gone too far. On Sunday, August 19, 1657, it was rumoured in the city that the Bishop and his allies were in full march towards the walls. A few days later the Christian shepherd's bombs were falling remorselessly among the homesteads of his flock. Now Bishop von Galen was a master in the newly-invented art of bombarding. Later in his life, when he fought the wars of Louis XIV. in Holland as a mercenary, he distinguished himself by his achievements in this line, and acquired the *sobriquet* of "der Bombenfürst." On the present occasion he displayed some choice elegances of his art. "One night in October," says a contemporary record, "the so-called 'stinking hedgehog' was thrown into the city; a firework composed of thick tow or knitted rope in the form of beehives, with thick iron rings and nails inside, glued together with pitch." A shell from this monster, we are told with curious particularity, fell at midnight into the Lorrainer Convent, and smashed to pieces a Franciscan Observantine brother, besides taking off the arms and legs of a Dominican. Another contemporary writes: "Inside and outside the city one heard and saw nothing but smoke and steam, horrible thundering from the cannons and mortars. The cannon-balls and bullets, shells and bombs, flew like bees all about the city, and shattered everything in their way, so that, besides the two churches of St. Lambert and St. Martin, upwards of a hundred dwelling-houses were laid in ashes, and many persons, in trying to extinguish the fires, were either shot dead or grievously injured." The defenders, however, contrived to inflict considerable injury on the ranks of the besiegers; and when, after two months of reciprocal cannonading, negotiations brought the contest to a standstill, the victory was by no means unconditionally on the side of Von Galen. There was to be amnesty for the past. The garrison admitted into the city was to swear allegiance both to Bishop and Town Council until the *jus presidii* should be determined at the Imperial Court. Mutual promises passed between the two parties as to right of entry and observance of privileges; and in the beginning of December, 1657, Von Galen made his formal entrance

into the city with his body-guard of 200 horsemen and 100 foot, "all in chestnut-brown livery, in splendid order, and well armed, with his kettle-drummers and six trumpeters riding before them and making loud music." The naïve describer relates other formalities of the Bishop's reception, but adds: "Nevertheless there was no one who would bare his head before the Bishop as he sat in his coach, or utter a shout of welcome, the spectators herein showing the true Westphalian nature, which never can make a pretence of what it does not feel." Accordingly, though feasts were held, and the prelate was bland, and all "went merry as a marriage bell," we are not surprised at the remark of Von Galen's own historian Alpen, that "his reverence did not abide long in the city, forasmuch as the citizens were not disposed exactly as he could have wished."

In fact, having in the winter convened a diet to meet within its factious walls, which had not been so honoured for many years, a bone of contention soon appeared in the matter of the garrison, which the Town Council complained of as too large and burdensome: the reductions assented to by the Bishop were declared insufficient. Then Bernhard fulminated a reply to the burghers, stern and decided. The city privileges, he said, had to square themselves to the rights of the Prince, not the rights of the Prince to the privileges of the citizens. The Peace of Westphalia had secured the rights of the Prince. To him it appertained to decide whether danger existed to render a garrison needful, and in what degree. True, the Town Councillors might be heard, and give their opinion and advice; but to advise was one thing, to decide was another; and this last was no business for the Council. He then adjourned the diet from Münster to Coesfeld. Thus it was evident that the Provisorium was not likely to keep things long together, the Bishop being violent, ambitious, hating the civic authorities; the Town Council being mainly under the influence of the guilds, whose obstinate insistence on their communal privileges was by no means always measured by the legality of those privileges.

The death of Ferdinand IV. caused an interregnum in the Empire, during which the Electors assembled at Frankfort. The occasion was taken to renew and extend the "alliance of the Rhine;" but the admission of Louis XIV. as one of its members proved a stumbling-block to some of the bolder or more patriotic spirits, and even Von Galen held back for a time from joining it in its altered form. Leopold I. was elected Emperor in July, 1658. A year afterwards the long-desired decision was given by the Imperial Court in the affair of Münster. It proved unfavourable to the city, which, it was said, had failed to prove its title to the *jus presidii*; the command over the garrison was therefore the exclusive prerogative of the Bishop. In vain the magistrates sought to interpose legal obstacles and delays to the fulfilment of the decree. In vain they renewed their endeavours to obtain the promise of help from the cautious States-General. "If the oppressed citizens could get no hearing in Holland," exclaimed one of its agents at the Hague, "they would turn to the Swedes or to any other quarter whatsoever; for they would rather be under the



Turk or under the Devil himself than under the Bishop. Religion should be no obstacle to them." The States proposed a compromise, a "sortabel accomodement," as it was called in the diplomatic language of the time, by which the *jus presidii* should still be left practically an open question between Bishop and town for twenty-five years, afterwards a new Imperial decision to be taken as definitive; but the general provisions of the proposed arrangement were unfavourable to the city, and the Council wrote back grandiloquently that the men of Münster would rather lose all their privileges, their possessions, aye and life itself, like the Numantians of old, than willingly submit to so shameful a decision, since they were neither convinced nor conquered—*non convictos nec devictos*.

The Bishop made his preparations for renewed war. The Emperor tried to bar his violent proceedings; but Von Galen well knew that his promise to aid his Majesty with 2,000 men against the Turks was sufficient safeguard against dangerous displeasure from that quarter. To the remonstrances of the States-General he replied that "he did not trouble himself about the doings of the Dutch Republic, and the Republic need not trouble itself about his." But he now saw fit to overcome his scruples as to joining the remodelled Rhine alliance, and allowed its new and dangerous member, Louis XIV., to send him military aid under the Marechal de Fabert. His operations against the city began in July, 1660. This time he sought to reduce it, not by bombardment, but by blockade. The process proved effectual. As winter came on, scarcity was felt in the city, and with the scarcity came storm and tempest. Such a convulsion of the elements had never been witnessed in Münsterland as took place on December 18, when the biggest trees were uprooted, houses unroofed, and the streets deluged with the overflow of the river. On New Year's Day, 1661, a deputation was sent out to sue for peace. It was of no use now to stickle for terms. The spirit of the Münsterians was fairly beaten, and they accepted all the Bishop's conditions, amounting to unreserved surrender on their part. Thus, in Alpen's words, "was the authority of the Prince confirmed, the Cathedral Chapter and knightly order exalted, the citizens humbled." And henceforth Münster lost its importance as a flourishing self-supporting Commune, and became nothing more than a provincial capital. Bishop von Galen, to make things sure for the future, erected a citadel and strong fortifications. His own career continued to be martial. He assisted Louis XIV. with a large mercenary force in that monarch's war against the Dutch, and enhanced his sinister fame as the Prince of Bombarders. But in justice to him it must be said that he really sought to benefit the condition of his people of Münsterland, and in particular extended and improved the system of education, taking care that the teachers should be well paid by the State, and that the children of the poorer classes should have their learning given them gratuitously. Von Galen died in 1678. His monument, a kneeling figure in a perruque, with hands raised as though

For past offences to atone,  
By saying endless prayers in stone,

is to be seen in the chapel behind the high altar in the Cathedral, with the apt epithet inscribed, "*hostium terror*."

A hundred years pass away. Other times, other men. To the era of Louis XIV. has succeeded the era of Frederic II. Franz von Fürstenberg rules Münster as Prime Minister for the Prince Bishop Elector of Cologne; an enlightened man in an age of awakening philanthropy. As Galen had succeeded to the heritage of the Thirty Years' War, so Fürstenberg succeeded to that of the Seven Years' War, which came to a close just as his ministry was commencing. The devastation occasioned in Westphalia by the contest had been enormous. The public debt had increased by two-thirds and more; large contributions had been exacted from the inhabitants by the contending armies; the city of Münster, thanks to Bishop Galen's fortifications, had been repeatedly besieged—large parts of it were laid in ashes. One of Fürstenberg's first acts—carrying out the stipulation made by the Provincial States with Bishop Maximilian Friedrich on his election—was to demolish the citadel and other works, which had been only provocative of attack and military occupation. This measure, besides relieving the city of a large sum for keeping up the defence, threw into the hands of Government, grounds and materials for the extension and embellishment of the city. The citadel was eventually transformed into the handsome *Schloss Garten*, and pleasant promenades replaced the fosses and ramparts of the previous century. A residence-castle was built for the Bishops, whose habitual absenteeism had hitherto found an excuse in the want of any dwelling-place fit to receive them in their Westphalian capital. To restore order into the condition of the finances was an arduous undertaking. In nothing were the resolution and insight of Fürstenberg more conspicuous. He instituted a fund for the liquidation of the public debt, based upon a graduated capitation tax, carrying out his project in the teeth of vehement opposition from the secondary clergy. By the sale of waste lands he assisted towards the liquidation of the debts contracted by separate corporations; for scarcely a township or a benefice was without its burdens contracted during the war. He considered that the prosperity of the country rested more on the ready circulation of money than on its actual amount, and accordingly encouraged by Government premiums every outlay on the part of capitalists for the building of houses, cultivation of land, or promotion of trade. His efforts to restore public credit proved so successful that in a short time it was said money could be got at a lower rate of interest in the diocese of Münster than in any neighbouring territory. To agriculture and to the linen manufacture of the country Fürstenberg paid assiduous attention. The flat lands of Westphalia had been allowed in a great measure to lie desolate for want of energy, enterprise, and, above all, of peace. The roads were positively dangerous, and some said could never be otherwise, from the nature of the ground, unless roofings were erected over them to protect them from the weather! Now Fürstenberg was less anxious about improving distant road communications than about other reforms. The sandy highways to Holland were sufficiently passable, and secured what had always been the

chief outlet for Westphalian produce; and for the rest he thought the Westphalians were more likely to be safe, whether from invasion or foreign corruption, the more difficult of access their country was. Still he readily promoted what he considered needful schemes for facilitating internal communication. He had a more radical reform in view when he entertained the project of abolishing the whole system of serfage, which held the labouring population of the country in degradation and ignorance. Of this benevolent project he was only able to effect a part; but all the dependants on the church estate were made free men; and, where serfage continued to exist, provisions were introduced by a new law, greatly modifying the absolute power of the masters over their dependants. While promoting the arts and interests of peace, there was no public concern of his country into which Fürstenberg threw himself with more hearty zeal than into that of its military organisation. He had not thrown down Bishop Galen's fortifications from any romantic idea that peace would be secured by the sight of unarmed confidence in the goodwill of mankind. The best defence of every nation he thought was in its men; a population trained to the use of arms and to patriotic feeling, constituted better panoply than stone walls. He laid down the principle that every man in the country was liable for its military defence; he has, in fact, the merit of having been the original deviser of that Landwehr system which was afterwards taken up and so vigorously carried out by the Prussian Government. In connection with these military ideas he fostered the cultivation of bodily gymnastics, and founded a military academy which it was one of his greatest amusements to inspect. Another of Fürstenberg's institutions was a medical academy; for the bad condition of the healing art attracted his many-sided attention, and made him eager to check the prevalence of quackery and superstition. At the head of this establishment he placed Dr. Hoffmann, a physician of considerable celebrity in his time. We pass over his reforms in the administration of justice, and others of his beneficent deeds, to bestow a few words on what was the greatest, or at least proved personally the most enduring, of his agencies—his service to the cause of education.

Popular or primary instruction, at the time Fürstenberg entered on his ministry, required not so much extending as methodising. There were numerous village schools throughout the province, partly supported by local rates, partly voluntary. He desired to combine and to economise. Fewer schools, better arranged and with better paid teachers, not exclusively ecclesiastics; a normal school from whence the teachers should be taken; these were objects to be aimed at. To carry out his system of school inspection and to preside over his training institution, he was fortunate in securing the services of Bernhard Overberg, a parish priest of Everswinkel, near Münster, a man of enlightened piety and unsparing zeal; to whom it was chiefly owing that in the subsequent times of continental war and revolution, when primary educational institutions were generally neglected or overthrown, those of Münster held up their head almost alone. Every year during those troublous times examinations were

held throughout the province, and vacancies filled up; Overberg presiding and controlling all discordant elements by his patient wisdom.

The Gymnasium of Münster was considered by Fürstenberg as the foundation-stone of all the higher-class education. He found this institution entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, and tied up to their formal and conventional system of instruction. The German language was entirely neglected; mathematics and psychology, history and geography, scarcely less so; grammar and rhetoric were taught on vicious principles. Now Fürstenberg had, with all the stirring spirits of his time, imbibed the awakening interest in a national literature and in scientific truth. He put it to the Jesuit authorities of the Gymnasium that they must either adopt new methods of instruction or give up their institution into other hands. As it happened, this was the moment when the Jesuits were tottering to their fall; and the Bull of Pope Clement XIV. issued in July, 1773, soon relieved the minister from any embarrassment that might have been caused by their educational superintendence, besides putting at his disposal large funds for working out his reforming designs. Fürstenberg called the remodelled Gymnasium his "own child"; and the elaborate programme which he drew up for its management, though framed with the concurrent advice of Sprickmann and other competent counsellors, reflected in a notable manner the character and principles of its chief author. At a time when the subject of education was making a considerable stir in the world, and many schools were being founded or reorganised, the Gymnasium of Münster excelled all others in the completeness and sagacity of its constitutional legislation: in fact, it may be considered as the model result of educational effort in Germany in the eighteenth century. Wide as were the minister's aims for all sorts of culture, he made religious training the cardinal point of his system; but it was to be religious training on the basis of conscience and tolerance. He desired that young men should be brought up as "reasonable" Christians; neither as heathenish philosophers nor as superstitious children. He was himself a loyal Catholic; but he tolerated and loved good men of all persuasions, and desired that, in view of the encroaching scepticism of the age, believers in Revelation should be able to render an intelligent reason of the faith that was in them. In his affectionate and earnest exhortation to make the sense of religious responsibility and the feeling of love to God the incentives to all moral and intellectual effort, we are reminded forcibly of the spirit and example of our great English pedagogue.

Another of his achievements in the cause of education was the reorganisation of the Münster University. The idea of extending this institution—hitherto devoted, under Jesuit management, to the faculties of Theology and Philosophy only—so as to make it a comprehensive University on the most liberal modern principles, Fürstenberg was not the first to entertain. The warlike Von Galen had cherished some such scheme. Fürstenberg looked about for means wherewith to proceed, and found them in the confiscation, by Electoral decree, of the property of the useless nunnery attached to the Ueberwasser Church. The University on its

new plan was opened in the year 1780. Fürstenberg continued to be its "Curator" till the year 1805, when he laid down his office on account of his advanced age. The University then underwent new modifications under Prussian rule, to meet the altered requirements of the times. With the mention of the Seminary for priests which he also instituted in Münster on improved principles, we close the catalogue of Fürstenberg's principal achievements in the cause of education. He was himself not merely a legislator from outside. He loved learning for its own sake. He was an adept in mathematics and in military science, a skilled Latinist, a lover of history, and a sagacious inquirer into its phenomena. He loved to attend the classes in the Gymnasium, examining the answers and exercises of the students, suggesting themes, dispensing praise or blame. Amusing stories used to be told of the good minister's absorption in the prevailing interest of the moment. Sometimes he would take the book from the teacher's hand, and give the lesson himself; and perhaps enlarge upon it with such entire forgetfulness of anything but the subject itself, that he would commend the progress of the class when it was over, while really no voice had been heard but his own! If he happened to be present during the delivery of the religious lesson, he would often feel and speak so earnestly that his hearers were moved to tears.

The great disappointment of Fürstenberg's life, and the cause of indignation to his friends, was his failure to get appointed coadjutor, and therefore effectively successor, to the Prince Bishop Maximilian Friedrich in 1780. The superior interest of the House of Austria carried the election in favour of the Hapsburg Archduke, Maximilian Francis. But the new ruler was virtuous and enlightened, and appreciated Fürstenberg's rare merits and capacities; and the late Prime Minister, though he could no longer hold the post which the indolence and infirmities of Maximilian Friedrich had made one of almost absolute power in his hands, was too magnanimous to retire in disgust from the affairs of the diocese. The office of Vicar-General was still left him, together with the direction of educational affairs; and for the rest of his working life he devoted himself, only with the more undivided zeal, to that department which had already engaged his keenest interest. In conjunction with Overberg, he spared no pains to energise and improve the schools and their administration; and he would often make journeys to other parts of Germany, to extend his experience by varied observation.

In those journeys he was wont to be accompanied by the Princess Galitzin and her *cortège*. The fast friendship which had sprung up between the "Christian Aspasia" and the Westphalian statesman was by no means influential on one mind only. Fürstenberg, receptive as well as dogmatic, learnt much from the cultivated female disciple of Hemsterhuys, and moreover was brought by her into connection with many thinkers of divergent views and opinions, who would scarcely have crossed his path otherwise. If often abrupt and positive in his intercourse with them, none the less was he loved and revered by all who came within

his sphere; and when he finished his long life on September 16, 1810, in his eighty-second year, the regret felt at Münster was deep and general.

And now let us for a brief moment record that pleasant April evening, when, intent on reviving the memories of Amelia von Galitzin, we drove to the village of Angelmödde, situated about three miles to the south-east of the city, first along a solid causeway raised above the flat cultivated land, then through byeways of such encumbering sand that the driver could only get on at a foot's pace. An hour's leisurely procession brought us to the church, an old but unimpressive edifice, on the white stuccoed south wall of which we found the stone monument erected to the Princess by her friend and confessor Overberg. Inquiring at the little hostelry hard by, the farm-house was pointed out to us where she was wont to spend the summer months in her hired apartments; and thither we strolled across a couple of fields. It is an old building, and bears over the back entrance the arms and inscription of the Count de Merveldt, to whom it belonged. The back spaces of the house are occupied by stalled cattle; the front looks out on the little river Werse, with a pleasant garden between, and the meadows along which the Princess and Hemsterhuys used to walk, discussing Platonic problems, and furnishing material for the philosophical "Dialogues," which the sage of the Hague afterwards put into literary form.

During the rest of our short stay in Münster, we were much occupied in identifying the Princess's town residence. We found her memory fresh in the city, but the directions as to her former whereabouts were at first difficult of comprehension. The "frühe Ascheberger Hof" is in one of the least attractive streets of the city—the *Grüne Gasse*; but the Princess loved to dwell among her poor, one of our informants told us. It is now divided into three dwelling-houses, the central compartment being occupied by one Wolff, a baker. Once it was the residence of a noble Westphalian family, who afterwards migrated to a better spot. At the back lies a spacious garden-ground, now in the hands of a Jesuit establishment, whose modern chapel stands over a part of it. We thought of Hamann, the "Magnus of the North," and the nocturnal burial of his remains, in 1788, at which Fürstenberg assisted, and which scandalised the people of Münster, to whom the sentimental mysticism of the Princess was a conundrum.

And we visited the cemetery of the *Ueberwasser Kirche*, so called, the cemetery which lies outside the *Neu Thor*, where rest most members of the Münster coterie, excepting the Princess herself—Hamann, removed from the garden of the Ascheberger Hof to a more befitting place, Overberg, Katereamp, Sprickmann, and the great and good minister himself, on whose monument, situated near an exalted crucifix in the centre of the cemetery, we read, "Hier liegt zu den Füßen des Gekreuzigten, seiner und unser aller einziger Hoffnung, der Vater des Vaterlandes und des Armen Freund, Franz Friedrich Wilhelm, Freyherr von Fürstenberg zu Herderingen," &c.



## Don Quixote.

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"If," said the Curate in that priestly scrutiny of the library of the Cavalier of La Mancha, "I find here Ariosto speaking in any other tongue than his own, I shall treat him with no respect whatever; but if he speaks in his own language, I shall set him on my head."

"I've got him in Italian," quoth the Barber, "but I don't understand him."

"Nor would it be well, my son, that you should," replied his spiritual father; "and we ourselves would not have found fault with the Captain if he had never brought him to Spain, and turned him into a Castilian, for he has deprived him of much of his natural excellence by so doing."

How much of his natural excellence Cervantes has been deprived of by his own particular "Captain," the worthy John Stevens, and others who have brought him to England, it would present a tedious problem in addition to determine. He has been treated worse by his exegetists than ever his hero was by those *desalmados Yanguéses*, and he gained more honour in the huts of the goatherds than he has since in any English harbour. Enlarged, contracted, altered, abridged, adapted, mutilated, or, as the slang goes, "expurgated," this second Theseus or Hercules of a more modern world is turned into a contemptible dwarf or drivelling idiot. Seen through the dark glass of translation, often doubly dark, as the adaptation in English of an adaptation in French, *Don Quixote* is *Don Quixote* no more. Perhaps, as Voltaire said of *Hudibras*, the book is *introduisible*, and his translators have aimed at the impossible. At any rate, *Don Quixote* suffered no hardships so cruel as he has undergone at the hands of the majority of those, about whom it is too often a question whether they know less of the Spanish tongue or of their own. He was unconcerned in the memorable sally on the mill-stream; he remained unmoved in sight of the floury faces of those many demon-millers; but would he remain so, could he now see himself in the sentences of Motteux? He suffered, not for his own fault, but through the envy and deceit of evil magicians, enchantment in that cage where he was mocked by the world, because he came on earth too late, after Astrea, the last of the gentle angels, had left it for heaven; but could all the Magi of Persia, the Brahmans of India, and the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia change him as he has been changed by Jarvis? Cervantes made the book of the *soi-disant* Avellaneda the diversion of devils in hell. To what purpose would he have devoted the highly original histories of Smollett and of Smirke? In the very newest cloth woven out of that old story of the maimed hero of

Lepanto, idleness or incapacity has left unsightly knots where it has not left less unsightly holes, as in that fabric produced under the auspices of Mr. J. W. Clark, M.A., in which the perhaps inimitable tirade of Altisidora against the unfortunate Cavalier has been, without any defence or explanation, entirely omitted.

"My book," said Cervantes, "is so easy that none can find any difficulty in it; it is thumbed by children, understood by men, and celebrated by the old." Cervantes credited his readers with too much knowledge—even those of his own country and of his own time. How much those of another land and a far later period stand in need of assistance, it will be needless to explain to anyone who has made the "Ingenioso Hidalgo" an object of any study. Many men, more or less able, have offered their aid—the learned Vicente de los Rios, the laborious John Bowle, the ingenious Antonio Pellicer. Take as an example of the careful minuteness of the last his criticism of the title, the second word of the title, "Ingenioso," which, he says, should not be applied to the Hidalgo, but to the book. It is evident, however, from the epigraphs of the second chapter and of the sixteenth, and the conclusion of the second part, that the author intended the term "Ingenioso" to be applied to his hero. "But," says Clemencin, himself an ingenious critic, "'Ingenioso' seems scarcely the correct word to apply to a madman, and if it applies to the book, it argues ill of the modesty of the author."

Whether or not "*la lengua Castellana es una lengua muerta*," as the Spanish writers *de la vieille roche* affirm, and therefore the proper intelligence of such men as Garcilaso, Cervantes, Calderon be a study like that of the classics, it seems still certain that there are many forms of speech, especially proverbial, occurring in the subject of this article which cannot be understood by the scholar in modern Spanish alone, but for the explanation of which recourse must be had to the assistance of Horozco y Covarruvias; not to mention those words which, like the Asturian "argado," are provincialisms.

Don Juan and the chaste Lady Adeline Amundeville

. . . studied Spanish

To read *Don Quixote* in the original—

A pleasure before which all others vanish.

But if their studies were attended with any success, which is extremely doubtful, seeing that Venus rather than Saturn was dominator over their desires, and that even almighty love is but of little assistance in learning those irregular verbs, they must have consulted other lexicographers than Baretti, Higgins, and Pineda.

We take a single instance of what has been said concerning translations in the mouth of one or two witnesses:—

"Duelos y quebrantos" a phrase occurring at the beginning of the work, by which Cervantes describes his hero's food on Saturdays, means, according to the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy, a composition of eggs and brains, *ex ovis cerebrique medullâ frizus orbiculus*; but, accord-

ing to that of Caballero and the commentary of Clemencin, a kind of *olla* made of broken bones and the remains of cattle which had died in the manner nature intended, eaten in La Mancha on Saturdays, because no other kind of meat was then allowed—*duelos*, to indicate the grief of the owner of the dead beast, and *quebrantos* to signify the condition of its bones. This custom of abstaining from other flesh on Saturdays originated, we are told, with the *Triunfo de la Santa Cruz* in 1212, and was abolished towards the middle of the eighteenth century by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

Now let us look at the various interpretations given of this phrase, where it is not wholly left out, by some of the numerous "translators" of Cervantes' immortal work.

First, it is deemed by an enterprising but reckless Dutchman to mean "een stokvisch." Thomas Shelton, who translated the whole of *Don Quixote* "in the space of fortie dayes, through the importunitie of a very deare friend that was desirous to understand the subject," gives us "collops and egges." Next the worthy Captain Stevens, who satisfies himself in his preface with "being beforehand in railing at those that should make bold to rail at him," copying Shelton, as he usually does, gives likewise "collops and eggs." Peter Motteux presents "scraps and penance" without any note to explain the nature of this extraordinary collation. Jarvis, the author of that deathless rendering of *yo trompogelas*, "and I tear on," says "an omet." But *aun la cola falla por desollar*. Dr. Smollett is equal to the emergency, and gives "gripes and grumbings," with a note conceived in the style of refined wit which distinguished that reverend prelate. Lastly, in Cassell's magnificent edition of Doré's plates, we have from Mr. J. W. Clark, M.A., "griefs and groans," again probably the very worst attempt at translation of them all, presenting neither the sense of the author nor, as far as ordinary intelligence can soar, any sense at all.

Instances might be given, filling two or three volumes of this magazine, of these melancholy mistakes. But enough has been said; other fresh fields and pastures new await us. With regard, however, to the translations, appearing, too often, like the devil and St. Elmo, only to give pleasure to those who have not seen them, if this essay serves no other purpose, it will, at least, save a vast amount of reading, which writers who aim at exactitude are unwilling to forego, and of which often their only profit is the unhappy knowledge of its uselessness.

There are readers of *Don Quixote*, as of the Book of Job, who deny the proposition (which one would imagine was almost an axiom) that it is of very little use to read what we do not understand. For them it would be idle to explain that the "parting of the sun," which occurred in that monstrous and unequal battle between him of La Mancha and the lackey Tosilos, in the defence of the daughter of the Dueña Doña Rodriguez, was a universal practice, according to St. Palaye and other writers on the History of the Chivalry, to prevent one party ob-

taining an unfair advantage. Equally fruitless would it be to show that when Don Quixote led the Duchess's palfrey by the bridle *de puro cortes y comedido*, he was but following the knightly example of Henry of Castille in the case of his sister, the Infanta Isabela, and of those officers *del Quitamiento* of Cervantes' own time, who held by cords of ruby silk and gold the *acanea* (hackney) of Margaret of Austria, the Queen of Philip III., when she made her public entry into Valencia. Some readers, however, of another sort would be glad to learn that Milan is introduced by Cervantes, as the mart of fashion in his time, into the story of the captive who went thither from Genoa to furnish himself with fine clothes—*algunas galas de soldado*. We know from this that Lombardy's capital preceded France as the court and emporium of fashion.

Even the object of Cervantes' satire has been misunderstood, and it has been declared that he intended to put an end, not to the absurd romances written about it, but to knight-errantry itself, a thing which had expired, as Mr. Ford says, a century before his birth. The esoteric object of his work was, doubtless, to show that the deeper, the truer, the less coarse and the more pure a nature is, so much the more will it become the jest and butt of this world of ours. Thus Charles Lamb has truly said that readers who see nothing more than a burlesque in *Don Quixote* have but a shallow appreciation of that immortal work. Was not Byron, too, of opinion that the "too true tale" was intended to show the hopeless absurdity of all efforts to redress wrongs and prevent rather than punish crime—

Of all tales 'tis the saddest, and more sad  
Because it makes us smile.

Vulgar readers see only a book productive of merriment and laughter in that which is also a profound and luminous treatise on morality. Its hero wages war against windmills, but equally against the wickedness of mankind; he is as indignant against the injustice of society as against the soldier puppets of Maese Pedro. A pathetic picture is shown us of the result of the endeavours of a good man to ameliorate the condition of humanity. But philosophers might, as it has been said, with only too great truth, as well attempt to stop the fall of the waters of Niagara, on the ground of impropriety in the noise of the cataract, as to make others see the Cavalier of the Lions, *siempre cortes y comedido*, with such eyes as theirs.

When Cervantes began his work, he probably intended little more than an attack on the chivalric literature of his land, as indeed he hints in his preface:—"Vuestra escritura no mira á mas que á deshacer la autoridad y cabida, que en el mundo, y en el vulgo tienen los libros de cavallerias . . . á derribar la maquina mal fundada destos cavallerescos libros aborreados de tantos y alabados de muchos mas." These books Cervantes himself, by the way, must have read, or he could scarcely have applied them. But he soon began to take an interest in and an affection for the children of his understanding—the brave warrior

who fought against the Turks at Lepanto, the mutilated slave of Algiers, leaves Amadis, Esplandian, and Platir, whose resplendent motto was ever "Dieu, l'honneur, et les dames," to portray the character of a good man, who endeavours, at his own expense, to subjugate vice and exalt virtue; apart from which idle day-dream, he speaks "well enough," as Sancho says, "for a parson." So the new character, Sanson Carrasco, in the second part, is but the incredulous sceptic who laughs at everything, and has little to do with the original conception of the purpose of the story.

We must look behind the veil of entertaining fiction with which Cervantes proposed to correct, and indeed succeeded in correcting, the fashionable affection for *los libros cavallerescos* which in his time was general in his country, if we would understand his subject rightly. But even to judge of the fabric of the veil, we must transport ourselves into those ages of semi-barbarism and obscurity in which security, the main end of human society, was unknown. The feudal vassals of those good old times levied black mail on the inoffensive wayfarers who happened unfortunately to pass by their fortresses, and maintaining with their sword the maxim that might is right, carried with them wherever they went crime, ruin, and confusion. The famous Trégua de Dios was an ecclesiastical attempt at reform, which contented itself at first with the prohibition of violence on Sundays, and afterwards included by degrees its secular sisters. By this was the duel admitted, among other more or less absurd legal evidences, in which the sword of the oppressor was admitted by justice to supplement the desperate deficiencies in his suit. This was evidently an attempt to reconcile might and right, too often as opposed as fire and water. By this was determined in Toledo, in the eleventh century, the precedence between the Romish and Mozarabic ritual emended by San Isidor. The Mozarabes—probably a corruption of Mixtiarabes—were the Christians who lived anciently amongst the Moors of Spain. Their ritual is still observed in a chapel of the cathedral at Toledo. The *Partidas*, or seven parts of the law of Alfonso the Wise, excluded the "duel" at the end of the thirteenth century. Even the Crusades were of advantage to social reforms; not that cruelty, robbery, and murder were by these lessened, but they were directed elsewhere. After them, the foundation of universities, the invention of paper, of powder, of the mariner's compass, and of printing, facilitated and multiplied social relations, and macadamized the way for the civilisation of Europe.

In that time, therefore, in which defenceless and oppressed innocence could only receive succour from private endeavours, how seductive is the portrait of a person consecrating himself to the alleviation of unmerited sorrow, wandering about the world at his own horse's own sweet will (for in this consists the spirit of adventure), armed with lance and buckler, ready on all occasions to show his prowess and shed his blood on behalf of the weak and unprotected! Such is the foundation of the interest excited by books of knight-errantry, built on those feelings of humanity which alone can inspire a lasting interest. If the knight-errant succeeded

in destroying those robbers who infested the highways, those giants in their machicolated towers, those spectres of the dusky cavern or the uncultivated field; if he managed to free maidens from dishonour, the guiltless from punishment, the prisoner from chains; if he could replace princes and princesses unjustly deprived of their ancestral thrones, chastise the usurpers, and fill the world with his fame, surely such a meeting of fortune and merit might well deserve common approval. Add to all this his private qualities of justice, generosity, sensibility, contempt of death, love of glory, loyalty, and above all good looks, and we have the *beau idéal* of that *Caballero Andante* who served as a type to so many ancient chroniclers.

The subject, taken, as we have said, from the meeting of the night of feudal anarchy and the morn of modern civilisation, was a good and interesting one, but it was spoilt by the ignorance and bad taste of those who treated it. They might have consulted the records of chivalry in the middle ages, passing over the somewhat faint border-line which divides history from romance, and made their heroes *sans peur et sans reproche* as those of that time; they might have taken from these their descriptions of arms, jousts, festivals, dresses and customs, touched on the *Cortes de amor*, in which gallantry and sentiment arose, and sentiment first was mixed with the sensuality of love—the troubadours, the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They did nothing of this; on the contrary, they invented everything, as the Germans say, out of their inner consciousness, while each endeavoured to exceed the other in exaggeration, marvel, impossibility. Battles upon battles; tedious repetitions of the same journey or adventure, with but the names of the actors altered; gross errors in history, geography, and the particular customs of the ages and the nations they professed to delineate; mighty blows, incredible exploits; events disconnected and improbable, a confused mass of immorality and superstition—such is the bill of fare offered by those writings of chivalrous emprise of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They sprinkled with such want of discretion enchanters and necromancers, that they dulled the palate they had proposed to please. The youth of the period accustomed to such high-seasoned and savoury food regarded with supreme disgust the brown bread, somewhat stale perhaps, with which education so plentifully supplies the tables of adolescent hunger. But while this high-seasoned meat of histories baked in the oven of a heated imagination destroyed its intellectual, delicate cates of adultery and by no means coldly-concocted amours interfered sadly with its moral, digestion. Thus, to quote the irascible Captain, the writers of books of chivalry “debauched youth,” if they did not infatuate old age, with their impossible impertinences.

Good men, however, were not wanting to such sad occasion. Diego Gracian and Fr. Luis de Granada amongst many others declaimed against this endemic pest of Spain. Don Carlos in 1548 made a law against such histories being printed or sold. But, in spite of laws and declamations,



the pest was not a whit abated. With that usual variance between precept and example, Don Carlos, at the time of prohibiting such books, delighted himself, we are informed, with perhaps the most monstrous of them, *D. Belianis de Grecia*. These prodigies were composed at first by proletarian hacks, but very soon, provoked by public favour, prouder competitors descended into the arena. Gerónimo de Huerta, the translator of Pliny, presented his *Floranda de Castilla*, and Don Juan de Silva y Toledo his *Chronicles of Prince Policisne de Boecia*, a work not to be outdone in absurdities by any of its predecessors.

Such was the state of affairs when Cervantes conceived the idea of banishing knights-errant from the literature of his land. *Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res*. What Fr. Luis de Granada had not succeeded in doing with his sermons, nor the Emperor Carlos with the severest laws, Cervantes did with the dust of a little well-timed satire. But circumstances were in his favour. The names of Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto had become known. The last had been once or twice dressed in Castilian. The argument of the poet of Ferrara was continued by Luis Barahona in the "Tears" and by Lope de Vega in the "Beauty of Angelica." Both of these in different degrees succeeded in reproducing the defects, but neither reflected the richness, of their original. In the course of time the Muses of Castille became weary of the French Paladin, and inspired Quevedo with his parody, the *Orlando Burlesco*. Again, at the beginning of the sixteenth century a powerful rival was born—the Bucolic literature, of which the Italian Sanazzar gave the first modern example in his *Arcadia*. The Portuguese Jorge de Montemayor introduced this taste by his *Diana* into Spain. He was succeeded by Alonso Pérez, Gil Polo, and Suárez de Figueroa, who, substituting rivers and meadows of flowers for rapine and murder, still preserved in their stories the presence of love which imparts ever new interest to the affection of the reader, as it contributes ever new colours to the fancy of the artist, and to which all who wish to be free of the great band of writers must offer the accustomed dues. Lastly, the *Decameron* of Boccaccio gave occasion to tales of romance, as the *Patrañuelo* of Juan de Timoneda and the *Selva de Aventuras* of Gerónimo de Contreras, or of wit, as *Lazarillo de Tormes* and *Guzman de Alfarache*. All these publications, satirical, pastoral, and romantic, were so many breaches in the strong wall which encircled that old affection for errant cavaliers. The strong wall was finally razed to the ground by a caricature of the company of Belianis in Don Quixote, and of those who worshipped that company in Sancho Panza. The amused reader forgets all that was generous and good in the subject of Cervantes' satire, and sees but the impertinent exaggerations of love and valour, the dangers attendant on their exercise, and their incompatibility with modern civilisation.

The triumph of La Mancha's Knight, who appeared in 1605, was complete. None other entered the field after him. *D. Policisne de Boecia*, printed in 1602, was the last book of the kind in Spain. His

brothers lie no longer in the silken laps of ladies, but serve only to collect dust undisturbed on the lofty and rarely visited shelves of ancient libraries.

Spain in the meantime spent hours of happiness over the pages of this incomparable parody, as fields enjoy the fertile influences of sunshine, rain, and dew, without any utterance of gratitude to the Giver. To this indifference in the commencement of the eighteenth century succeeded, as extremes succeed, the expression of unbounded admiration. Vicente de los Rios may be regarded as the chief exponent of this tardy recognition, in his analysis which prefaces the edition of the Spanish Academy in 1780.

It is not the object of this essay to attempt any eulogium on *Don Quixote*. Nor would the writer, were that his object, imitate the style of that enthusiast who asks "Who has not read it? who does not know it by heart?" Such observations as these appear, to use no stronger a term, injudicious. It is praised sufficiently to those who have read it by saying, "It is *Don Quixote*;" to those who have not read it—probably a very vast number—it would seem sufficient to say, "Inquire about it of those who know it well."

There is no book, except perhaps the Bible, so much and so little known. It is rarely studied and more rarely understood; it is a stock subject for quotation; its errors are overlooked, its difficulties ignored. Written in a popular style and of a legendary nature, the work of Cervantes very early became with the Catechism and the Lives of the Saints an integrant part of the intellectual household furniture of Castille. But as soon as it was generally understood that it had become the fashion even for the higher classes to praise him, that "glory and shame of Spain" soared above the range of criticism, and became apotheosized finally by Don José Mor de Fuentes, whose panegyrical preface in Baudry's edition, 1835, begins with Virgil's "Deus ecce Deus" and ends with calling Cervantes "el ilustrador del linage humano. Ignórase el paradero de sus cenizas." One would have imagined *à priori* that the various versions published at different times under the title of translations (*traditori traduttori*) would have removed the divine halo from the head of Cervantes as effectually as the birth of Christ is said to have disrowned Pan, and sent with sighing the parting Pagan genius affrighted, from haunted spring and dale never to return. The fact that they have not done so is a fair proof of that blind credulity which, perhaps providentially, induces those most to lean on the opinion of others who are least fitted to form an opinion for themselves. The force of faith has sustained, notwithstanding all these successive shocks of interpretation, the primitive opinion as to the infallibility and divine excellence of the work, and the present writer is well aware that he states a strange and heterodox opinion when he ventures to declare, in all humility, that to understand *Don Quixote* a primary condition is to understand the language in which *Don Quixote* is written.

Its two most notable defects, says the great Spanish critic Clemencin,

are the three sallies of the hero, which had been better one, and the want of connection between the two parts into which the fable is divided. Nothing, he thinks, remains in the first part to be explained in, and so carry on the curiosity of the reader to the second. Another defect of less magnitude is the absence of link between the episodes and the principal action. Public censure remedied this in the second part, published ten years after. But Cervantes appears to have retained his own opinion about the matter. In the field of his fancy we find wild flowers in abundance, but we look in vain for the exact and scientifically arranged parterre. Again, the chronology of Cervantes is a little confused; but how far was he from supposing that anyone would take the trouble to compute the number of the days of the wanderings of his protagonist, and find them to be exactly 165 days! Events of the reigns of Philip II. and Philip III. are made coetaneous; the book mentions the expulsion of the Moors in 1610, and the publication of the *Quijote* of Avellaneda in 1614; and yet this very book claims to be a translation from an Arabic old parchment, already almost destroyed by the hands of Time, the devourer and consumer of all things—a parchment found in a leaden chest among the ruins of some ancient buildings. Anachronisms destroy truth in history and probability in fable. As Cervantes himself said, “So much better is a lie the nearer it resembles truth,” and the perfection of writing consists in verisimilitude. In defence of these errors, Dido of the *Æneid* has been exhibited, but there a great lapse of time intervened; and in other respects the anachronisms of Cervantes are not to be compared with the anachronisms of Virgil. The geographical difficulties are many, but of trifling importance.

The severe criticisms of Clemencin seem but the reaction against such hyperboles as those of Mor de Fuentes, who concluded the preface before alluded to by calling Cervantes “el ilustrador del genero humano.” Such a title might perhaps be applied to Homer or Valmiki, the traditional robber-author of the Ramayana. When the poet was the hierophant of humanity, such a panegyric might have been perhaps attached to such names as these. But in the seventeenth century—the century of Newton, Copernicus, Leibnitz and Descartes, the expression seems to verge on the hyperbolic. Clemencin loved *Don Quijote* much, but he loved syntax more; he has dismembered him as the Bacchantes dismembered Orpheus. He has gazed on the Venus of Milo through a powerful double convex lens, and mourning over the roughness of the marble, has given his preference to a polished porcelain doll. Analysis and grammar are the Muses who inspire his commentary. When La Dolorida speaks of Bootes as one according to report of the steeds of the sun, Clemencin utters a piercing cry. But Cervantes has been proved to have been well acquainted with the classics, notwithstanding his allusion to Bootes as one of the horses of the sun, and his citation of Horace under the name of Virgil, or *vice versâ*, by a wealth of learned quotation which reminds us not remotely of that Uncle Thomas of the Barber in *Gil Blas*, to whose keen genius and unwearied

research we are indebted for the information that in Athens babies wept when their mothers whipped them.

The learning of Cervantes, says John Bowle—to whose criticisms students of *Don Quixote* owe more perhaps than to any other single commentator—is apparent from several points of view—from his mention of that *caxa que halló Alexandro en los despojos de Dario*, which the son of Olympia deputed to guard the works of the poet Homer, and which the Curate introduces in the scene of the library, when he says that another chest like it should be made for Palma de Ingalaterra. This chest is mentioned by Pliny as a casket enriched with gems and pearls, in which the Shah was wont to keep his precious ointments.

In that lecture which the Hidalgo gave to Sancho on the love of fame, on his way to visit his lady Dulcinea, he mentions the swimming of Horatius Cocles across the river Tiber in his armour, a story which Cervantes seems to have taken from Florus or Livy. His quotation on the same occasion of Cæsar passing the Rubicon in spite of the omens has been referred to that of Suetonius—"Eatar quo Deorum ostenta et inimicorum iniquitas vocat. Jacta alea est;" but the expression, "contro todos los agueros," hardly agrees with this. Cervantes united to a remarkable conception almost equally remarkable carelessness, like his hero, wandering at will over hill and dale, content with any adventure that destiny allotted to him. He seems to have copied without method and without consideration all the fertile suggestions of his fancy, irrespective of unities of place or time—never waiting to read again what he had once written; never staying to examine an incorrect expression, or to remodel a manifest error. He worked less by reflection than by instinct. He created a style of composition. Of him that is true which Velleius Paterculus applied to Homer—that he found no one to copy, and no one to copy him. The most famous works of antiquity preceded instructive art; the precepts of Aristotle were posterior to the poems of the Ascrean sage, and the institutions of Quintilian to the rhetoric of the Roman lawyer.

The work of Cervantes presents a fair mirror of knight-errantry, but he has not in all places attended to its laws. For instance, *Las Siete Partidas*, before mentioned, whose codification was completed in the time of Alfonso the Wise, and commenced in that of his father, Fernando the Holy, which were made *siete* for the excellent reason that there were seven letters in the name of Alfonso, among some two dozen regulations respecting knights, says they cannot be created by one who is not a knight, or by any clergyman; which, of course, says a sagacious critic, militates against Don Quixote's creation by the innkeeper.

But such instances are few compared to those agreeable to such laws, or copied from books of chivalry; as when Sancho made light of his master's oratory in the matter of the fulling mills, and had received in consequence two strokes on the shoulders, which had they descended on that at which they were aimed, would have freed the Don for ever from

paying any salary unless to Panza's heirs, the Cavalier urges in apology of his conduct a sentence taken word for word from Carlo Magno, "Los primeros movimientos no son en mano del hombre." An apology which he repeats on another occasion, when Sancho's indignation was roused at his master's hesitating to marry that high princess, Micomicona; and he spoke certain blasphemies thereupon in reference to the peerless Dulcinea, for which he was incontinently knocked down.

Again, on that hunting day when the Duke gave Sancho a green hunting-shirt of the finest cloth, which that servant took, intending to sell it at the first opportunity, and which was afterwards torn in his frantic endeavours to escape from the tusked wild boar—on that occasion Sancho says that kings and princes ought not to set about killing an animal which had done nothing wrong. The Duke's reply is to be found in the *Partidas* of Alfonso above mentioned, in which we are told that hunting is more fit for a king than other men, for these reasons—first, to lengthen his life; secondly, because the chase is a kind of imitation of a war.

The challenge of Diego Ordoñez de Lara, mentioned in Don Quixote's harangue to the Braying party, who the knight said went too far in challenging the dead, the bread, the waters and the unborn, and other trifles of that sort, is taken almost word for word from the Chronicle of the Cid Ruy Diaz. It is the *escaño* of this Campeador, which the Chronicle tells us he gained in Valencia, which he used at dinner and for a bed, and which was covered with the richest cloth of gold, that the Duchess says Sancho is worthy of, in the notable conversation which took place between them; and in the same Chronicle it is told how Alfonso VI. gave the palace of Galiana to the Cid for his place of residence in Toledo—a statement which explains Sancho's wish that his master had fallen into the pit instead of himself, since the former "tuviera estas profundidades, y mazmorras por jardines floridos, y por palacios de Galiana."

The master-key to the work of Cervantes is Covarruvias, whom Bowle quotes with the remark:—"Parvum est profiteri per quem profeceris." His assistance, as a contemporary of Cervantes, to a translator is scarcely to be over-estimated; yet the translators seem in few instances to have cared to avail themselves of it. In that passage, for one instance out of many, where Thomas Cecial's nose is said to *bé de color amoratado como de berengena*—of a mulberry colour like a mad-apple—the lexicographer gives a learned explanation of *berengena*, more frequently pronounced *verengena*, according to the proverb, *Hispanis vivere est bibere*. The word is connected with the Milanese *melangena*, a corruption of *mala insana*. After telling us that the fruit is called love-apple, not from its beauty, for it has none, but from its effects, he adds that one who eats much of it is not only troubled with these, but also its naughty quality shows itself in his face, which becomes of a livid and dark green colour. After this explanation, easy to seek and find, let us regard the passage in the light of our translations. Shelton interprets badly the first portion of the sen-

tence; but honestly, if a little obscurely, the second. He says:—"Of a darkish green colour, like a Berengene." Captain John Stevens leaves out the passage altogether—his never-failing resource in a difficulty. He is followed in so doing by many others. The edition of Mr. J. W. Clark, M.A., has "tawny as a russet pippin," which ingeniously introduces two mistakes into as many words; while Jarvis—the generally-honest Jarvis—contents himself with a translation of the former part of the sentence only, leaving the emphatic word without any representative.

One or two errata in editions in the original language have occasioned curious results. A variation of *castillo* for *costilla* has given us, instead of "he set spurs to the side of his mule," Shelton's "he set spurs to that castle his mule;" and may be assigned as a cause perhaps of the remarkable rendering in the edition of Mr. J. W. Clark, M.A., "clapped his heels to the overgrown mule's flanks." So the valiant *de Tirante*—a phrase like *el bueno de Sancho*—is metamorphosed into *Detriante*, in the account of his fight with the mastiff.

Homer sometimes nods, and where so many beauties shine, none but severe critics will be offended with a few spots, the result of carelessness or the human nature of Cervantes. Such are those of his placing Sancho on his dapple, soon after he had told us the beast was stolen by Gines de Pasamonte, and the misnomer of Sancho's wife, whom he names Juana Gutierrez in the seventh chapter, and a very few lines after Mari. Then in the fifty-second chapter he calls her Juana Pança "que así se llamava." Pineda has here substituted Teresa in his edition of the text, but without any authority.

Faults, however, detected by one critic have been by another panegyrised as beauties. Sometimes Cervantes has not been understood, or, worse, misunderstood. In many cases irony has been mistaken for truth, and in many more, the great majority of cases, confusion has arisen from the primitive typography of the earlier editions. It is difficult to say to what extent alteration in this particular should be permitted; but if any is lawful, it seems no excess to go so far as to transpose a comma or semicolon, where a passage is thereby rendered natural and suitable to the context from being, if not unintelligible, obscure. Nor does the addition, substitution, or change of a letter seem of much moment, and yet an iota once divided the Christian world. But philological critics are too often a species of doctors professing to botch up the bodies of authors. To one they add a nose, to another teeth, eyes, arms, legs; but the worst of it is they are not contented with this, but must needs cut off fingers or hands, on the plea that they are not natural, and that it is better to have them like their nose and legs, all factitious and of a piece. The corrective criticisms of Aristotle on Homer are of another and a very different school.

We have said irony has been mistaken for truth. Of this antiphrasis we have an instance in the adventure of the fulling mills, immediately



before which great exploit Sancho determines, in his fear, not to leave his master till the conclusion of the enterprise. From this honourable determination, says the text, the author of the history concludes him to have been well born and at least a *cristiano viejo*. This appears to Clemencin, who never himself rows one way and looks another, a very improper phrase in the mouth of the Mahommedan Cide Hamete Benengeli. But the passage is to be understood ironically, or it may be interpreted "nothing less than a *cristiano viejo*." The commentator here reminds one of Panza, when he hears the Devil swear *en Dios y en mi conciencia*. "Doubtless," says Sancho, "this demon must be a good man and a good Christian, otherwise he wouldn't swear thus. Therefore it is plain there are good folks even in hell."

In that passage where Cardenio alludes to a certain impropriety that passed, as he affirms, between the Queen Madásima and the curer of souls and bodies, Maestro Elisabad, Clemencin gives a long note, showing that both Cardenio and Don Quixote mistook Madásima, who never had any relation with Elisabad, for the Infanta Grasinda, niece of King Taminor of Bohemia, and lady of a city on the sea-coast called Sadiana, information for which he is indebted to the second part of the *Chronicles of Amadis de Grecia*. "But," adds Clemencin, "this mistake is the less to be wondered at, seeing that both the interlocutors were mad." The great commentator may be taken as a type of those who are perpetually seeing references to works of chivalry. On hearing the valorous resolve of his master about the fulling mills, Sancho weeps—a very natural thing for him to do. But Clemencin cannot let this sorrow pass without citing how Ardian, the dwarf of Amadis, wept and tore his hair and beat his head against the walls, when his master was for fighting with the Endriago; the squire Gandalin is also quoted, who went and did likewise. Nor are the prayers and tears of Lelicio forgotten, when Florambel de Lucea went in the boat which the lady of Fondovale had sent him to the island of Sumida, which was girt about with a thick cloud and smoke, as of a furnace, from which lightning burst continually. But this greatest of Cervantes' critics concludes that, notwithstanding the *defectos notados* of grammar and of style, of inconsequence, contradiction, distraction, and obscurity, and innumerable others, the book "astounds, enchains, and enchants readers who do not perceive them or scarcely perceive them."

The abundance of merit in the invention and treatment of this admirable fable likens it to those famous pictures which, in spite of their faults, we cannot fail to praise. In some of those passages which have been obelized by Clemencin—we speak only of Spanish critics; to speak of others *eso seria nunca acabar*—Cervantes might be easily justified if the space of this article permitted it. Those difficulties which remain, admitting apparently of no defence, are but the spots on the sun, and may be excused by that *αι υπερμεγεθους φασεις ηκιστα καθαραι* of the minister of the Queen of Palmyra. That which is everywhere accurate runs a

chance of being the reverse of sublime, which seems to require some degree of carelessness. Sublimity with a few faults is more effective than mediocrity with none. The average talent, never soaring very high, is less likely to become giddy and to fall. Nor are the faults of a great writer easily forgotten, left, as the Spaniards say in the inkstand. The memory of vices remains, while that of virtues fades; and one will more readily learn to remember the ridiculous than that which is worthy of reverence. It is the nature of mankind to observe the seasons of storm and tempest, and pass unnoticed all the smiling seasons of the year. The beauties of Cervantes, who shall tell them? Though, as Longinus said, the style of the poet Apollonius be without error, *ἄττατος*, yet who would not rather be Homer than Apollonius? "The *Erigone* of Eratosthenes," says the master of Porphyry, "is without blemish, and Archilochus is disordered, preposterous, from the working of that divine spirit, not easily submitting itself to human laws; but was the former for this reason the greater man?" Among the Lyricists was Bacchylides, he who wrote the travels of a god, preferable to Pindar; and Ion of Chios, called by Aristophanes the Eastern Star, among the writers of tragedy, to the supreme Sophocles? Yet Ion and Bacchylides were remarkable for the elegance and correctness of their compositions, while Sophocles and Pindar are here full of fire and there cold as snow. "Yet no sensible man," says Zenobia's unfortunate minister, "would presume to compare all Ion ever wrote with one single legend of Sophocles—the *Edipus*."

Its very faults make *Don Quixote* natural. It is like the sun in heaven on a cloudy day, clear at intervals.

Laboured accuracy is not a desirable attainment. Compositions should rather resemble wealthy houses, where certain trifling expenses are considered unworthy of notice:—

Exilis domus est ubi non et multa supersunt  
Quæ dominum fallunt et prosunt furibus.

"A few instances of inaccuracy or mediocrity," says Goldsmith, "can never derogate from the superlative merit of Homer and Virgil, whose poems are the great magazines, replete with every species of beauty and magnificence." It has also been urged against the work that it is destitute of plot. It certainly has none of the artificial intricacies of a modern novel, which too often subordinate the proper delight of the present page to a morbid curiosity concerning that which is to follow. But it seems none the less excellent for this than for the absence of those light dishes of love or dissipation which it has become the fashion to substitute for the poor and homely entertainment of a life undistinguished except by wisdom and by virtue.

An essay might be written on Cervantes as a moralist alone. "Desnudo nací, desnudo me hallo," repeats Sancho, with the patience and resignation of him from whose mouth these words originally came, in that pathetic apostrophe to his ass when he gave him, with tears in his eyes, the kiss

of peace upon his forehead. "Ah, dear companion of my labours, when I had no other care than that of feeding your little carcase, happy were my hours, my days, my years; but now since I have begun to scale the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand sorrows, a thousand toils, and four thousand pains have pierced my soul." No less excellent is the remark on that love in young men which is "for the most part nothing but appetite, which having for its end delight, in obtaining this ceases; while real love has no such ending." To the practical philosopher in the school of adversity are we indebted for such moral maxims as these:—"Seldom or never comes good pure and simple, but it is joined or followed by some evil which disturbs or exceeds it"; "Misfortunes ever track talent"; "Happy is he to whom Heaven hath given a piece of bread, without the obligation of thanking any other than Heaven itself." The hypocrisy of monks is well hit off in that question of Sancho's, "Do hermits keep hens?" These moths of the people, and sometimes worse, as the virtue-cloaked Don Rafael and Ambrosio Lamela of *Gil Blas*, were indeed but little resembling those of "the deserts of Egypt, who dressed in palm leaves and lived on roots." Sancho's wife, that woman of many names, utters a philippic against pride, as displayed in *hidalgos*, which reminds us of the "Baron" of Moratin. "They think because they're fine ladies the wind mustn't touch them, and go to church as if they were queens, and take it to be beneath them even to look on a poor labouring woman." In death we are all equal, for "the prince goes thither by as narrow a path as the day-labourer, and the body of the Pope takes no more room in earth than that of the sexton; we shrink willy-nilly at the pit's mouth to one proper size, and, good-night!" The whole foundation of the famous medical system of Le Roy is contained in "Dine on little and sup on less, for the health of all the body is forged in the foundry of the stomach."

"Sorrow was made, not for beasts, but for men; but if men give much way to it, they become beasts." This sentence, which, though somewhat of a riddle, seems to discourage the practice of looking at ills through a magnifying-glass, and recommends a man to stand the hazard of a leap out of window as a last resource when his house is on fire, may be compared with the advice of Krishna to Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita*—"There is nothing better for a man than lawful war," i.e. against distress.

Speaking of that vexed social question of the public and its plays, Cervantes says, in the mouth of his protagonist, "The fault is not in the former for asking absurdities, but in those who represent nothing else." "It is not necessary," he continues, "to speak as a fool to be understood by the vulgar;" and he thought with Yriarte that though, if you give the people straw it would eat straw, yet if you provide it with grain, it would eat grain. "An author's work who looks to money is the coat of a tailor who works late on the vespers of Easter Sunday—made in a hurry and seldom of much good." Yet, on the other hand, "sin provecho no vale un cuatrin la buena fama."

In the advice to Sancho on his taking in hand the reins of government, Don Quixote provides for the case of a Phryne being brought before the judgment-seat by another Hyperides of Barataria—"If any pretty woman seeks for justice, abstract thy eyes from her tears and thy ears from her lamentations, unless thou wouldst have thy reason drowned in her mourning, and thy morality in her sighs." What an excellent piece of cunning is this!—"Some wise man was of opinion that there was but one good woman in the world, and advised every married man to think she was his own, that so he might live well content."

Don Quixote is at first simply a madman. Sancho, a coarse peasant, seconding, sometimes through simplicity, far more frequently through self-interest, the extravagant sallies of his Señor. Soon, however, as we have said, Cervantes clothes his heroes with the raiment of his own reason and intelligence, bestowing on the master that judgment and charity which is the child of reflection, on the servant that limited but sure common sense which most men inherit as the appanage of nature. Poetry and prose are contrasted in the Cavalier of the Sad Countenance and the Father of Proverbs.

Like other reformers wise and virtuous, Don Quixote passes in corrupt and vicious society for a fool; he dreams of the possibility of obliterating lust, extinguishing anger, wiping out ambition, of doing good without the hope of reward—that pure morality of the Karma-Yoga system of Indian philosophy—of refraining from cruelty and wrong, uninfluenced by the fear of retribution. In short, he is a madman, and this his monomania. In other respects he is like other men. Sancho gradually develops from the idle rustic, whose day-dream it was to enrich himself with a few maravedis, into the clever knave. A brave sight it is to see these two, inseparable as the body and the soul, joined to whom, the Caballero del Verde Gaban, the representative of the man, forms a perfect Trinity. Sancho Panza, seldom unmindful of his saddle-bags; Don Quixote, always soaring into the sublime ideal, a noble madman doing wisely deeds of consummate folly; the one a follower of the Stoic Zeno, the other of the Cyrenaic Aristippus. Especially appear these traits in the second part, superior it may be in the judgment of the author to the first; but not so well received, from its want of ridiculous adventure, by the rabble, whose cry is continually "*Panem et Circenses!*" Retaining only as much of the satire of knight-errantry as is sufficient to bind it to the first, it is a treatise of practical philosophy, a collection of maxims, offered, it is true, generally in the guise of parable, which a wide experience has shown to be the most generally attractive, a judicious and sweet satire on humanity.

The name of Don Quixote has been in later times, by a species of metonymy, applied to that rare monster who is ready to undertake a virtuous but unfashionable course of action, uninfluenced by self-interest. So Diderot was the Don Quixote of philosophical insurrection. Edouard Fournier calls himself the Don Quixote of historic truth. But the world

has this consolation. Don Quixotism is becoming rare ; for self-devotion, faith, and delicacy wane day by day. No ten thousand swords leap now from their scabbards to avenge even a look which threatens a woman with insult. She pursues her remedy at *Nisi Prius*. The age of chivalry is gone.

The historian Thucydides only mentions women once in the course of his work, and then to observe that it is their proper glory to be least spoken of among men, either for good or for evil. We have followed this illustrious example in not commenting on any of the female figures with which our author has enriched his canvas, yet it is difficult to avoid making an exception in favour of the foul Maritornes, who, with a woman's charity, when she sees Sancho bathed in sweat after the trouble of the blanketing of those needle-makers and others, gives him a cup of wine, paid for out of her own poor purse, and offers her humble prayer that his mad master may be restored to his right mind. Such a touch of humanity is presented to us in Sancho himself, whom it seems not well to suppose entirely self-interested. Not for the island only does Sancho follow his lord. Doubts about this island abound in Sancho ; yet when his master proposes a separation, he says he has eaten of his bread and comes of no ungrateful race, that he is loyal and faithful, and that nothing but the shovel and spade shall ever part them.

The general tone of the work is not less characteristic than its conception. Sismonde de Sismondi thinks its style inimitable. "It is written," says Montesquieu, "to prove all others useless." It is full of profound meaning, set in the most sparkling and seductive words. It would be idle to refer any reader of this article to such well-known examples of rhetoric as the oration of Don Quixote to the goatherds about the golden age—that oration which he commenced with his stomach well satisfied and a handful of acorns in his hand, speaking of that happy time as Chrysostom speaks of heaven, "*Ubi non est meum ac tuum frigidum illud verbum.*" It were all one to remind him of how Sancho profited by the occasion in his frequent visits to the skin which was hung from a cork-tree in the hot summer noon to cool. On all the language of the Cavalier of the Lions is graven the Hall-stamp of old chivalric gravity, in all his words we hear the rattling of the sword and the glittering spear and shield, and smell the battle afar off, but in those of Sancho we smell only the wallet's savour and the odour of the skin of wine.

Many translators, save the mark ! have endeavoured to make the Don witty after their own conception of wit. They have succeeded in turning him into a buffoon. They look upon Cervantes' work as a comedy, ignoring, not perceiving probably, the intense sorrow of the tragedy beneath the surface. They are like a child which, pleased with gathering summer flowers in some country churchyard, cares little, or has not yet learned to think, of that which sleeps so deep and dark and silent below. By eliminating this element they ingeniously manage also to rid the story of that contrast of sadness of language and ludicrousness of situation which

is perhaps its most enduring charm. Our readers are well aware that Cervantes' protagonist was as partial to time-honoured terms as Rabelais to *bouquins de haute grasse*, but how seldom are we reminded of this keynote by the voices of his exegetists! His wit and words are modernized alike. Their Don Quixote is the Don Quixote of the comic opera, in three acts, of Barbier and Carré, which was represented a few years ago at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris. Like the girl who disenchanted her lover with frogs and toads leaping from her lips, so Don Quixote somehow loses all his seriousness as soon as he begins to sing. He takes, so doing, the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. The inflections of his voice are intricate, but his conduct is inexplicable. MM. Barbier and Carré have bound him to his *clavileño* as firmly as ever Mezentius fastened the living to the dead.

The episodes have been, as we have already observed, considered by some critics as useless *hors-d'œuvre*. With the single exception, however, of the "Curioso Impertinente," although not strictly necessary (how very little of any work is strictly necessary!) they are yet intimately connected with the general action. With this sole exception, the charming history of the shepherdess Marcela, of Dorothea, and of the nuptials of Gamacho, rise out of the story and make us well content to linger with their beauty, especially in a work whose interest is kept up by no unforeseen *dénoûment*, of which a lady's impatience would in vain consult the end to obtain in a few sentences the essence of the whole, but which one opens here and there as one opens the Bible, with a rare epicurean delight. Even supposing these episodes to be digressive, would any who has read them willingly let them go?

There are, of course, many imitations of *Don Quixote*, more or less bad. We shall only notice two—that under the name of "Avellaneda," and the *Spiritual Quixote*. This Alfonso or Fernandez de Avellaneda is without doubt a pseudonym. Most of the biographers, following one another with the touching enthusiasm of the sheep of Panurge, serving up for ever the same cold meat, give quite a pleasant little history of Avellaneda, as of one who really existed, and inspired by a devil make him a native of Tordesillas, the Turris Syllana of the Romans. But name and country are alike supposititious. The authorship of the work which was published between the parts of that of Cervantes has been attributed to four persons; to André Perez, the Dominican author of *La Picara Justina*, under the title *Fr. Lopez de Ubeda*; secondly, to Fr. Juan Blanco de la Paz, also a Dominican, a companion of Cervantes' captivity; thirdly, to Bartolomé de Argensola, surnamed the historian of Aragon; and, lastly, to Luis Aliaga, father-confessor of Philip III., and a favourite of the Duc de Lerma.

This work of the *soi-disant* Avellaneda was considered worth translation and improvement by Le Sage, who is of opinion that the character of Sancho is better sustained there than in the original. "Sancho," he says, "is always Sancho." He goes so far as to add, Cervantes'



Sancho "veut souvent faire le plaisant, et ne l'est pas; celui de Avellaneda l'est presque toujours sans vouloir l'être."

This family of Avellaneda, of whom the unknown author of the continuation of *Don Quixote* assumed the name, was not without celebrity in Old Castile. Ochoa de Avellaneda was a principal member. "Ochoa" is said in Biscayan to signify "wolf;" and a pair of these animals are the armorial bearings of the family.

The prologue contains the bitterest envy of Cervantes, clearly shown in a charge of envy against him, interlarded with quotations from the Saints Thomas, Gregory, and Paul, with unbounded admiration of Lope de Vega. It bears coarse cruel reference to the maimed hand of the soldier of Lepanto, who has, he says, more tongue than hands. Cervantes' work is full of anger and impatience, the result of composition in gaol. "I," says the author of a preface *menos cacareado*, "am of a very different humour"—he might have added, without fear of contradiction—"and of very different brains." The body of the work is but a poor travestie of the material and realistic portion of that of Cervantes. His *Don Quixote* is degraded from the character of a dreamer lost in the land far fairer than any of this world is allowed to know, into that of an undignified and helpless idiot, whom the author very properly conducts to the hospital of Toledo. Sancho becomes an utter blockhead, who confounds grossness with simplicity, and that which is vile with that which is natural; whose attempts at pleasantry sometimes excite compassion, but more frequently disgust. The whole work is but a faint, feeble shadow of the great original in a sickly sun, the original without which it had long ago been lost, and without which it would, of course, never have been composed.

It may be added, however, that Cervantes was not behind the *soi-disant* Avellaneda in abuse, and that the latter was to a certain extent justified of his child. Cervantes had concluded his work with the verse borrowed from the *Orlando*:—

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.

That other presented himself after a lapse of nine years, and Cervantes received him in high dudgeon. On many occasions he neglects the interest of his work to satisfy his spleen with diatribes against Avellaneda. For instance, in his conversation at the inn at Zaragoza, which *Don Quixote* did not take for a castle, between Don Gerónimo and Don Juan. "Why are you for reading these follies?" asks Don Gerónimo, *apropos* of the book of Avellaneda. "Whoever has read the first part of the *History of Don Quixote* cannot possibly have any pleasure in reading the second." "With all that," replies Don Juan, "it would be well to read it, for there is no book so bad as not to contain something good." Again, in his visit to the printing-house at Barcelona, *Don Quixote* sees this obnoxious volume, and wonders that it has not been burnt to cinders because of its impertinence, and ends with "mas á cada puerco llegará su

S. Martin." And when Altisidora recounts her experiences of the amusements of Hell, she mentions the devils playing at ball with books stuffed with wind and butter. One of these, new and well bound, received a kick that tore out its bowels. "What is that book?" said one devil of another; who answered, "The second part of the *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, composed by an Aragonese, who declares himself a native of Tordesillas." "Away with it," howls the first devil, "down to the abysses of hell, that my eyes may see it no more." "Is it so very bad, then?" asked the other. "So bad, that if I myself wished to make it worse, I should not succeed." Bad as it was, Cervantes more than once imitated it. Clemencin has noted two or three instances; there are others. The adventure of the *Cortes de la Muerte* was preceded by that of the group of comedians in Chapter xxvi. of Avellaneda. In Chapter xxvii. of the same book Don Quixote assists at a representation of a play of the celebrated Lope de Vega Carpio. Here a son, possessed by a devil, in order to obtain revenge for the queen, his mother's, refusal of a certain horse, accuses her of having, during the king's absence, committed adultery with one of his retinue. The woman who plays the part of the queen appears deeply affected by this false witness. Then Don Quixote, seeing that there were none on her side, rises in extreme wrath, crying "It is a villanous wickedness," &c., and rushes on the actors who bore false witness, as Cervantes makes him rush on the puppets of Maese Pedro. It may be said that the story of Avellaneda is more natural than that of Cervantes; it is, however, a question whether it is more entertaining. The sweet chord of literary revenge echoed to the last. "Item"—thus runs the last paragraph of the will of Alonso Quijano the Good, no more Don Quixote de la Mancha—"Item. I beseech the said gentlemen (the Curate and Bachelor Sanson Carrasco) my executors, that if haply they shall come to the knowledge of the author who they say composed a history which goes about with the title of *The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote*, that they will on my part, as kindly as they are able, beg him to pardon me for having been the innocent occasion of his writing so many and monstrous absurdities as he has therein written, for I quit this life with some scruple of conscience arising from that consideration."

The so-called translation of Le Sage by no means gives an exact idea of the original, attributed to Avellaneda, and the only English translation that the writer is acquainted with, by Mr. Baker, published in 1745, with curious cuts, being advertised as "translated from the original Spanish," is, of course, a bad version of the French of Le Sage. His work is no more a translation of Avellaneda than his *Diable Boiteux* is a translation of *El diablo Cojuelo* of Guevara. To give an instance—Don Quixote, according to Le Sage, is shot through the head with a brace of bullets by an enraged trooper whom he meets about two hundred paces from Argamasilla, while in the original, after marching onward continually, like Ahasuerus, he finds his goal in the mad hospital of Toledo. It may be the author intended by this *dénoûment* to show that the rest of the

world was not mad. Fully armed, mounted on the much-enduring Rozinante, La Mancha's knight enters, and the door closes on the imitator of Amadis de Gaula and his grinning companions in distress.

The only other imitation of *Don Quixote* to which we can here allude is the *Spiritual Quixote* of Richard Graves, rector of Claverton. This representation of a summer's ramble of Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose, its hero, with a thick-set little crazy cobbler for his squire, Jeremiah Tugwell or Tagwell or Tackwell (for learning was at a low ebb in the family, and the orthography is somewhat dubious, and there were some who declared it should be Tugwool by synecdoche for Tag-mutton), was, at the time of its production about a century ago, extremely popular. It is a satire on Methodism and a certain Mr. Whitfield supposed to have invented it. When Wildgoose lamented the sad decay of Christian piety, Jeremiah sadly shook his head, and when his master asserted the preference of faith over works, "Yes, yes," cried Jerry, "faith's all; our good works are no better than 'filthy rags' in the sight of God." Jerry has a wife Dorothy, who "wears that emblem of sovereignty the breeches," and the two meet with adventures conceived in a style approaching, *longo intervallo*, that of Cervantes. The object of the work seems to have been to extinguish, if possible, those idle itinerant preachers who, having in view the pleasing of old women and the filling of their pockets, did then as now their ignorant best to bring what is called religion into contempt.

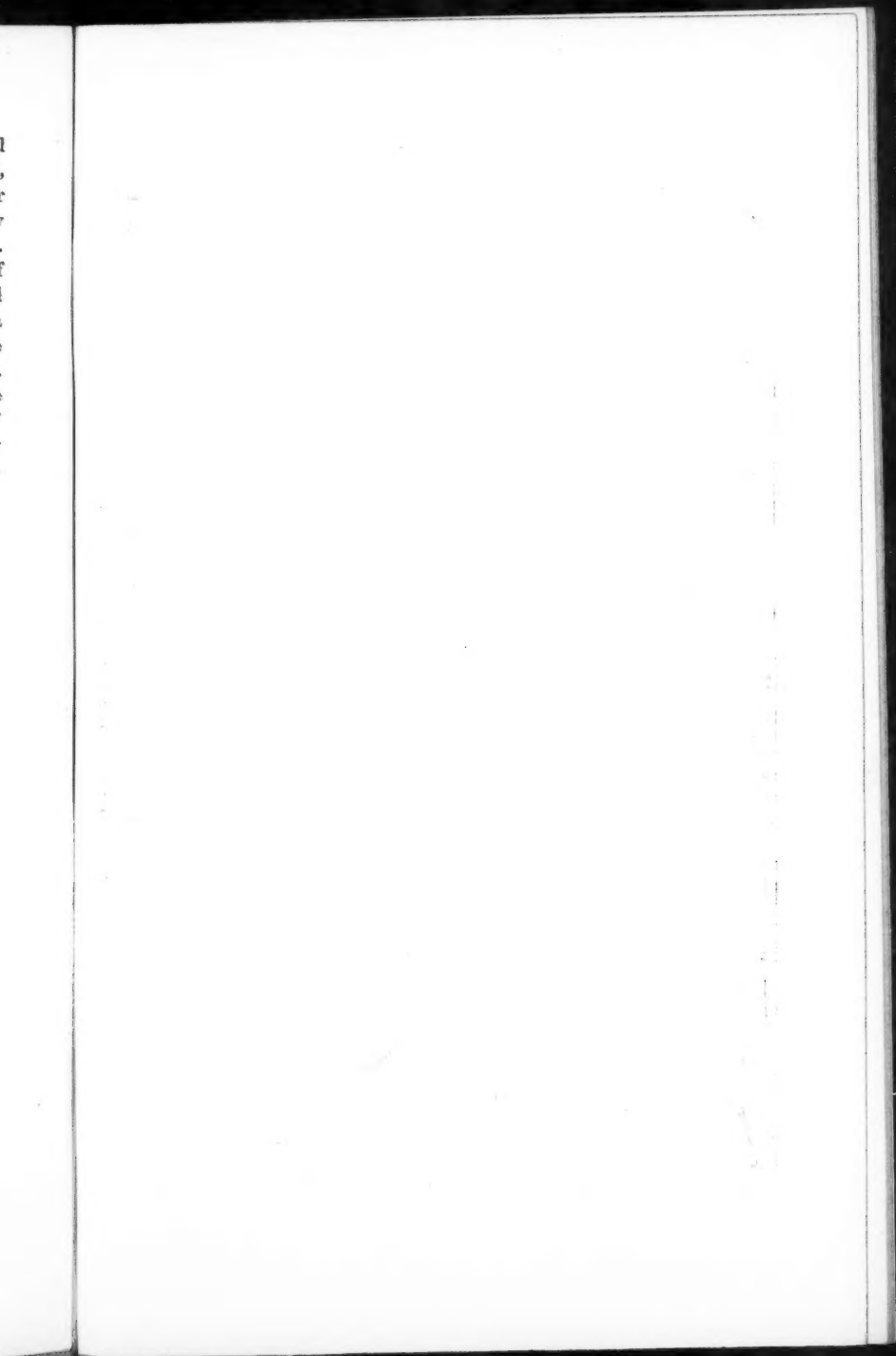
Even Sancho has found one to chronicle his farther adventures after the death of his liege—Jacinto Maria Delgado, who wrote a volume modestly entitled, *Adiciones a la historia del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*; but the composition only proves that Sancho Panza's ass was not a beast for everyone to ride.

The writer of an episode in the Mahabharata, that great epic of India, says that as waters in a tank may be used for drinking, washing, cooking, bathing, and many other purposes, so the texts of Scripture can be converted by priests in many ways to their own interests. This wresting of signification has obtained as well in all famous pictures as in all famous books, and *Don Quixote* is not without it. No matter how diverse the stories, from the Bible and Dante's Divine Comedy to the most lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth of Dame Durden and her dog, allegories have been detected by the ingenious; therefore also *Don Quixote* has been supposed to be an allegory. Cervantes has been treated as Homer was treated by Democritus of Abdera, or Dante in modern days by Ozanam and King John of Saxony; but the Greek Minerva was born mature from the brain of Homer and the Italian from that of Dante, while the Spanish Minerva was already almost adult when Cervantes wrote. Compared to Lope and Calderon, Cervantes was but a lay gent.

There are who, not without many and learned arguments, have supposed Cervantes meant to represent the Emperor Charles V. by his hero; while John Bowle, who deserves so much and has received so little for his labours, thinks Ignacio Loyola might have been pitched upon. Loyola in youth was certainly much addicted to books of knight-errantry, and pass-

ing over that narrow and indeterminate border line between romance and religion, transferred his affections subsequently to the *Flos Sanctorum*, resolving to imitate what he there read. Like Don Quixote, this cavalier of Christ is said to have watched his new arms a whole night long, partly on foot, partly on his knees before the image of Our Lady of Monserrate. There are those who see in the carrier lover of Maritornes a townsman of Arévalo, because a townsman of Arévalo had once done Cervantes an ill turn. Cide Hamete Benengeli is called "autor arábigo y manchego," as a nipping taunt of the people of La Mancha for their mixed blood. The Licentiate Alonso Perez de Aleobendas is Blanco de Paz anagrammatized. Dulcinea is a lady of Tobosa named Ana Zarco de Morales. Don Quixote himself is a certain Quijada de Salazar, who had opposed Cervantes' marriage with Doña Catalina Palacios, and Sancho is discovered to be Fray Luis de Aliaga, probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, from there being no conceivable connection between them. Those who indulge in these fantasies are like that beetle which, carefully avoiding rose leaves, eeds on dung. They search for allusions, ridiculous or morally evil, but none, or very few, venture to find an original for such noble characters as the Caballero del Verde Gaban, "el primer santo á la ginetá." None venture to say to whom Cervantes alludes in the figures of Cardenio, Luscinda, or Dorothea, and to what circumstance he owes that delicate and pure love of Don Luis and Doña Clara—a picture as fair as that of Paul and Virginia, or Romeo and Juliet, and which might detain on his mission from Paradise an angel, if angels are now sent, as the Merciful Majesty once sent Raphael to Tobit and the daughter of Raguel. The same madness which inspired Don Quixote in the braving of the warriors of those armies which turned out, after all, no other warriors than these have turned out, mere sheep, this madness seems to have inspired those subtle ones who have detected cavaliers of the court of Philip III. in Alifanfaron de la Trapobana, Brandabarbaran, Micocolemo, and Pentapolin of the tucked-up sleeve. An ingenious commentator, under this point of view, makes the hero the Duke de Lerma, principally relying on a supposed resemblance between the traits of the Cavalier of La Mancha and those of the minister of Philip III. It would be difficult to disprove this likeness at the present day, but those who have thought the conceit worthy of their confutation have reminded us that Cervantes received a pension from this Duke's friend, the Count de Lemos, and that he would scarcely dedicate the second portion of his work to him whose avowed friend had been ridiculed in the first. But there is some trifling point of resemblance, and this is enough. Those who delight in these subtleties are as easily satisfied as Dorothea, who, when Don Quixote was about to undress himself to afford her ocular evidence of his bearing the mole, the stamp of her deliverer, about the exact situation of which some doubt was entertained, said to extricate herself from this emergency, "Whether it be on the shoulder or the backbone or elsewhere is of little consequence. It is enough that you have a mole."

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HE SAW A BATHER CARRIED ALONG IN THE CURRENT.



## Far from the Madding Crowd.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

#### DOUBTS ARISE : DOUBTS VANISH.



ATHSHEBA underwent the enlargement of her husband's absence from hours to days with a slight feeling of surprise, and a slight feeling of relief; yet neither sensation rose at any time far above the level commonly designated as indifference. She belonged to him : the certainties of that position were so well defined, and the reasonable probabilities of its issue so bounded, that she could not speculate on contingencies. Taking no further interest in herself as a splendid woman, she acquired the indifferent feelings of an outsider in

contemplating her probable fate as an interesting wretch ; for Bathsheba drew herself and her future in colours that no reality could exceed for darkness. Her original vigorous pride of youth had sickened, and with it had declined all her anxieties about coming years, since anxiety recognises a better and a worse alternative, and Bathsheba had made up her mind that alternatives on any noteworthy scale had ceased for her. Soon, or later—and that not very late—her husband would be home again. And then the days of their tenancy of the Upper Farm would be numbered. There had originally been shown by the agent to the estate some distrust of Bathsheba's tenure as James Everdene's successor, on the score of her sex, and her youth, and her beauty ; but the peculiar nature of her uncle's will, his own frequent testimony before his death to her cleverness in such a pursuit, and her vigorous marshalling of the numerous flocks and herds which came suddenly into her hands before negotiations were concluded, had won

confidence in her powers, and no further objections had been raised. She had latterly been in great doubt as to what the legal effects of her marriage would be upon her position; but no notice had been taken as yet of her change of name, and only one point was clear, that in the event of her own or of her husband's inability to meet the agent at the forthcoming January rent-day very little consideration would be shown, and, for that matter, very little would be deserved. Once out of the farm, the approach of poverty would be sure.

Hence Bathsheba lived in a perception that her purposes were broken off. She was not a woman who could hope on without good materials for the process, differing thus from the less farsighted and energetic, though more petted ones of the sex, with whom hope goes on as a sort of clock-work which the merest food and shelter are sufficient to wind up; and perceiving clearly that her mistake had been a fatal one, she accepted her position, and waited coldly for the end.

The first Saturday after Troy's departure she went to Casterbridge alone, a journey she had not before taken since her marriage. On this Saturday Bathsheba was passing slowly on foot through the crowd of rural business-men gathered as usual in front of the market-house, and as usual gazed upon by the burghers with feelings that those healthy lives were dearly paid for by the lack of possible aldermanship, when a man, who had apparently been following her, said some words to another on her left hand. Bathsheba's ears were keen as those of any wild animal, and she distinctly heard what the speaker said, though her back was towards him.

"I am looking for Mrs. Troy. Is that she there?"

"Yes; that's the young lady, I believe," said the person addressed.

"I have some awkward news to break to her. Her husband is drowned."

As if endowed with the spirit of prophecy, Bathsheba gasped out, "Oh, it is not true; it cannot be true!" Then she said and heard no more. The ice of self-command which had latterly gathered over her was broken, and the currents burst forth again, and overwhelmed her. A darkness came into her eyes, and she fell.

But not to the ground. A gloomy man, who had been observing her from under the portico of the old corn-exchange when she passed through the group without, stepped quickly to her side at the moment of her exclamation, and caught her in his arms as she sank down.

"What is it?" said Boldwood, looking up at the bringer of the big news as he supported her.

"Her husband was drowned this week while bathing in Carrow Cove. A coastguardsman found his clothes and brought them into Budmouth yesterday."

Thereupon a strange fire lighted up Boldwood's eye, and his face flushed with the suppressed excitement of an unutterable thought. Everybody's glance was now centred upon him and the unconscious Bathsheba. He lifted her bodily off the ground, and smoothed down the folds of her dress as a child might have taken a storm-beaten bird and

arranged its ruffled plumes, and bore her along the pavement to the Three Choughs Inn. Here he passed with her under the archway into a private room, and by the time he had deposited—so lothly—the precious burden upon a sofa, Bathsheba had opened her eyes, and remembering all that had occurred, murmured “I want to go home!”

Boldwood left the room. He stood for a moment in the passage to recover his senses. The experience had been too much for his consciousness to keep up with, and now that he had grasped it it had gone again. For those few heavenly golden moments she had been in his arms. What did it matter about her not knowing it? She had been close to his breast; he had been close to hers.

He started onward again, and sending a woman to her, went out to ascertain all the facts of the case. These appeared to be limited to what he had already heard. He then ordered her horse to be put into the gig, and when all was ready returned to inform her. He found that though still pale and unwell, she had in the meantime sent for the Budmouth man who brought the tidings, and learnt from him all there was to know.

Being hardly in a condition to drive home as she had driven to town, Boldwood, with every delicacy of manner and feeling, offered to get her a driver, or to give her a seat in his phaeton, which was more comfortable than her own conveyance. These proposals Bathsheba gently declined, and the farmer at once departed. About half an hour later she invigorated herself by an effort, and took her seat and the reins as usual—in external appearance much as if nothing had happened. She went out of the town by a tortuous back street, and drove slowly along, unconscious of the road and the scene. The first shades of evening were showing themselves when Bathsheba reached home, when, silently alighting and leaving the horse in the hands of the boy, she proceeded at once upstairs. Liddy met her on the landing. The news had preceded Bathsheba to Weatherbury by half an hour, and Liddy looked inquiringly into her mistress's face. Bathsheba had nothing to say.

She entered her bedroom and sat by the window, and thought and thought till night enveloped her, and the extreme lines only of her shape were visible. Somebody came to the door, knocked, and opened it.

“Well, what is it, Liddy?” she said.

“I was thinking there must be something got for you to wear,” said Liddy, with hesitation.

“What do you mean?”

“Mourning.”

“No, no, no,” said Bathsheba, hurriedly.

“But I suppose there must be something done for poor——”

“Not at present, I think. It is not necessary.”

“Why not, ma'am?”

“Because he's still alive.”

“How do you know that?” said Liddy, amazed.

"I don't know it. But wouldn't it have been different, or shouldn't I have heard more, or wouldn't they have found him, Liddy?—or—I don't know how it is, but death would have been different from how this is. I am full of a feeling that he is still alive!"

Bathsheba remained firm in this opinion till Monday, when two circumstances conjoined to shake it. The first was a short paragraph in the local newspaper, which, beyond making by a methodizing pen formidable presumptive evidence of Troy's death by drowning, contained the important testimony of a young Mr. Barker, M.D., of Budmouth, who spoke to being an eye-witness of the accident, in a letter to the editor. In this he stated that he was passing over the cliff on the remoter side of the cove just as the sun was setting. At that time he saw a bather carried along in the current outside the mouth of the cove, and guessed in an instant that there was but a poor chance for him unless he should be possessed of unusual muscular powers. He drifted behind a projection of the coast, and Mr. Barker followed along the shore in the same direction. But by the time that he could reach an elevation sufficiently great to command a view of the sea beyond, dusk had set in, and nothing further was to be seen.

The other circumstance was the arrival of his clothes, when it became necessary for her to examine and identify them—though this had virtually been done long before by those who inspected the letters in his pockets. It was so evident to her in the midst of her agitation that Troy had undressed in the full conviction of dressing again almost immediately, that the notion that anything but death could have prevented him was never entertained.

Then Bathsheba said to herself that others were assured in their opinion, and why should not she be? A strange reflection occurred to her, causing her face to flush. Troy had left her, and followed Fanny into another world. Had he done this intentionally, yet contrived to make his death appear like an accident? Oddly enough, this thought of how the apparent might differ from the real—made vivid by her bygone jealousy of Fanny, and the remorse he had shown that night—blinded her to the perception of any other possible difference, less tragic, but to herself far more terrible.

When alone late that evening beside a small fire, and much calmed down, Bathsheba took Troy's watch into her hand, which had been restored to her with the rest of the articles belonging to him. She opened the case as he had opened it before her a week ago. There was the little coil of pale hair which had been as the fuze to this great explosion.

"He was hers and she was his, and they are gone together," she said. "I am nothing to either of them, and why should I keep her hair?" She took it in her hand, and held it over the fire. "No—I'll not burn it—I'll keep it in memory of her, poor thing!" she added, snatching back her hand.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## OAK'S ADVANCEMENT: A GREAT HOPE.

THE later autumn and the winter drew on apace, and the leaves lay thick upon the turf of the glades and the mosses of the woods. Bathsheba, having previously been living in a state of suspended feeling which was not suspense, now lived in a mood of quietude which was not precisely peacefulness. While she had known him to be alive she could have thought of his death with equanimity; but now that she believed she had lost him, she regretted that he was not hers still. She kept the farm going, raked in her profits without caring keenly about them, and expended money on ventures because she had done so in bygone days, which, though not long gone by, seemed infinitely removed from her present. She looked back upon that past over a great gulf, as if she were now a dead person, having the faculty of meditation still left in her, by means of which, like the mouldering gentlefolk of the poet's story, she could sit and ponder what a gift life used to be.

However, one excellent result of her general apathy was the long-delayed installation of Oak as bailiff; but he having virtually exercised that function for a long time already, the change, beyond the substantial increase of wages it brought, was little more than a nominal one addressed to the outside world.

Boldwood lived secluded and inactive. Much of his wheat and all his barley of that season had been spoilt by the rain. It sprouted, grew into intricate mats, and was ultimately thrown to the pigs in armfuls. The strange neglect which had produced this ruin and waste became the subject of whispered talk among all the people round; and it was elicited from one of Boldwood's men that forgetfulness had nothing to do with it, for he had been reminded of the danger to his corn as many times and as persistently as inferiors dared to do. The sight of the pigs turning in disgust from the rotten ears seemed to arouse Boldwood, and he one evening sent for Oak. Whether it was suggested by Bathsheba's recent act of promotion or not, the farmer proposed at the interview that Gabriel should undertake the superintendence of the Lower Farm as well as of Bathsheba's, because of the necessity Boldwood felt for such aid, and the impossibility of discovering a more trustworthy man. Gabriel's malignant star was assuredly setting fast.

Bathsheba, when she learnt of this proposal—for Oak was obliged to consult her—at first languidly objected. She considered that the two farms together were too extensive for the observation of one man. Boldwood, who was apparently determined by personal rather than commercial reasons, suggested that Oak should be furnished with a horse for his sole use, when the plan would present no difficulty, the two farms lying side by side. Boldwood did not directly communicate with her during these negotiations, only speaking to Oak, who was the go-between throughout.

All was harmoniously arranged at last, and we now see Oak mounted on a strong cob, and daily trotting the length and breadth of about two thousand acres in a cheerful spirit of surveillance, as if the crops all belonged to him,—the actual mistress of the one half, and the master of the other, sitting in their respective homes in gloomy and sad seclusion.

Out of this there arose during the spring succeeding, a talk in the parish that Gabriel Oak was feathering his nest fast. "Whatever d'ye think," said Susan Tall, "Gable Oak is coming it quite the dand. He now wears shining boots with hardly a hob in 'em, two or three times a-week, and a tall hat a-Sundays, and 'a hardly knows the name of smockfrock. When I see people strut enough to be cut up into bantam cocks, I stand dormant with wonder, and says no more."

It was eventually known that Gabriel, though paid a fixed wage by Bathsheba independent of the fluctuations of agricultural profits, had made an engagement with Boldwood by which Oak was to receive a share of the receipts—a small share certainly, yet it was money of a higher quality than mere wages, and capable of expansion in a way that wages were not. Some were beginning to consider Oak a near man, for though his condition had thus far improved, he lived in no better style than before, occupying the same cottage, paring his own potatoes, mending his stockings, and sometimes even making his bed with his own hands. But as Oak was not only provokingly indifferent to public opinion, but a man who clung persistently to old habits and usages, simply because they were old, there was room for doubt as to his motives.

A great hope had latterly germinated in Boldwood, whose unreasoning devotion to Bathsheba could only be characterized as a fond madness which neither time nor circumstance, evil nor good report, could weaken or destroy. This fevered hope had grown up again like a grain of mustard-seed during the quiet which followed the universal belief that Troy was drowned. He nourished it fearfully, and almost shunned the contemplation of it in earnest, lest facts should reveal the wildness of the dream. Bathsheba having at last been persuaded to wear mourning, her appearance as she entered the church in that guise was in itself a weekly addition to his faith that a time was coming—very far off perhaps, yet surely nearing—when his waiting on events should have its reward. How long he might have to wait he had not yet closely considered. What he would try to recognise was, that the severe schooling she had been subjected to had made Bathsheba much more considerate than she had formerly been of the feelings of others, and he trusted that, should she be willing at any time in the future to marry any man at all, that man would be himself. There was a substratum of good feeling in her: her self-reproach for the injury she had thoughtlessly done him might be depended upon now to a much greater extent than before her infatuation and disappointment. It would be possible to approach her by the channel of her good-nature, and to suggest a friendly business-like compact between them for fulfilment at some future day, keeping the passionate side of his desire entirely out of her sight. Such was Boldwood's hope.



To the eyes of the middle-aged, Bathsheba was perhaps additionally charming just now. Her exuberance of spirit was pruned down; the original phantom of delight had shown herself to be not too bright for human nature's daily food, and she had been able to enter this second poetical phase without losing much of the first in the process.

Bathsheba's return from a two month's visit to her old aunt at Norcombe afforded the impassioned and yearning farmer a pretext for inquiring directly after her—now presumably in the ninth month of her widowhood—and endeavouring to get a notion of her state of mind regarding him. This occurred in the middle of the haymaking, and Boldwood contrived to be near Liddy, who was assisting in the fields.

"I am glad to see you out of doors, Lydia," he said, pleasantly.

She simpered, and wondered in her heart why he should speak so frankly to her.

"I hope Mrs. Troy is quite well after her long absence," he continued, in a manner expressing that the coldest-hearted neighbour could scarcely say less about her.

"She is quite well, sir."

"And cheerful, I suppose?"

"Yes, cheerful."

"Fearful, did you say?"

"O no. I merely said she was cheerful."

"Tells you all her affairs?"

"No, sir."

"Some of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Troy puts much confidence in you, Lydia; and very wisely perhaps."

"She do, sir. I've been with her all through her troubles, and was with her at the time of Mr. Troy's death and all. And if she were to marry again I expect I should bide with her."

"She promises that you shall—quite natural," said the strategic lover, throbbing throughout him at the presumption which Liddy's words appeared to warrant—that his darling had thought of re-marriage.

"No—she doesn't promise it exactly. I merely judge on my own account."

"Yes, yes, I understand. When she alludes to the possibility of marrying again, you conclude——"

"She never do allude to it, sir," said Liddy, thinking how very stupid Mr. Boldwood was getting.

"Of course not," he returned hastily, his hope falling again. "You needn't take quite such long reaches with your rake, Lydia—short and quick ones are best. Well, perhaps, as she is absolute mistress again now, it is wise of her to resolve never to give up her freedom."

"My mistress did certainly once say, though not seriously, that she supposed she might marry again at the end of seven years from last year, if she wished."

"Ah, six years from the present time. Said that she might. She might marry at once in every reasonable person's opinion, whatever the lawyers may say to the contrary."

"Have you been to ask them?" said Liddy, innocently.

"Not I!" said Boldwood, growing red. "Liddy, you needn't stay here a minute later than you wish, so Mr. Oak says. I am now going on a little further. Good afternoon."

He went away vexed with himself and ashamed of having for this one time in his life done anything which could be called underhand. Poor Boldwood had no more skill in finesse than a battering-ram, and he was uneasy with a sense of having made himself to appear stupid and, what was worse, mean. But he had, after all, lighted upon one fact by way of repayment. It was a singularly fresh and fascinating fact, and though not without its sadness it was pertinent and real. In little more than six years from this time Bathsheba might certainly marry him. There was something definite in that hope, for admitting that there might have been no deep thought in her words to Liddy about marriage, they showed at least her creed on the matter.

This pleasant notion was now continually in his mind. Six years were a long time, but how much shorter than never, the idea he had for so long been obliged to endure! Jacob had served twice seven years for Rachel: what were six for such a woman as this? He tried to like the notion of waiting for her better than that of winning her at once. Boldwood felt his love to be so deep and strong and eternal, that it was possible she had never yet known its full volume, and this patience in delay would afford him an opportunity of giving sweet proof on the point. He would annihilate the six years of his life as if they were minutes—so little did he value his time on earth beside her love. He would let her see, all those six years of intangible ethereal courtship, how little care he had for anything but as it bore upon the consummation.

Meanwhile the early and the late summer brought round the week in which Greenhill Fair was held. This fair was frequently attended by the folk of Weatherbury.

#### CHAPTER L.

##### THE SHEEP FAIR: TRÖY TOUCHES HIS WIFE'S HAND.

GREENHILL was the Nijnii Novgorod of Wessex; and the busiest, merriest, noisiest day of the whole statute number was the day of the sheep-fair. This yearly gathering was upon the summit of a hill which retained in good preservation the remains of an ancient earthwork, consisting of a huge rampart and entrenchment of an oval form encircling the top of the hill, though somewhat broken down here and there. To each of the two chief openings on opposite sides a winding road ascended, and the level green space of twenty or thirty acres enclosed by the bank was the site of the fair. A few permanent erections dotted the spot, but

the majority of visitors patronised canvas alone for resting and feeding under during the time of their sojourn here.

Shepherds who attended with their flocks from long distances started from home two or three days, or even a week, before the fair, driving their charges a few miles each day—not more than ten or twelve—and resting them at night in hired fields by the wayside at previously chosen points, where they fed, having fasted since morning. The shepherd of each flock marched behind, a bundle containing his kit for the week strapped upon his shoulders, and in his hand his crook, which he used as the staff of his pilgrimage. Several of the sheep would get worn and lame, and occasionally a lambing occurred on the road. To meet these contingencies, there was frequently provided, to accompany the flocks from the remoter points, a pony and waggon into which the weakly ones were taken for the remainder of the journey.

The Weatherbury Farms, however, were no such long distance from the hill, and those arrangements were not necessary in their case. But the large united flocks of Bathsheba and Farmer Boldwood formed a valuable and imposing multitude which demanded much attention, and on this account Gabriel, in addition to Boldwood's shepherd and Cain Ball, accompanied them along the way—old George the dog of course behind them.

When the autumn sun slanted over Greenhill this morning and lighted the dewy flat upon its crest, nebulous clouds of dust were to be seen floating between the pairs of hedges which streaked the wide prospects around in all directions. These gradually converged upon the base of the hill, and the flocks became individually visible, climbing the serpentine ways which led to the top. Thus, in a slow procession, they entered the openings to which the roads wended, multitude after multitude, horned and hornless—blue flocks and red flocks, buff flocks and brown flocks, even green and salmon-tinted flocks, according to the fancy of the colourist and custom of the farm. Men were shouting, dogs were barking, with greatest animation, but the thronging travellers in so long a journey had grown nearly indifferent to such terrors, though they still bleated piteously at the unwontedness of their experiences, a tall shepherd rising here and there in the midst of them, like a gigantic idol amid a crowd of prostrate devotees.

The great mass of sheep in the fair consisted of South Downs and the old Wessex horned breeds; to the latter class Bathsheba's and Farmer Boldwood's mainly belonged. These filed in about nine o'clock, their vermiculated horns lopping gracefully on each side of their cheeks in geometrically perfect spirals, a small pink and white ear nestling under each horn. Before and behind came other varieties, perfect leopards as to the full rich substance of their coats, and only lacking the spots. There were also a few of the Oxfordshire breed, whose wool was beginning to curl like a child's flaxen hair, though surpassed in this respect by the effeminate Leicesters, which were in turn less curly than the Cotswolds. But

the most picturesque by far was a small flock of Exmoors, which chanced to be there this year. Their pied faces and legs, dark and heavy horns, tresses of wool hanging round their swarthy foreheads, quite relieved the monotony of the flocks in that quarter. All these bleating, panting, and weary thousands had entered and were penned before the morning had far advanced, the dog belonging to each flock being tied to the corner of the pen containing it. Alleys for pedestrians intersected the pens, which soon became crowded with buyers and sellers from far and near.

In another part of the hill an altogether different scene began to force itself upon the eye towards midday. A circular tent, of exceptional newness and size, was in course of erection here. As the day drew on, the flocks began to change hands, lightening the shepherds' responsibilities; and they turned their attention to this tent, and inquired of a man at work there, whose soul seemed concentrated on tying a bothering knot in no time, what was going on.

"The Royal Hippodrome Performance of Turpin's Ride to York and the Death of Black Bess," replied the man promptly, without turning his eyes or leaving off tying.

As soon as the tent was completed, the band struck up highly stimulating harmonies, and the announcement was publicly made, Black Bess standing in a conspicuous position on the outside, as a living proof, if proof were wanted, of the truth of the oracular utterances from the stage over which the people were to enter. These were so convinced by such genuine appeals to heart and understanding both that they soon began to crowd in abundantly, among the foremost being visible Jan Coggan and Joseph Poorgrass, who were holiday keeping here to-day.

"That's the great ruffin pushing me!" screamed a woman, in front of Jan, over her shoulder to him when the rush was at its fiercest.

"How can I help pushing ye when the folk behind push me?" said Coggan, in a deprecating tone, turning his head towards the aforesaid folk as far as he could without turning his body, which was jammed as in a vice.

There was a silence; then the drums and trumpets again sent forth their echoing notes. The crowd was again ecstasied, and gave another lurch in which Coggan and Poorgrass were again thrust by those behind upon the women in front.

"O that helpless feymels should be at the mercy of such ruffins!" exclaimed one of these ladies again, as she swayed like a reed shaken by the wind.

"Now," said Coggan, appealing in an earnest voice to the public at large as it stood clustered about his shoulder-blades, "did ye ever hear such a unreasonable woman as that? Upon my carcase, neighbours, if I could only get out of this cheesewring, the d—— women might eat the show for me!"

"Don't ye lose yer temper, Jan!" implored Joseph Poorgrass, in a whisper. "They might get their men to murder us, for I think by the shine of their eyes that they are a sinful form of womankind."

Jan held his tongue, as if he had no objection to be pacified to please

a friend, and they gradually reached the foot of the ladder, Poorgrass being flattened like a jumping-jack, and the sixpence, for admission, which he had got ready half an hour earlier, having become so reeking hot in the tight squeeze of his excited hand that the woman in spangles, brazen rings set with glass diamonds, and with chalked face and shoulders, who took the money of him, hastily dropped it again from a fear that some trick had been played to burn her fingers. So they all entered, and the sides of the tent, to the eyes of an observer on the outside, became bulged into innumerable pimples such as we observe on a sack of potatoes, caused by the various human heads, backs, and elbows at high-pressure within.

At the rear of the large tent there were two small dressing-tents. One of these, allotted to the male performers, was partitioned into halves by a cloth; and in one of the divisions there was sitting on the grass, pulling on a pair of jack-boots, a young man whom we instantly recognise as Sergeant Troy.

Troy's appearance in this position may be briefly accounted for. The brig aboard which he was taken in Budmouth Roads was about to start on a voyage, though somewhat short of hands. Troy read the articles and joined, and, before they sailed, a boat was despatched across the bay to Carrow Cove; but, as he had half expected, his clothes were gone. He ultimately worked his passage to the United States, where he made a precarious living in various towns as Professor of Gymnastics, Sword Exercise, Fencing, and Pugilism. A few months were sufficient to give him a distaste for this kind of life. There was a certain animal form of refinement in his nature; and however pleasant a strange condition might be whilst privations were easily warded off, it was disadvantageously coarse when money was short. There was ever present, too, the idea that he could claim a home and its comforts did he but choose to return to England and Weatherbury Farm. Whether Bathsheba thought him dead was a frequent subject of curious conjecture. To England he did return at last; but the fact of drawing nearer to Weatherbury abstracted its fascinations, and his intention to enter his old groove at that place became modified. It was with gloom he considered on landing at Liverpool that if he were to go home his reception would be of a kind very unpleasant to contemplate; for what Troy had in the way of emotion was an occasional fitful sentiment which sometimes caused him as much inconvenience as emotion of a strong and healthy kind. Bathsheba was not a woman to be made a fool of, or a woman to suffer in silence; and how could he endure existence with a spirited wife to whom at first entering he would be beholden for food and lodging? Moreover, it was not at all unlikely that his wife would fail at her farming, if she had not already done so; and he would then become liable for her maintenance: and what a life and future of poverty with her would be, the spectre of Fanny constantly between them, harrowing his temper and embittering her words! Thus, for reasons touching on distaste, regret, and shame mingled, he put off his return from day to day, and would have decided to

put it off altogether if he could have found anywhere else the ready-made establishment which existed for him there.

At this time—the July preceding the September in which we find him at Greenhill Fair—he fell in with a travelling circus which was performing in the outskirts of a northern town. Troy introduced himself to the manager by taming a restive horse of the troupe, hitting a suspended apple with a pistol-bullet fired from the animal's back when in full gallop, and other feats. For his merits in these—all more or less based upon his experiences as a dragoon-guardsman—Troy was taken into the company, and the play of Turpin was prepared with a view to his personation of the chief character. Troy was not greatly elated by the appreciative spirit in which he was undoubtedly treated, but he thought the engagement might afford him a few weeks for consideration. It was thus carelessly, and without having formed any definite plan for the future, that Troy found himself at Greenhill Fair with the rest of the company on this day.

And now the mild autumn sun got lower, and in front of the pavilion the following incident had taken place. Bathsheba—who was driven to the fair that day by her odd man Poorgrass—had, like every one else, read or heard the announcement that Mr. Francis, the Great Cosmopolite Equestrian and Roughrider, would enact the part of Turpin, and she was not yet too old and careworn to be without a little curiosity to see him. This particular show was by far the largest and grandest in the fair, a horde of little shows grouping themselves under its shade like chickens around a hen. The crowd had passed in, and Boldwood, who had been watching all the day for an opportunity of speaking to her, seeing her comparatively isolated, came up to her side.

"I hope the sheep have done well to-day, Mrs. Troy?" he said nervously.

"O yes, thank you," said Bathsheba, colour springing up in the centre of her cheeks. "I was fortunate enough to sell them all before we got upon the hill, so we hadn't to pen at all."

"And now you are entirely at leisure?"

"Yes, except that I have to see one more dealer in two hours time: otherwise I should be going home. I was looking at this large tent and the announcement. Have you ever seen the play of 'Turpin's Ride to York?' Turpin was a real man, was he not?"

"O yes, perfectly true—all of it. Indeed, I think I've heard Jan Coggan say that a relation of his knew Tom King, Turpin's friend, quite well."

"Coggan is rather given to strange stories connected with his relations, we must remember. I hope they can all be believed."

"Yes, yes; we know Coggan. But Turpin is true enough. You have never seen it played, I suppose?"

"Never. I was not allowed to go into these places when I was young. Hark! what's that prancing? How they shout!"



"Black Bess just starting off, I suppose. Am I right in supposing you would like to see the performance, Mrs. Troy? Please excuse my mistake, if it is one; but if you would like to, I'll get a seat for you with pleasure." Perceiving that she hesitated, he added, "I myself shall not stay to see it: I've seen it before."

Now Bathsheba did care a little to see the show, and had only withheld her feet from the ladder because she feared to go in alone. She had been hoping that Oak might appear, whose assistance in such cases was always accepted as an inalienable right, but Oak was nowhere to be seen; and hence it was that she said, "Then if you will just look in first, to see if there's room, I think I will go in for a minute or two."

And so a short time after this Bathsheba appeared in the tent with Boldwood at her elbow, who, taking her to a "reserved" seat, again withdrew.

This feature consisted of one raised bench in a very conspicuous part of the circle, covered with red cloth, and floored with a piece of carpet, and Bathsheba immediately found, to her confusion, that she was the single reserved individual in the tent, the rest of the crowded spectators one and all standing on their legs on the borders of the arena, where they got twice as good a view of the performance for half the money. Hence as many eyes were turned upon her, enthroned alone in this place of honour, against a scarlet background, as upon the ponies and clown who were engaged in preliminary exploits in the centre, Turpin not having yet appeared. Once there, Bathsheba was forced to make the best of it and remain: she sat down, spreading her skirts with some dignity over the unoccupied space on each side of her, and giving a new and feminine aspect to the pavilion. In a few minutes she noticed the fat red nape of Coggan's neck among those standing just below her, and Joseph Poorgrass's saintly profile a little further on.

The interior was shadowy with a peculiar shade. The strange luminous semi-opacities of fine autumn afternoons and eves intensified into Rembrandt effects the few yellow sunbeams which came through holes and divisions in the canvas, and spirted like jets of gold-dust across the dusky blue atmosphere of haze pervading the tent, until they alighted on inner surfaces of cloth opposite, and shone like little lamps suspended there.

Troy, on peeping from his dressing-tent through a slit for a reconnoitre before entering, saw his unconscious wife on high before him as described, sitting as queen of the tournament. He started back in utter confusion, for although his disguise effectually concealed his personality, he instantly felt that she would be sure to recognise his voice. He had several times during the day thought of the possibility of some Weatherbury person or other appearing and recognising him; but he had taken the risk carelessly. If they see me, let them, he had said. But here was Bathsheba in her own person; and the reality of the scene was so much intenser than any of his prefigurings that he felt he had not half enough considered the point. She looked so charming and fair that his

cool mood about Weatherbury people was changed. He had not expected her to exercise this power over him in the twinkling of an eye. Should he go on, and care nothing? He could not bring himself to do that. Beyond a politic wish to remain unknown, there suddenly arose in him now a sense of shame at the possibility that his attractive young wife, who already despised him, should despise him more by discovering him in so mean a condition after so long a time. He actually blushed at the thought, and was vexed beyond measure that his sentiments of dislike towards Weatherbury should have led him to dally about the country in this way. But Troy was never more clever than when absolutely at his wit's end. He hastily thrust aside the curtain dividing his own little dressing space from that of the manager and proprietor, who now appeared as the individual called Tom King as far down as his waist, and the aforesaid respectable manager thence to his toes.

"Here 's the d—— to pay!" said Troy.

"How 's that?"

"Why, there 's a good-for-nothing scamp in the tent I don't want to see, who'll discover me and nab me as sure as Satan if I open my mouth. What 's to be done?"

"You must appear now, I think."

"I can't."

"But the play must proceed."

"Do you give out that Turpin has got a bad cold, and can't speak his part, but that he'll perform it just the same without speaking."

The proprietor shook his head.

"Anyhow, play or no play, I won't open my mouth," said Troy, firmly.

"Very well, then let me see. I tell you how we'll manage," said the other, who perhaps felt it would be extremely awkward to offend his leading man just at this time. "I won't tell them anything about your keeping silence; go on with the piece and say nothing, doing what you can by a judicious wink now and then, and a few indomitable nods in the heroic places, you know. They'll never find out that the speeches are omitted."

This seemed feasible enough, for Turpin's speeches were not many or long, the fascination of the piece lying entirely in the action; and accordingly the play began, and at the appointed time Black Bess leapt into the grassy circle amid the plaudits of the spectators. At the turnpike scene, where Bess and Turpin are hotly pursued at midnight by the officers, and the half-awake gate-keeper in his tasselled nightcap denies that any horseman has passed, Coggan uttered a broad-chested, "Well done!" which could be heard all over the fair above the bleating, and Poorglass smiled delightedly with a nice sense of dramatic contrast between our hero, who coolly leaps the gate, and halting justice in the form of his enemies, who must needs pull up clumsily and wait to be let through. At the death of Tom King, he could not refrain from seizing

Coggan by the hand, and whispering, with tears in his eyes, "Of course he's not really shot, Jan—only seemingly!" And when the last sad scene came on, and the body of the gallant and faithful Bess had to be carried out on a shutter by twelve volunteers from among the spectators, nothing could restrain Poorgrass from lending a hand, exclaiming, as he asked Jan to join him, "'Twill be something to tell of at Warren's in future years, Jan, and hand down to our children." For many a year in Weatherbury Joseph told, with the air of a man who had had experiences in his time, that he touched with his own hand the hoof of Bess as she lay upon the board upon his shoulder. If, as some thinkers hold, immortality consists in being enshrined in others' memories, then did Black Bess become immortal that day if she never had done so before.

Meanwhile Troy had added a few touches to his ordinary make-up for the character, the more effectually to disguise himself, and though he had felt faint qualms on first entering, the metamorphosis effected by judiciously "lining" his face with a wire rendered him safe from the eyes of Bathsheba and her men. Nevertheless, he was relieved when it was got through. There was a second performance in the evening, and the tent was lighted up. Troy had taken his part very quietly this time, venturing to introduce a few speeches on occasion; and was just concluding it when, whilst standing at the edge of the circle contiguous to the first row of spectators, he observed within a yard of him the eye of a man darted keenly into his side features. Troy hastily shifted his position, after having recognised in the scrutineer the knavish bailiff Pennyways, his wife's sworn enemy, who still hung about the outskirts of Weatherbury,

At first Troy resolved to take no notice and abide by circumstances. That he had been recognised by this man was highly probable; yet there was room for a doubt. Then the great objection he had felt to allowing news of his proximity to precede him to Weatherbury in the event of his return, based on a feeling that knowledge of his present occupation would discredit him still further in his wife's eyes, returned in full force. Moreover, should he resolve not to return at all, a tale of his being alive and being in the neighbourhood would be awkward; and he was anxious to acquire a knowledge of his wife's temporal affairs before deciding which to do.

In this dilemma Troy at once went out to reconnoitre. It occurred to him that to find Pennyways, and make a friend of him if possible, would be a very wise act. He had put on a thick beard borrowed from the establishment, and in this he wandered about the fair-field. It was now almost dark, and respectable people were getting their carts and gigs ready to go home.

The largest refreshment-booth in the fair was provided by an inn-keeper from a neighbouring town. This was considered an unexceptionable place for obtaining the necessary food and rest: Host Trencher (as he was wittily called by the local newspaper) being a substantial man of

high repute for catering through all the country round. The tent was divided into first and second-class compartments, and at the end of the first-class division was a yet further enclosure for the most exclusive, fenced off from the body of the tent by a luncheon-bar, behind which the host himself stood, bustling about in white apron and shirt sleeves, and looking as if he had never lived anywhere but under canvas all his life. In these penetralia were chairs and a table, which, on candles being lighted, made quite a cozy and luxurious show, with an urn, silver tea and coffee pots, china teacups, and plum cakes.

Troy stood at the entrance to the booth, where a gipsy-woman was frying pancakes over a little fire of sticks and selling them at a penny a piece, and looked over the heads of the people within. He could see nothing of Pennyways, but he soon discerned Bathsheba through an opening into the reserved space at the further end. Troy thereupon retreated, went round the tent into the darkness, and listened. He could hear Bathsheba's voice immediately inside the canvas; she was conversing with a man. A warmth overspread his face: surely she was not so unprincipled as to flirt in a fair! He wondered if, then, she reckoned upon his death as an absolute certainty. To get at the root of the matter, Troy took a penknife from his pocket and softly made two little cuts crosswise in the cloth, which, by folding back the corners, left a hole the size of a wafer. Close to this he placed his face, withdrawing it again in a movement of surprise; for his eye had been within twelve inches of the top of Bathsheba's head. It was too near to be convenient. He made another hole a little to one side and lower down, in a shaded place beside her chair, from which it was easy and safe to survey her by looking horizontally.

Troy took in the scene completely now. She was leaning back, sipping a cup of tea that she held in her hand, and the owner of the male voice was Boldwood, who had apparently just brought the cup to her. Bathsheba, being in a negligent mood, leant so idly against the canvas that it was pressed to the shape of her shoulder, and she was, in fact, as good as in Troy's arms; and he was obliged to keep his breast carefully backward that she might not feel its warmth through the cloth as he gazed in.

Troy found unexpected chords of feeling to be stirred again within him as they had been stirred earlier in the day. She was handsome as ever, and she was his. It was some minutes before he could counteract his sudden wish to go in, and claim her. Then he thought how the proud girl who had always looked down upon him even whilst it was to love him, would hate him on discovering him to be a strolling player. Were he to make himself known, that chapter of his life must at all risks be kept for ever from her and from the Weatherbury people, or his name would be a byword throughout the parish. He would be nicknamed "Turpin" as long as he lived. Assuredly before he could claim her these few past months of his existence must be entirely blotted out.

" Shall I get you another cup before you start, ma'am ? " said Farmer Boldwood.

" Thank you," said Bathsheba. " But I must be going at once. It was great neglect in that man to keep me waiting here till so late. I should have gone two hours ago, if it had not been for him. I had no idea of coming in here ; but there's nothing so refreshing as a cup of tea, though I should never have got one if you hadn't helped me."

Troy scrutinised her cheek as lit by the candles, and watched each varying shade thereon, and the white shell-like sinuosities of her little ear. She took out her purse and was insisting to Boldwood on paying for her tea for herself, when at this moment Pennyways entered the tent. Troy trembled : here was his scheme for respectability endangered at once. He was about to leave his hole of espial, attempt to follow Pennyways, and find out if the ex-bailiff had recognised him, when he was arrested by the conversation, and found he was too late.

" Excuse me, ma'am," said Pennyways ; " I've some private information for your ear alone."

" I cannot hear it now," she said, coldly. That Bathsheba could not endure this man was evident ; in fact, he was continually coming to her with some tale or other, by which he might creep into favour at the expense of persons maligned.

" I'll write it down," said Pennyways, confidently. He stooped over the table, pulled a leaf from a warped pocket-book, and wrote upon the paper, in a round hand—

*" Your husband is here. I've seen him. Who's the fool now ? "*

This he folded small, and handed towards her. Bathsheba would not read it ; she would not even put out her hand to take it. Pennyways, then, with a laugh of derision, tossed it into her lap, and, turning away, left her.

From the words and action of Pennyways, Troy, though he had not been able to see what the bailiff wrote, had not a moment's doubt that the note referred to him. Nothing that he could think of could be done to check the exposure. " Curse my luck ! " he whispered, and added imprecations which rustled in the gloom like a pestilent wind. Meanwhile Boldwood said, taking up the note from her lap—

" Don't you wish to read it, Mrs. Troy ? If not, I'll destroy it."

" Oh, well," said Bathsheba, carelessly, " perhaps it is unjust not to read it ; but I can guess what it is about. He wants me to recommend him, or it is to tell me of some little scandal or another connected with my workpeople. He's always doing that."

Bathsheba held the note in her right hand. Boldwood handed towards her a plate of cut bread-and-butter ; when, in order to take a slice, she put the note into her left hand, where she was still holding the purse, and then allowed her hand to drop beside her close to the canvas. The moment had come for saving his game, and Troy impulsively felt that he would play the card. For yet another time he looked at the fair hand,

and saw the pink finger-tips, and the blue veins of the wrist, encircled by a bracelet of coral chippings which she wore : how familiar it all was to him ! Then, with the lightning action in which he was such an adept, he noiselessly slipped his hand under the bottom of the tent-cloth, which was far from being pinned tightly down, lifted it a little way, keeping his eye to the hole, snatched the note from her fingers, dropped the canvas, and ran away in the gloom towards the bank and ditch, smiling at the scream of astonishment which burst from her. Troy then slid down on the outside of the rampart, hastened round in the bottom of the entrenchment to a distance of a hundred yards, ascended again, and crossed boldly in a slow walk towards the front entrance of the tent. His object was now to get to Pennyways, and prevent a repetition of the announcement until such time as he should choose.

Troy reached the tent door, and standing among the groups there gathered, looked anxiously for Pennyways, evidently not wishing to make himself prominent by inquiring for him. One or two men were speaking of a daring attempt that had just been made to rob a young lady by lifting the canvas of the tent beside her. It was supposed that the rogue had imagined a slip of paper which she held in her hand to be a bank-note, for he had seized it, and made off with it, leaving her purse behind. His chagrin and disappointment at discovering its worthlessness would be a good joke, it was said. However, the occurrence seemed to have become known to few, for it had not interrupted a fiddler, who had lately begun playing by the door of the tent, nor the four bowed old men with grim countenances and walking-sticks in hand, who were dancing "Major Malley's Reel" to the tune. Behind these stood Pennyways. Troy glided up to him, beckoned, and whispered a few words ; and with a mutual glance of concurrence the two men went into the night together.

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#### CHAPTER LI.

##### BATHSHEBA TALKS WITH HER OUTRIDER.

THE arrangement for getting back again to Weatherbury had been that Oak should take the place of Poorgrass in Bathsheba's conveyance and drive her home, it being discovered late in the afternoon that Joseph was suffering from his old complaint, a multiplying eye, and was, therefore, hardly trustworthy as coachman and protector to a lady. But Oak had found himself so occupied, and was full of so many cares relative to those portions of Boldwood's flocks that were not disposed of, that Bathsheba, without telling Oak or anybody, resolved to drive home herself, as she had many times done from Casterbridge Market, and trust to her good angel for performing the journey unmolested. But having fallen in with Farmer Boldwood accidentally (on her part at least) at the refreshment-tent, she found it impossible to refuse his offer to ride on horseback



beside her as escort. It had grown twilight before she was aware, but Boldwood assured her that there was no cause for uneasiness, as the moon would be up in half-an-hour.

Immediately after the incident in the tent, she had risen to go—now absolutely alarmed and really grateful for her old lover's protection—though regretting Gabriel's absence, whose company she would have much preferred, as being more proper as well as more pleasant, since he was her own managing-man and servant. This, however, could not be helped; she would not, on any consideration, treat Boldwood harshly, having once already ill-used him, and the moon having risen, and the gig being ready, she drove across the hill top in the wending ways which led downwards—to oblivious obscurity, as it seemed, for the moon and the hill it flooded with light were in appearance on a level, the rest of the world lying as a vast shady concave between them. Boldwood mounted his horse, and followed in close attendance behind. Thus they descended into the lowlands, and the sounds of those left on the hill came like voices from the sky, and the lights were as those of a camp in heaven. They soon passed the merry stragglers in the immediate vicinity of the hill, and got upon the high road.

The keen instincts of Bathsheba had perceived that the farmer's staunch devotion to herself was still undiminished, and she sympathised deeply. The sight had quite depressed her this evening; had reminded her of her folly; she wished anew, as she had wished many months ago, for some means of making reparation for her fault. Hence her pity for the man who so persistently loved on to his own injury and permanent gloom had betrayed Bathsheba into an injudicious considerateness of manner, which appeared almost like tenderness, and gave new vigour to the exquisite dream of a Jacob's seven years' service in poor Boldwood's mind.

He soon found an excuse for advancing from his position in the rear, and rode close by her side. They had gone two or three miles in the moonlight, speaking desultorily across the wheel of her gig concerning the fair, farming, Oak's usefulness to them both, and other indifferent subjects, when Boldwood said suddenly and simply—

"Mrs. Troy, you will marry again some day?"

This point-blank query unmistakably confused her, and it was not till a minute or more had elapsed that she said, "I have not seriously thought of any such subject."

"I quite understand that. Yet your late husband has been dead nearly one year, and——"

"You forget that his death was never absolutely proved, and so I suppose I am not legally a widow," she said, catching at the straw of escape that the fact afforded.

"Not absolutely proved, perhaps, but it was proved circumstantially. A man saw him drowning, too. No reasonable person has any doubt of his death; nor have you, ma'am, I should imagine."

"I have none now, or I should have acted differently," she said, gently. "I certainly, at first, had a strange unaccountable feeling that he could not have perished, but I have been able to explain that in several ways since. But though I am fully persuaded that I shall see him no more, I am far from thinking of marriage with another. I should be very contemptible to indulge in such a thought."

They were silent now awhile, and having struck into an unfrequented track across a common, the creaks of Boldwood's saddle and her gig springs were all the sounds to be heard. Boldwood ended the pause.

"Do you remember when I carried you fainting in my arms into the Three Choughs, in Casterbridge? Every dog has his day: that was mine."

"I know—I know it all," she said, hurriedly.

"I, for one, shall never cease regretting that events so fell out as to deny you to me."

"I, too, am very sorry," she said, and then checked herself. "I mean, you know, I am sorry you thought I——"

"I have always this dreary pleasure in thinking over those past times with you—that I was something to you before *he* was anything, and that you belonged *almost* to me. But, of course, that's nothing. You never liked me."

"I did; and respected you, too."

"Do you now?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"How do you mean which?"

"Do you like me, or do you respect me?"

"I don't know—at least, I cannot tell you. It is difficult for a woman to define her feelings in language which is chiefly made by men to express theirs. My treatment of you was thoughtless, inexcusable, wicked. I shall eternally regret it. If there had been anything I could have done to make amends I would most gladly have done it—there was nothing on earth I so longed to do as to repair the error. But that was not possible."

"Don't blame yourself—you were not so far in the wrong as you suppose. Bathsheba, suppose you had real complete proof that you are what, in fact, you are—a widow—would you repair the old wrong to me by marrying me?"

"I cannot say. I shouldn't yet, at any rate."

"But you might at some future time of your life?"

"O yes, I might at some time."

"Well, then, do you know that without further proof of any kind you may marry again in about six years from the present—subject to nobody's objection or blame?"

"O yes," she said, quickly, "I know all that. But don't talk of it—seven or six years—where may we all be by that time?"

"They will soon glide by, and it will seem an astonishingly short time to look back upon when they are past—much less than to look forward to now."

"Yes, yes; I have found that in my own experience."

"Now, listen once more," Boldwood pleaded. "If I wait that time, will you marry me? You own that you owe me amends—let that be your way of making them."

"But, Mr. Boldwood—six years——"

"Do you want to be the wife of any other man?"

"No indeed! I mean, that I don't like to talk about this matter now. Perhaps it is not proper, and I ought not to allow it. Let us drop it for the present, please do!"

"Of course, I'll drop the subject if you wish. But propriety has nothing to do with reasons. I am a middle-aged man, willing to protect you for the remainder of our lives. On your side, at least, there is no passion or blameable haste—on mine, perhaps, there is. But I can't help seeing that if you choose from a feeling of pity, and, as you say, a wish to make amends, to make a bargain with me for a far-ahead time—an agreement which will set all things right and make me happy, late though it may be—there is no fault to be found with you as a woman. Hadn't I the first place beside you? Haven't you been almost mine once already? Surely you can say to me as much as this, you will have me back again should circumstances permit? Now, pray speak! O Bathsheba, promise—it is only a little promise—that if you marry again, you will marry me!"

His tone was so excited that she almost feared him at this moment, even whilst she sympathized. It was a simple physical fear—the weak of the strong; there was no emotional aversion or inner repugnance. She said, with some distress in her voice, for she remembered vividly his outburst on the Yalbury Road, and shrank from a repetition of his anger:

"I will never marry another man whilst you wish me to be your wife, whatever comes—but to say more—you have taken me so by surprise——"

"But let it stand in these simple words—that in six years' time you will be my wife? Unexpected accidents we'll not mention, because those, of course, must be given way to. Now, this time I know you will keep your word."

"That's why I hesitate to give it."

"But do give it! Remember the past, and be kind."

She breathed; and then said mournfully: "O what shall I do! I don't love you, and I much fear that I never shall love you as much as a woman ought to love a husband. If you, sir, know that, and I can yet give you happiness by a mere promise without feeling, and just in friendliness, to marry at the end of six years, it is a great honour to me. And if you value such an act of friendship from a woman who doesn't esteem herself as she did, and has little love left, why I—I will——"

"Promise!"

"—Consider, if I cannot promise soon."

"But soon is perhaps never?"

"O no, it is not. I mean soon. Christmas, we'll say."

"Christmas!" He said nothing further till he added: "Well, I'll say no more to you about it till that time."

Bathsheba was in a very peculiar state of mind, which showed how entirely the soul is the slave of the body, the ethereal spirit dependent for its quality upon the tangible flesh and blood. It is hardly too much to say that she felt coerced by a force stronger than her own will not only into the act of promising upon this singularly remote and vague matter, but into the emotion of fancying that she ought to promise. When the weeks intervening between the night of this conversation and Christmas day began perceptibly to diminish, her anxiety and perplexity increased.

One day she was led by an accident into an oddly confidential dialogue with Gabriel about her difficulty. It afforded her a little relief—of a dull and cheerless kind. They were auditing accounts, and something occurred in the course of their labours which led Oak to say, speaking of Boldwood, "He'll never forget you, ma'am, never."

Then out came her trouble before she was aware; and she told him how she had again got into the toils; what Boldwood had asked her, and how he was expecting her assent. "The most mournful reason of all for my agreeing to it," she said sadly, "and the true reason why I think to do so for good or for evil is this—it is a thing I have not breathed to a living soul as yet—I believe that if I don't give my word, he'll go out of his mind."

"Really, do ye?" said Gabriel, gravely.

"I believe this," she continued, with reckless frankness; "and Heaven knows I say it in a spirit the very reverse of vain, for I am grieved and troubled to my soul about it—I believe I hold that man's future in my hand. His career depends entirely upon my treatment of him. O Gabriel, I tremble at my responsibility, for it is terrible!"

"Well, I think this much, ma'am, as I told you years ago," said Oak, "that his life is a total blank whenever he isn't hoping for you; but I can't suppose—I hope that nothing so dreadful hangs on to it as you fancy. His natural manner has always been dark and strange, you know. But since the case is so sad and odd-like, why don't ye give the conditional promise? I think I would."

"But is it right? Some rash acts of my past life have taught me that a watched woman must have very much circumspection to retain only a very little credit, and I do want and long to be discreet in this! And six years—why we may all be in our graves by that time. Indeed the long time and the uncertainty of the whole thing give a sort of absurdity to the scheme. Now, isn't it preposterous, Gabriel? However he came to dream of it, I cannot think. But is it wrong? You know—you are older than I."

"Eight years, ma'am."

"Yes, eight years—and is it wrong?"

"Perhaps it would be an uncommon agreement for a man and woman to make: I don't see anything really wrong about it," said Oak slowly. "In fact the very thing that makes it doubtful if you ought to marry en under any condition, that is, your not caring about him—for I may suppose——"

"Yes, you may suppose that love is wanting," she said shortly. "Love is an utterly bygone, sorry, worn-out, miserable thing with me—for him or anyone else."

"Well, your want of love seems to me the one thing that takes away harm from such an agreement with him. If wild heat had to do wi' it, making ye long to overcome the awkwardness about your husband's death, it might be wrong; but a cold-hearted agreement to oblige a man seems different, somehow. The real sin, ma'am, in my mind, lies in thinking of ever wedding with a man you don't love honest and true."

"That I'm willing to pay the penalty of," said Bathsheba, firmly. "You know, Gabriel, this is what I cannot get off my conscience—that I once seriously injured him in sheer idleness. If I had never played a trick upon him he would never have wanted to marry me. O! if I could only pay some heavy damages in money to him for the harm I did, and so get the sin off my soul that way! . . . Well, there's the debt, which can only be discharged in one way, and I believe I am bound to do it if it honestly lies in my power, without any consideration of my own future at all. When a rake gambles away his expectations, the fact that it is an inconvenient debt doesn't make him the less liable. I've been a rake, and the single point I ask you is, considering that my own scruples, and the fact that in the eye of the law my husband is only missing, will keep any man from marrying me until seven years have passed—am I free to entertain such an idea, even though 'tis a sort of penance—for it will be that. I *hate* the act of marriage under such circumstances, and the class of women I should seem to belong to by doing it!"

"It seems to me that all depends upon whe'r you think, as everybody else does, that your husband is dead."

"Yes—I've long ceased to doubt that. I well know what would have brought him back long before this time if he had lived."

"Well, then, in a religious sense you must be as free to think o' marrying again as any other widow of one year's standing. But why don't ye ask Mr. Thirdly's advice on how to treat Mr. Boldwood?"

"No. When I want a broad-minded opinion for general enlightenment, distinct from special advice, I never go to a man who deals in the subject professionally. So I like the parson's opinion on law, the lawyer's on doctoring, the doctor's on business, and my business-man's—that is, yours—on morals."

"And on love——"

"My own."

"I'm afraid there's a hitch in that argument," said Oak, with a grave smile.

She did not reply at once, and then saying "Good evening, Mr. Oak," went away.

She had spoken frankly, and neither asked nor expected any reply from Gabriel more satisfactory than that she had obtained. Yet in the centremost parts of her complicated heart there existed at this minute a little pang of disappointment, for a reason she would not allow herself to recognise. Oak had not once wished her free that he might marry her himself—had not once said, "I could wait for you as well as he." That was the insect sting. Not that she would have listened to any such hypothesis. Oh no—for wasn't she saying all the time that such thoughts of the future were improper, and wasn't Gabriel far too poor a man to speak sentiment to her? Yet he might have just hinted about that old love of his, and asked, in a playful offhand way, if he might speak of it. It would have seemed pretty and sweet, if no more; and then she would have shown how kind and inoffensive a woman's "No" can sometimes be. But to give such cool advice—the very advice she had asked for—it ruffled our heroine all the afternoon.

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